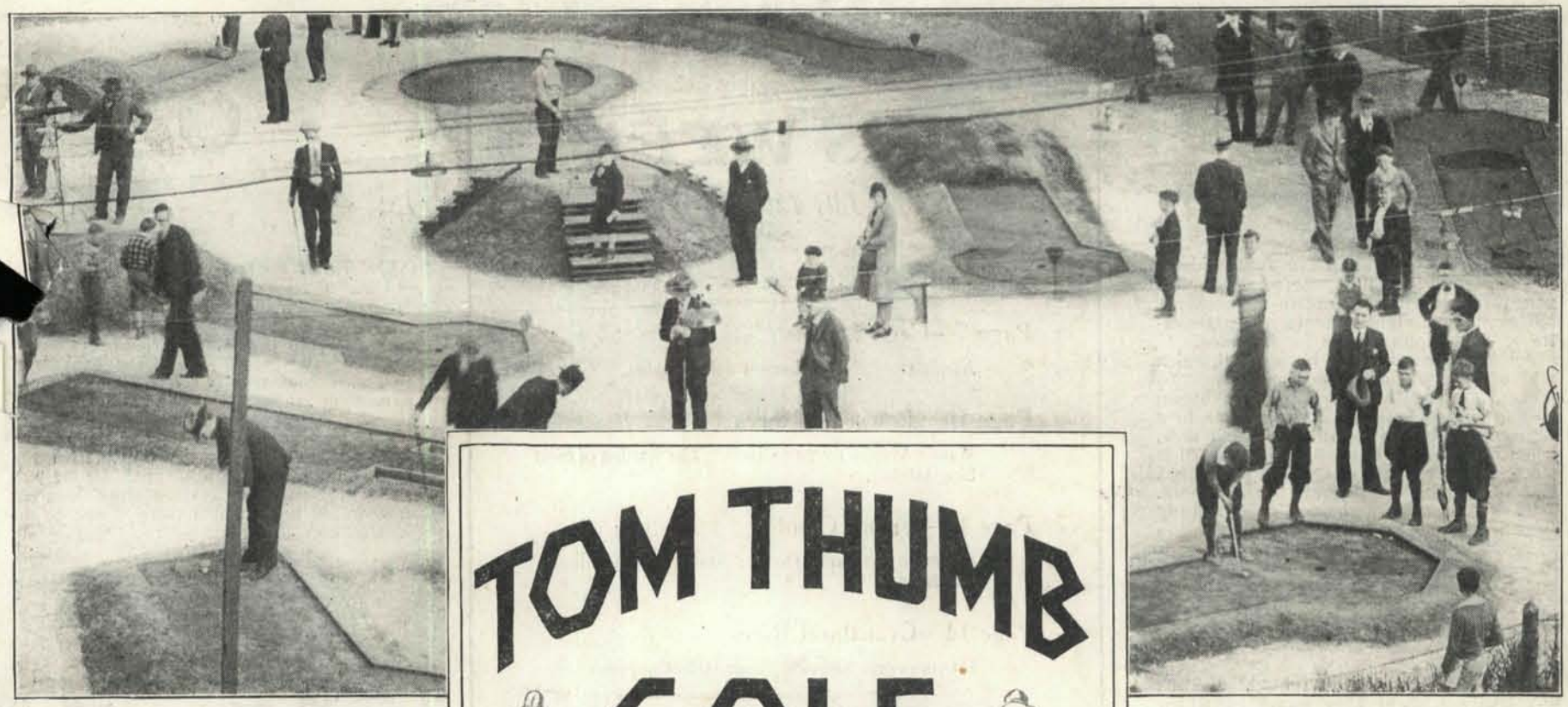


TOM THUMB GOLF

U. S. Patent Nos.
253,949; 1,559,520
Other Patents Pending

A NEW outdoor game

BIG PROFITS for you — —

MILLIONS ARE PLAYING

Here is just the outdoor golf game all America has been waiting for. With millions of American golf fans now playing Tom Thumb—with millions more anxious to play, the Tom Thumb Miniature Golf Course offers you a most profitable opportunity.

Here's the big idea. The Tom Thumb Golf Game is a complete 18 hole course with tees, greens, hazards, all complete. No two holes are alike. All you need is a well located lot of any shape—60 feet by 120 feet will do—the larger the better—install your Tom Thumb Course and instantly the crowds flock in and start to pay you a profit.

You'll be amazed at the immediate play you will enjoy. Everyone is doing it—making big money for hundreds of Tom Thumb owners.

Here is instant golf. The public need no preparation. They need no special clothes—no special shoes—no clubs—no balls. They merely walk up to your gate—buy a ticket—you give them a putter and a ball and the fun begins for them and the profit pours in for you.

Tom Thumb is one of the big money makers of the year. Read what a few course owners say. You can make the same kind of money:—

May 11, 1930

"Receipts at the Elmhurst Course, Elmhurst, L. I., are as follows: May 2nd, $86.25; May 3rd, $180.50; May 4, $288.00; May 5, $146.75; May 6, $166.90; May 7, $160.00; May 8, $183.00; May 9, $204.50; May 10, $247.50; May 11, $362.00." —Harold M. Early.

May 12, 1930

"Receipts from Rochester, Penna., Tom Thumb Golf Course May 1 to 10—total, $1,262.25, with constant increase in business daily."—J. Paul Jones, Manager.

April 21, 1930

"We opened our Tom Thumb Golf Course Tuesday and made that day $135.00; Wednesday, $144.00; Thursday, $177.00; Friday, $197.00; Saturday, $206.00." —Harry A. Hall, Charleston, W. Va.

The play is constant—night and day.

Hundreds of Tom Thumb Courses are making big money.

Heretofore outdoor miniature golf courses were impractical on account of the wear on grass. For regular grass, no matter how fine the quality, will not stand the daily grind of hundreds of golfers. But with Tom Thumb Golf a new type of green is furnished. It is called the Tom Thumb Green, the base of which is cotton seed hulls. This is specially mixed and prepared so that it feels like grass—the putting action is the same as on grass and it improves with age. Tom Thumb greens are patented.*

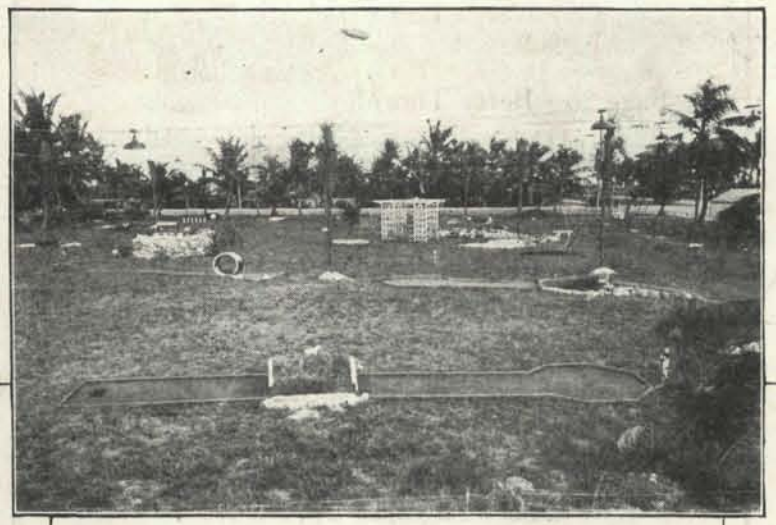
So when you want to play miniature golf in your town and enjoy it to the full, play on the Tom Thumb Course—the miniature golf course that uses this patented type of putting green.

Here is your opportunity. With a small amount of capital you can set yourself up in the golf business and immediately reap big profits.

Go in for yourself—or take a pal in as a partner—or just the thing for man and wife. Keeps you out of doors and makes you an exceptional return on your investment in the bargain.

Profitable in towns of 5,000 population and up.

From three to six days after you receive the Tom Thumb Course you can be operating. Easy to install. Write at once for full details. Don't overlook this unusual opportunity. Address the nearest office listed below. Wire or write right *now*.



National Pipe Products Corp.

Rochester, Penna.

Tom Thumb Sales Corp.

7 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Tom Thumb Golf
Chrysler Bldg., New York

Fairyland Manufacturing Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Tom Thumb Golf of Canada
86 John Street, Toronto, Canada

$2800.00 IN 30 DAYS

"Beg to advise that we have had excellent success with the Tom Thumb Golf Course. We operated this course for one month and our proceeds that month were over $2800.00."

The Charleston Miniature Golf Co.
Charleston, S. C.

You have the same opportunity. Others are making even more money with Tom Thumb. Here is your chance. Don't miss it.

To Everybody: Watch for the Tom Thumb Course in your city. Play it just once and you'll want to play every day.

Tom Thumb is the greatest sport in the world. Millions are playing and enjoying this sporty new game. Look up the Tom Thumb course in your city. Be sure it's Tom Thumb with the patented putting greens—the greens that made miniature golf possible and practical.

***NOTICE**

Patent No. 1,559,520 controls and protects the construction, maintenance, sales and use of Putting Greens and Playing Surfaces of Cotton Seed Hulls or any comminuted flocculent vegetable material, either in a natural state or dyed to simulate grass, and with or without an admixture of binding substance.

Any person, firm or corporation constructing, maintaining, selling or using the subject matter of the said Letters Patent for Putting Greens or Playing Surfaces, except by license, is liable for the infringement of the said Letters Patent and for profits and damages.

JULY 12, 1930

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

July 12, 1930

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THE PRICE OF OFFICE

Next Week

BASEBALL players have funny ideas. Especially pitchers. Left-handers are said to be not quite complete in the head, but even some right-handers are superstitious. Take John Brown for instance.

John's thirteenth year in baseball and a severe slump came at the same time. To make it worse the sports writers began calling him a veteran. All his life he'd wanted to pitch a no-hit game and now, when it seemed so impossible, he wanted it more than ever. He worried so much that he found himself on the way to the minors.

Then something happened, as it usually does when a lot of ball players get the same idea. Richard Connell tells about it in his short story, "Pitchers are Peculiar," and when you read it you'll know enough not to believe the cynics who say there's no sportsmanship in baseball.

—

THEN pass on to the thoughtful consideration of another game in which sportsmanship is fatal and, consequently, virtually unknown—the game of politics.

Frank R. Kent, one of the owners of The Baltimore Sun, is his paper's chief political writer. For many years he has watched the political arena, traveled about the country with candidates, observed the antics at Washington and concludes that, as a people, our public servants are as good as we deserve. Not that we deserve much.

In his article, "Why Politicians Have to Lie," Mr. Kent tells why Herbert Hoover and Al Smith were not completely frank on every subject in their campaign speeches. He explains why a candidate can *never* speak his whole mind. It's our own fault.

—

IF MR. KENT disturbs you *too* much turn to the movie experiences of Messrs. Weber and Fields in "There's No Place Like Hollywood." The title means not merely that there's no other place like the movie hub, but that Hollywood, the town as well as the state of mind, is beyond belief.

We've talked to quite a few comedians lately and begin to doubt that, as the saying goes, they are sour fellows off-stage.

Joe Weber and Lew Fields had many opportunities to grab off a little grief in Hollywood. Did they touch it? No. They laughed it off. A plan we recommend.

IS IT possible we've gone this far without a love story? Well, there are two. One is about a swimming instructor who couldn't swim and a fair pupil who could. "Teach Me to Swim," by Robert Terry Shannon, complicated and satisfactory.

The other, "Private Settlement," by Mr. Van de Water, is about the love which lingers in a gangland wife's breast after her man has gone the way of his kind. It leads, naturally, to vengeance.

—

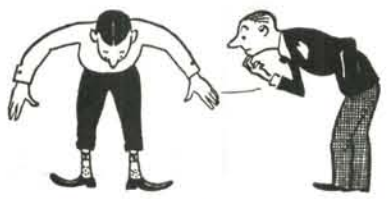
ALSO with us are W. O. Saunders on the progress of prohibition in his own North Carolina, Hugh MacNair Kahler, Louis Joseph Vance, John B. Kennedy, Grantland Rice and others in a bounteous issue.

Any Week

WE THANKED Mr. Corum as our [illegible] moved on from Worthville, Kentu[illegible] He had been a spirited relief after hours [illegible] a club car wherein doleful men were beginning to retell the same stories.

"How's business?" asked the brakeman of Mr. Corum, who had left his emporium across the tracks to enjoy a close-up of our parade of Pullmans.

"Anybody," said Mr. Corum, "who says he heard me complain is a liar. Business is present and accounted for. I sold two suits of New York clothes since Monday and would have sold a third if the pants had fit him."



WHICH cheered us up immensely until Mr. Major Doane, our porter, having got rid of all his passengers for Nashville, sat down opposite us and told us about his worthless brother Prince.

"Yessuh," said Mr. Doane, "that boy Prince gets hisself a-rrested six times for loafin' and says he just cain't help hisself. Every time he gets hisself a-rrested it's somewhere where there's a sign readin' 'No Loafin' Under Penalty of Law.' He says if they wasn't any such signs he wouldn't get hisself a-rrested because to him that sign means it must be powerful good loafin' there or else they wouldn't outlaw it. I argued with that boy till I got sore feet standin' with him."

—

IN BIRMINGHAM, Alabama, we telephoned to Octavus Roy Cohen, the writer. We didn't expect to find him home, thinking of course that so successful a writer would be off on some mountain top escaping the heat of Alabama's summer. But no. He was right in Birmingham.

"There are people," said he, "who call it a form of insanity. And of course they may be right. But Birmingham in the summer—all summer—suits me and like everybody else I try to suit myself as much as possible. Therefore, I spend my summers at home—and like it. I do my traveling in the winter—Havana, Germany, France, Spain."

—

AN EXTREMELY large gentleman who, not so long ago, achieved All-America football honors at Vanderbilt University strode up to us with a copy of Collier's in his hand. He announced that he had just read Charley Paddock's "Booze Beats Our Athletes." It would be commercially inconvenient, he said, to print his name but he wished to agree with Mr. Paddock.

"Not entirely, mind you," he said, "but you can put it down and stick to it that bootleg liquor is so popular among the undergraduate bodies in at least three Southern colleges that much athletic material that might be available, were corn whisky not forbidden and therefore highly desirable to the boys, is not seen on the gridiron, the diamond or the track. The athlete is usually socially popular. In the old days when there was no real adventure to drinking booze didn't bother him. But today hardly any social function is staged without alcohol and too many big boys are finding it more fun to attend wet parties than to endure the training grind."

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Family away?...you can Telephone them Quickly and Inexpensively

No matter how widely scattered your family may be, the telephone "keeps it together"

Your telephone is your pathway to the world . . . whether you are home or away

Telephone calls at regular intervals add much to vacation pleasures

MANY people find the telephone an ideal means for "keeping the family together" during the summer. No matter how widely scattered the different members may be . . . mountains, seashore, forest camp, lake resort . . . a telephone call reaches them quickly and easily. It is a convenient way to exchange news, make plans, order supplies, etc. And it means a lot to hear the voices of loved ones regularly . . . learn what they are doing . . . know that they are well and happy.

If your vacation plans call for traveling, the telephone will add much to your enjoyment. It will keep you in close touch with friends and relatives. By telephoning ahead you can be sure of hotel or camp accommodations . . . make arrangements of many sorts.

Busy executives leave their offices free from worry, knowing that if necessary they can be reached immediately by telephone. The vice-president of a large corporation was vacationing at a seashore resort when a question came up requiring instant decision. An associate prepared to travel to him, but before starting he telephoned. In five minutes the matter was settled, saving vital time and making the trip unnecessary.

Telephoning between cities is *Quick . . . Easy . . . Inexpensive.*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. BELL SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

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NESTLED COMFORTABLY *in the center of a 360-acre estate in Clay County, Mo., is this attractive home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Bruening of Kansas City, Mo. It is but one of many graphic answers to your question, "What sort of homes use Armstrong's Linoleum?"*

HALF-DECIDED? . . . *Let this Missouri Manor House show you what to do about floors*

MANY of us still entertain old-fashioned ideas about floors. Yes, linoleum is quiet and comfortable to walk on. Certainly it is the easiest of all floors to keep clean. But for our living-room, dining-room, entrance hall—we hesitate. Is it really being done? And how will it look?

Permit us to offer some picture proof of how decorators, architects, and home planners the country over are securing smart surfaces underfoot. It is proof that modern Armstrong's Linoleum Floors make a fashionable contribution to fine interior design.

A whole bookful of similarly well-planned rooms—rooms of every type in all their natural color—awaits your request. We'd like you to see how Armstrong Floors, now showing at local department, furniture, and linoleum stores, look when installed in fine homes, and to have Hazel Dell Brown's suggestions for planning your own decoration. Just write for ***"New Ideas in Home Decoration,"*** enclosing 10¢ to cover mailing. Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 933 West End Avenue, Lancaster, Pa.

Armstrong's (A) *Product*

FINE EMPIRE FURNISHINGS *find no happier background than this rich Handmade Marble Inlaid effect in Armstrong's Linoleum, Design No. 89. The Bruenings had this floor (as well as all the other linoleum floors in their attractive home) laid the permanent Armstrong way—trimly tailored, then firmly cemented in place over linoleum lining felt. This cementing method puts an end to expensive floor refinishing. It assures Armstrong Floors that will last as long as the home in which they are laid.*

AS YOU ENTER *the Bruenings' charming Colonial home, you are greeted by a fashionable floor of Armstrong's Embossed Inlaid Linoleum (Design No. 6028). Even on rainy days this floor is bright and gleaming. For dirt wipes right up. Light waxing and polishing or occasional relacquering is all that's needed to keep the Accölac-Processed surface always looking its very best.*

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors
for every room in the house

PLAIN · · INLAID · · EMBOSSED · · JASPÉ · · ARABESQ · · PRINTED · · *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

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Allez Oop!

By Cecil Lean

One of Lou's skates flew off and went hurtling into the void. Lou lifted the skateless foot in air and continued the pirouette

The crowd watched them open-mouthed. Forty stories above the street Lou skated gracefully along a narrow coping, his wife swinging from his teeth. Then—

I LET him take my bicycle," said Lourella, "and the big bozo didn't know how to ride it, an' fell off the roof of that ten-story building where he was coastin' around the edge, sloughed the bicycle into the street and bent the handlebars. The next time he signs contracts for a stunt like that let him get his own bicycle."

Lourella was talking to his wife, and Dot, being a patient woman, went on washing up the breakfast things and didn't argue.

Lou was like that.

He was a mild enough man, but that was his trouble. Dot knew that others imposed on him. Having a lot more business sense than Lou, she couldn't see why he should let The Great Lamar take his bicycle in the first place.

Since they had left the family on the big three-ring circus things hadn't broken so well for them anyway.

It seemed as though they had gone from bad to worse.

Thank God they hadn't had to join a carnival outfit so far.

Lou was clever enough, she knew, for better things than he was doing but until they could get on their feet again and sign up with a regular big top—it was well enough for him to be doing advertising stunts so they could eat regularly—even if Lou didn't get so much for his work.

LOURELLA lit a cigarette, doubled a Turkish towel in several folds, placed it on the bedpost, gracefully pulled himself up until his head rested on the towel and stood on his head, calmly smoking.

"Time me," he said.

Dot took the alarm clock, placed it on a chair beside the washstand and went on with the dish-washing.

"The trouble with you, Lou," she said, "is you need a manager. The Great Lamar ain't half as clever as you and he gets twice the money you do—just because he has a manager."

"Gets twice the money," said Lou, "and borrows my bicycle and bends the handlebars."

"He didn't hurt hisself, did he?" asked Dot.

"Hurt hisself?" exclaimed Lou. "Not that bum. He hung onto the edge for a while, chinnin' hisself and gettin' a lot of laughs from the crowd in the street, then he did his human fly stuff down the front of the building, finishing with a nip-up on the sidewalk."

"Do you think you was framed?" asked Dot, splashing the soapsuds. Some of them flew into Lourella's eyes.

"Look out," exclaimed Lou. "I don't want to come down off here until I stay up longer than yesterday."

"You been up twelve minutes now," said Dot, looking at the clock.

"I was up forty-two yesterday, wasn't I?"

"Forty-two and a half," said the good wife.

"I don't know whether I was framed or not. I mighta been. All I know is he buys a bicycle for hisself if he does that stunt again. If he's got a manager I s'pose he'll be doin' my wire slide and want to borrow my steel jacket or be doin' my automobile pull or somethin' pretty soon." Lou blew out some rings of smoke which floated up lazily toward his feet.

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"The wire slide don't belong to you, anyway, s'pose he does?" said Dot, drying a cup on the hotel towel.

"I'm the only white man to do it," answered Lou. "Don't get me into a argument, I'm liable to fall offa here."

Dot tossed the towel on the faucet, where it hung carelessly, put the handle of the cup in her teeth, bent backwards until her hands touched the floor, raised her heels in the air, held there for a moment and then did a rapid succession of whirls backwards until she reached the dresser, where she deposited the cup in one of the drawers.

"You work out as if you was stiff," said Lourella, clapping his heels together and not moving from his upside-down position.

"I am," said Dot. "I'm all muscle-bound." She walked back to the sink and went on with her dish-drying.

"Better keep warmed up," went on Lou. "You never know when we might get a call."

"You work out as if you was stiff," said Lourella, clapping his heels together and not moving from his upside-down position

Dot's feet slid out from under her as she dropped to the floor in a split. She pulled herself up by holding her hands on the side of the washstand.

"I guess I'm gettin' old," she said, looking at herself in the little mirror that hung over the stand.

"You ain't old," remarked Lou, turning the cigarette he was smoking in his lips until it was lost sight of inside his mouth. A shower of sparks and a cloud of smoke blew out and with a flick of his mouth the cigarette came into view again. "What you want to do is work out every day just as if you was with the big top. There's nothin' in this gettin' old. Didn't my dad work with the family on stage number one until he was seventy, before he died?"

"THAT'S a man," argued Dot. "With a woman it's different."

"How about Mom?" replied Lou. "She's still goin'."

"Yes," said Dot, "but she's had to lay off the aërial trapeze and castin'. When I get so I can't do nothin' but ground work and the grand entry, I'd like to quit. I wish we was back with the family," she went on—with a far-away look in her eyes.

"Don't you go startin' that," said Lou, shooting the cigarette from his mouth across the room where it dropped gracefully into the cuspidor. "We left the family 'cause Dad was grabbin' all the kale. Wuz there any use in goin' through life with nuthin' but the eats, wuz there?"

"Of course you're right, Lou," said Dot, taking the rest of the breakfast dishes over to the bureau and placing them inside the drawer, "but we didn't seem to worry then and the eats wuz regular."

"How long I been up?" asked Lou.

Dot went back and looked at the clock.

"Thirty-two and a half," she said.

"It'll cost me five bucks to get them handlebars straight again," said Lou—half to himself. "Worry?" he blurted out in answer to Dot. "Sure we didn't worry but we're goin' to get a name for ourselves instead of boostin' the reputation of the Wilson Family without gettin' nuthin' for it."

"Lou," said Dot—sitting down in a chair and putting her right foot in her lap and with the aid of her left hand and arm lifting the foot back of her head—"if The Great Lamar can get all these dates for workin' for these people—why can't you? You are a darn sight more clever artist than he is."

"Sure I am," replied Lou, "but it don't just seem to come my way."

"I know why," said Dot.

"Why?" asked Lourella.

"You need a manager," went on Dot. "It ain't addin' no class to your work to go into them places and offer to do any kind of a stunt just for a few dollars. If you had somebody to go there first and work up your entrance you could get twice the kale for half the work."

"Maybe you're right," answered Lou, "but who could I get? Some guy would be grabbing off half the dough for just doin' nuthin'. I've seen them bums before."

"Supposin' he did get half of it," Dot slowly put her other foot back of her ear. "Wouldn't it pay you to let him grab that if he could get you more than twicet as much as you're gettin' now?"

"Sure it would," replied Lou—folding his arms across his chest without losing his balance. "But I'm askin' you, who could I get?"

A loud rapping at the door almost caused him to drop from his position on the bedpost but he remained on his head and Dot started and untangled herself.

"Who's that?" she asked.

"Go see," said her husband. "How long I been up?"

Dot as she passed to open the door glanced at the clock.

"Forty-three minutes," she replied. "Come in." She opened the door.

FRAMED in the doorway was a sleek individual, in a black and white striped suit, blue dotted shirt and collar, a loud tie, in the folds of which nestled a turquoise stick-pin. He sported a light bamboo cane and wore a large black hat on the back of his head.

Lightly stroking a waxed mustache, or eyebrow, on his upper lip he looked into the room and smiled.

"Am I right—the Casting Wilsons?" said he.

"Right," said Dot.

"Right," said Lourella, getting down from his perch. "Come in. Forty-three and a quarter minutes or better."

The stranger entered and tossed his hat on the bed.

"Sit down," said Dot, cordially.

"Thanks," said the visitor. "What was you doin'—a head stand?"

"Yep," answered Lou. "Wuz up forty-three and a quarter minutes without breathin' hard."

"Must be in good condition," smiled the visitor. "Especially workin' out after breakfast." He noted the crumbs on the towel which Dot had spread on the top of the trunk, which served as their dining table.

"Aw, we finished quite a while ago," said Dot. "Lou and I wuz talkin'."

"Shouldn't work out after eatin'," advised the man.

"No?" remarked Lou.

"No," said he. "Now I don't suppose you know me."

"No, I don't," answered Dot.

"Ain't you the feller what does the talkin' for The Great Lamar?" asked Lourella.

"Not only do the talkin' for him but I'm his manager as well," he answered.

"His manager!" gasped Dot.

"If you're his manager," chipped in Lou, "then you can tell him he bent the handlebars on my bicycle that he borrowed off'n me yesterday for that trick on the top of that new buildin'. What do you know about that?"

"That's what I wanted to see you about," said the individual.

"Yeh?" said Lou.

"Yeh. Now here's the proposition." He went on—"The Great Lamar is a great performer—"

"But he can't ride a bicycle," interrupted Lourella.

"Yes, he can," answered the man. "But yesterday he was drunk. At first I wasn't goin' to let him work but he sobers up quick and sometimes he works better when he's drunk than when he's sober, so I let him go ahead."

"I wish I'd 'a' knowed that," remarked Lou.

"Well, you know it now," went on the visitor, "anyway, it will only cost a couple a bucks to get them handlebars straight—now here's what I want to see you for." He settled himself in the chair, crossed his legs and leaned back.

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"While The Great Lamar is a great performer," he continued, "he ain't versatile like you."

Lourella smiled and Dot nodded.

"He can do the human-fly stuff, make parachute jumps, high dives and all that, and he's got plenty nerve, but he ain't versatile and what's more he ain't reliable. He's liable to fall off and go on a souse any time."

"Yeh, I know," said Lou.

"Lou's been off the stuff for months," chimed in Dot.

"Let him stay off," remarked the man. "Now here's my idea: I can get a guy plenty work if he shoots square with me and wants to fill the dates I get him. I'm a hustler and never overlook a bet and if we can team up and go after it I can see where you and me can get along great."

"I wuz just tellin' Lou he needed somebody to get out and get dates and he'd fill 'em," said Dot.

"Sure he does," went on the visitor. "Well, I can get the work all right if you want to double with me."

"What kind of work?" said Lourella, "What stunts do you want?"

"Anything I ask you to do," said the manager. "How do I know till I get in touch with people? Maybe it's a high dive, maybe it's walking across the street on a wire, maybe it's a leap from a plane—did you ever leap from a plane?" he asked Lou.

"Not only leaped," remarked Lou, proudly, "but done a head stand on the end of the wings and changed from a automobile on the ground to a trapeze on a plane."

"Lou swings by his teeth from a plane, too," remarked Dot, much as a proud mother would explain the talents of her child.

"Yeh," said the manager. "I heard of that. That was good work. You do a wire slide, too, don't you?"

"Sure," nodded Lou. "I slide from a theater gallery to the stage on my head, or from the center pole in the big top. Don't make no difference with me where it is."

"I seen a Jap do that, didn't I?" the man asked.

"Sure," affirmed Lourella, "but I'm the only white man doin' it."

"You wear a steel jacket, don't you?"

"Yeh," said Lou. "I got mine with me from the circus."

"Well, partner," said the visitor, cheerily, "what do you say if we team up?"

"Great," exclaimed Dot.

"Wait a minute," interrupted Lou. "What do *you* get out of this?"

"Only fifty per cent of what the take is," answered the cheerful individual, showing his teeth. "Whatever we get we split fifty-fifty."

"I take all the chances," interrupted Lou, "and only get half the take?"

"But don't you see," explained the manager, "I get you more dough than you ever thought of gettin' yourself, and I do the talkin' and ballyhoo you so when you do the stunt, whatever it is, you draw the crowd—and you been with the circus long enough to know the concession that draws the crowd gets top money."

"I think it's great, Lou," chimed in Dot.

"Besides," went on the promoter, "I get you into the newspapers. For instance—there's a new building downtown that's to be opened to the public next Wednesday."

"That forty-story building?" asked Lou.

"Yeh, that one," said the man.

"I seen it," said Lou, "and I talked to the builders and archi—what do you call 'em?"

"Engineers, I guess," volunteered the man.

"WELL, they told me they didn't want no stunts."

"That's just where I come in," said the manager. "I talked to 'em. It's a new sportin' goods store and I put over the idea of someone skatin' around the top floor copin' on roller skates and sold 'em the idea."

"What'd there be in it?" asked Lou.

"Two hundred bucks," said the promotor.

"Out of which—?" asked Lourella.

"Out of which you get a century and I get the same. Just ten minutes' work."

"I'll take it," snapped Lou.

"Good," remarked the man. "Now I'm your manager. My name is Lawson, Bud Lawson. You and me is partners."

"That's grand," cried Dot.

"I thought it would be a good stunt," said Lawson, "if you would have your wife work with you. A gal always adds to it, you know."

"But—" interrupted Lou.

"Don't be silly," chimed in Dot. "That's a cinch. Lou and I will do a head-to-head stand and for a finish he can swing me around by his teeth from the belt at my waist."

"Nothin' to it," remarked the visitor. "Now it's all understood—from now on me and you is partners and you wait and see—I'm goin' to get you plenty work and you're goin' to get fat workin' for me."

Dot took out the precious pair of silk tights she loved and had never worn—in public

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

"How wide is that copin'—or whatever you call it?" asked Lou.

"Four feet," said his new manager. "Wide enough to skate around on, ain't it?"

"Sure," said Lou—"plenty wide."

"All right, then," said Lawson. "Let's shake on this."

They all stood in the center of the little hotel bedroom and clasped hands.

"You don't mind," he went on, "if I bill you as 'the Casting Wilsons,' do you?"

"That's our moniker," remarked Lou.

"It ought to be Lourella Wilson," chipped in Dot. "He's doin' all the work."

"Not with me it oughtn't," said Lou. "Even if you don't do much in the act we're known as the Castin' Wilsons and that billin' stays."

"I think you're right," said Lawson, taking his hat, "and I'm glad your wife is goin' to work with you. A girl helps a lot and adds class." He moved toward the door.

"Thanks, Mr. Lawson," said Dot.

"I'm goin' down now and complete the deal and give it out to the papers. This sure should advertise that new buildin' plenty and that's what they want—oh, by the way, how will you dress the act?" he asked as he stopped in the doorway.

"Lou'll wear his white tights and light blue Zouave jacket over a white silk shirt—don't you think so, Lou?" Dot suggested with eager eyes.

"Oke with me," said Lou.

"White always looks so pretty against the sky—I think," said she.

"Fine and dandy," said Lawson, "but I mean what are *you* goin' to wear?"

"How would a tarlatan ballet skirt be?" she asked hesitatingly.

"Hard for me to work with you wearin' that in this kind of an act," said Lou.

"That's right," replied Dot, thoughtfully.

"Have you got tights?" asked Lawson—"silk ones?"

"Have I," said Dot—and her eyes sparkled. "I have brand-new ones the circus boss gave me once for my birthday—but—"

"But Dad wouldn't never let her wear 'em in the big act 'cause he said he'd have to buy silk ones for the rest of the family. Some hard guy that dad of mine."

"I guess he was," said Lawson. "Hard all right but the greatest family in the business—you can lay your trainin' to him, Buddy."

"I know that," said Lourella.

"Was you in the act?" said Lawson, turning to Dot.

"Sure I wuz," said Dot. "I wuz adopted. That's where I met Lou."

"All O. K. then," said Lawson. "It's on for next Wednesday. I'll see you later and tell you the time and everything. You'd better work out plenty so you can work easy. I hate to see an act go to work after they've been layin' off; they always work stiff—and a Bud Lawson act must always be fit."

"Don't worry," said Lou, "we always keep limbered up."

"Sure," chimed in Dot. "You won't have no cause to complain, Mr. Lawson. Gee, we're grateful to you for gettin' us work."

"That's all right," said Bud patronizingly. "It's as much to my interest as yours and if this here goes over, there's no tellin' how much work I can get you. So long."

Dot closed the door after him.

"Oh, Lou," she said, bounding into his

arms. "Ain't it too wonderful for words?"

"Great," said Lou, thoughtfully.

"Why, Lou—it's the makin' of us. Can't you see?"

"Yeh?" remarked her partner.

"And I can wear those beautiful new tights. Oh, Lou, won't I be proud way up there on the edge of that buildin' all in white with the blue sky back of us. Can't you see how pretty that will be?"

"Dot," said Lou, "don't you think it's takin' a little chance?"

"Takin' a chance?" she echoed. "What's the chance about it?"

"I ain't had a pair of roller skates on in years," said Lou.

"I know that," said Dot. "But you can practice up, can't you? You got four days. And you was pretty good once."

"Practice—where?" asked her lord and master.

"At that skatin' rink just two blocks down from here. We pass it every day comin' from the delicatessen."

"That's right," said Lou.

"I wouldn't waste no time if I was you," she said. "Here—here's your hat. You go right down there now."

"I'll buy a pair of skates, too," said Lou, opening the door.

"Don't buy a pair," said Dot, kissing him good-by. "Borrow a pair to break the act in. When you get paid you can buy a nice new pair 'cause we might do this act again. Oh, Lou, ain't we lucky?"

"I'll say so," said Lou, as he went out. "I'll be seein' you."

He was gone.

Dot, with a happy song on her lips, threw off the towel from the trunk, unlocked it and took out the precious pair of silk tights she loved and had never worn—in public.

She was like a child.

WEDNESDAY came, and with it blue skies, a soft summer breeze and a glorious sun.

Bud Lawson was as good as his word and the papers had been full of the advance news of the daring stunt that was to be pulled off on the top edge of the new forty-story G. B. Spangler building when it would be opened to the public.

The streets were jammed with thousands of people, all looking upward—waiting to see the marvelous Casting Wilsons in their hair-raising trick of skating around the four-foot coping of the new building.

There was a nervous air of expectancy in the overflowing throng massed in every nook and corner which would command a view of the "death-defying Wilsons," as Bud Lawson had put it.

Lawson had been in many times to see them and Lourella had gone with him to see that everything was as it should be on the top of the new building.

There was one thing Lou didn't like.

The stone-masons in finishing the job of locking the great carved ornamental stones of the coping together had left gobs and bits of loose cement on the upper part of the ledge.

Lou didn't like this as it would, obviously, make his footing insecure, and he told Lawson so.

Lawson had reported it to the builders and they had ordered their workmen to clear the stuff off.

The work had been done in a slipshod way and the ledge, while cleared of the

(*Continued on page 55*)

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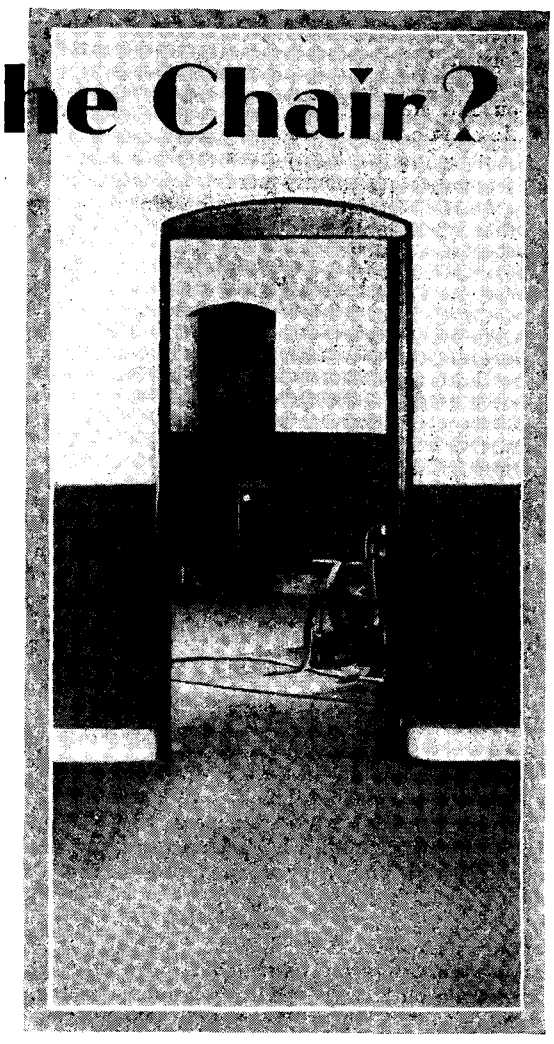
Who's Afraid of the Chair?

Keystone View

The man whose policies are making prison history: Warden Lewis E. Lawes

No one, oddly enough: that is, not until he's about to be strapped into it, says Warden Lawes. And here, in confirmation of his belief, he describes the incidents that attend life in the death house at Sing Sing. Some of them, happening anywhere else, would be humorous

By Lewis E. Lawes
Warden of Sing Sing Prison



Here ends the last mile. The execution chamber seen from the entrance corridor

IT'S hard to see a young man die. My duty has obliged me to carry out the execution of one hundred and twenty-nine men and one woman. The electrocution of one young man stands out as the bravest and most poignant memory of all.

His crime had been one of passion: he had killed the girl who had scorned him. He came of a good, self-respecting family, a clerk with a record for industry and honesty in his employment. He was handsome and of athletic build and only twenty-three years old.

I came to like this lad because he had no friends, was reconciled to his fate, quietly professed his continuing love for the girl he had slain, deeply regretted the act and recognized the justice of his sentence.

During his six months' confinement in the death house—the automatic interval between conviction and confirmation of sentence by the State Court of Appeals—he had displayed none of the moody bitterness of the average condemned man. If not cheerful, he had been pleasant. We of the prison who could reach beneath the surface of a man's conduct knew this boy had courage. Three men went before him to the chair and he gave them words of comfort without reviling the State that sent them there. That's a sign of self-control.

The day before he was to die he asked the death-house guard if I could see him. When I went to his cell I found him unusually tense.

"Warden," he said in a low whisper so that his cell-neighbors couldn't hear, "I don't think I'm going to do so well tomorrow night when the time comes."

"You've borne up bravely," I answered. "Don't give way now."

"I've had to struggle, Warden," he said. "Watching other boys go by this cell toward that outer cell where they wait for the chair—that hasn't been easy. Somehow, I feel I'm slipping."

"You'll have the chaplain at your side. Let me bring you a book or two to read."

"No, thanks, Warden. But you can do something else for me."

"Anything within reason that the rules allow."

"Warden," he touched his forehead as if tipping an absent hat, "you can do me a favor if you'll give me a stiff drink of whisky just ten minutes before they take me."

"That's a bit against the rules, son," I replied.

"It's all I ask, Warden," he pleaded. "I want to bear up to the end. Just one stiff drink."

I hesitated. His eyes were unutterably anxious.

"All right, son," I said. "You'll have your drink."

After dusk the next evening, mindful of my promise, I went to the infirmary and secured from the doctor a two-ounce bottle which I filled with pure rye whisky. I slipped this in my pocket, a trifle uncertain. By strict rule we never give stimulants of any kind to a condemned prisoner on his way to death. But I'd made my promise and I liked the boy.

When I faced him thirty minutes before he was to die, he turned his head to see if the murmuring chaplain was watching him. He whispered:

"Did you bring the drink?"

A Brave Man Faces It Out

I nodded. Then, for the first time in my experience, the sight of a man going to his death gave me qualms, nausea. He was young, virile, brave. It seemed sacrilege that so very soon this stalwart, clear-eyed youth would become a corpse.

My mood must have been reflected in my face. The young man scanned me. Just before the walk to the chair down a narrow concrete path to the green door behind which twelve of his peers, including the district attorney who had prosecuted him and the judge who had pronounced his doom, sat to witness his death, I stepped close to him, so that nobody saw me. I passed him the tiny bottle of whisky.

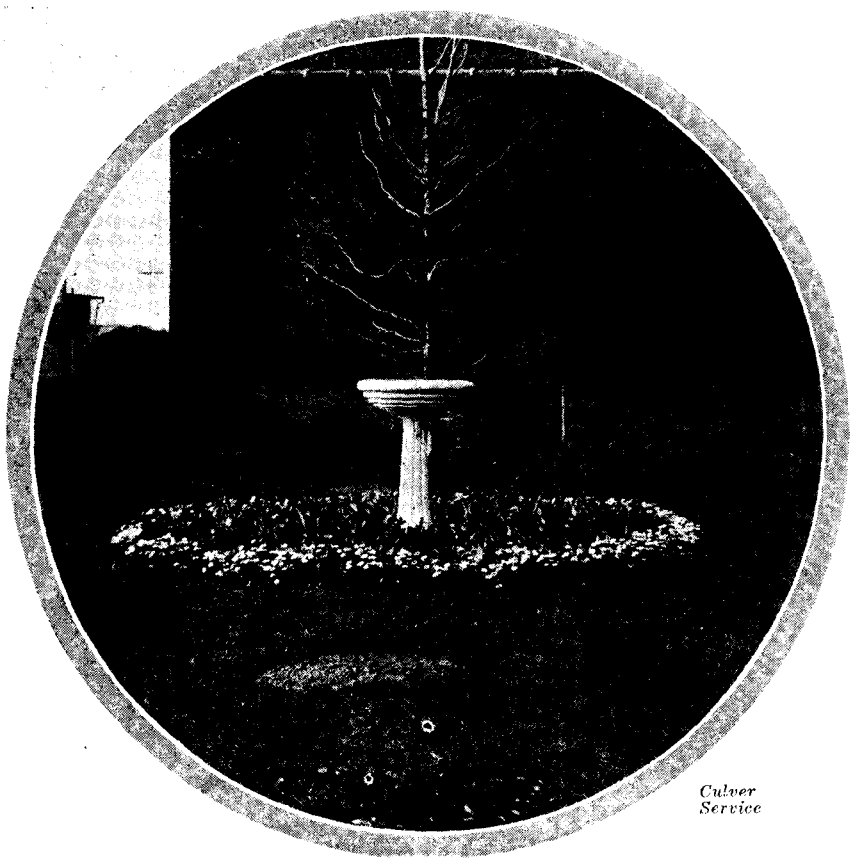
He smiled. Took a step aside. As the guards turned to cover him he passed back the bottle.

"You need this worse than I, Warden," he said. "Please drink it."

I did, and he went to his death—smiling.

If you ask me what society gained by putting that young man to death, I am frankly puzzled. Very little, I think, because the crime he committed has been repeated scores of times since his execution, which, like all executions, is supposed to act as a deterrent, if there is any logic at all in capital punishment.

But I find myself asking the question, always, whether the supreme penalty of death is justified. Of the hundreds of murderers who have passed through my hands, not a single one has confessed that a flashing thought of the payment society might exact made him pause in his determination to do away with his victim. Indeed, of the hundred and more whose deaths I have accomplished under the law, with the exception of two Mexican gunmen who had to be carried to the chair by main force, none displayed fear of the instrument of death until it was very imminent.



Culver Service

The death house wall. On one side flowers and sunshine; on the other despair

Save for its grim name, and the mechanics of preparation before and immediately following an execution, the death house is not an utterly cheerless place. Each of the dozen or so inmates lives in hope of reprieve or pardon to the very last minute, as a rule, although two men—the boy whose story I told above, and another felon of the most desperate because the most intellectual type—accepted the inevitable without qualm from the first moment of incarceration.

In olden days felons about to be hanged, for all sorts of offenses, went to their deaths rather gayly. They might only have stolen a sheep or disobeyed a petty mandate of a sovereign. Their exits from this vale of tears were made shows for the populace, and pickpocket privileges among the crowds were at a premium, although in those times picking pockets was itself a capital crime.

Fear Does Not Deter

Nowadays, executions are not held in public, although they might as well be, in view of the miles of morbid publicity surrounding the final hours of murderers who have been the principal actors in a sensational and especially in a salacious drama. Yet condemned men enter the death house without cringing, even with an air of bravado. This diminishes by degrees as the fatal day approaches; but it proves my point that the chair is not the awesome deterrent which the logic back of its creation would like to make it.

I know of but one case where a killer failed to arouse in me the usual impression of the futility of legalized slaying, and I fear prejudice influenced me in

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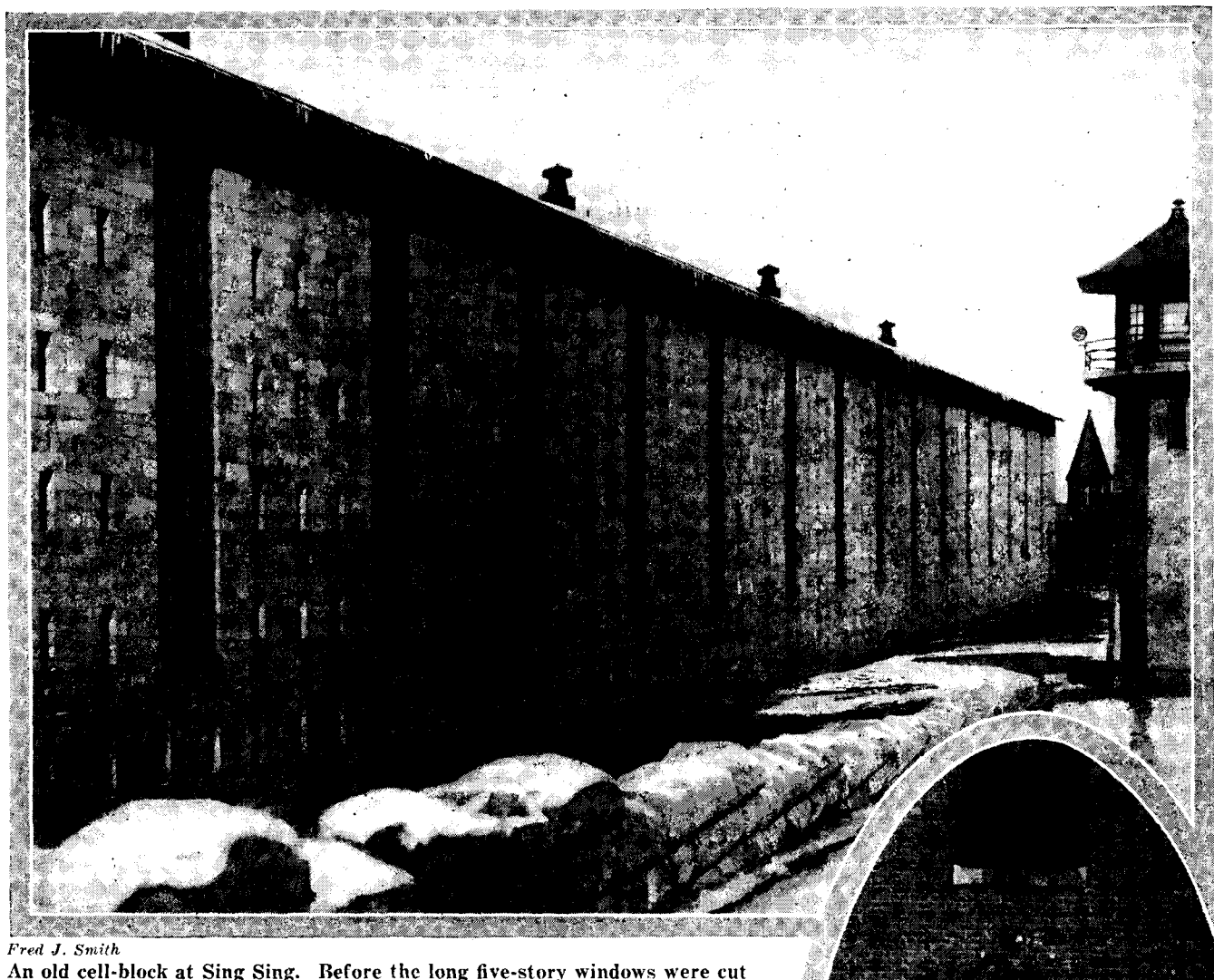


Fred J. Smith

An old cell-block at Sing Sing. Before the long five-story windows were cut in, light and air came through the small windows, one foot wide

this instance. Not race prejudice, although this murderer was a Negro. My job brings me in close contact with hundreds of colored lawbreakers, and they are just as humanly responsive to kindly treatment as white criminals.

This chap was different. He was a brawny man of thirty-odd years, but with the brain of an eight-year-old child. He had been the scourge of the city neighborhood where he lived and was easily the strongest man, physically, I have ever known.

He was troublesome from the time he entered his cell—once dislocating a guard's knuckle joint by squeezing his hand. Another time he blew a lighted match from a guard's fingers into the guard's face. (Death-cell occupants are not permitted to light their own "smokes.") Periodically, this gentleman would devote an entire night to cursing. Nothing but a blow on the head could have stopped it—and we don't hit heads at Sing Sing excepting under severest provocation. I'm sure that if this worthy had ever been let out of his cell he would have been killed by the other death-house inmates; or else he would have killed them. The latter is more likely.

If ever a human being acted like a caged animal, that man did. At first I thought his wildness was feigned. Admitted to the exercise yard, he butted the brick wall with his head and hurt the bricks more than the head. His conduct worried me. I feared some desperate violence on the night of his execution.

To our surprise, he appeared cool and repentant when word came that the governor had declined to commute the death sentence. He asked if he could be visited by a certain Negro preacher. The request was granted. When the preacher came to the prison he might have been a twin brother of the condemned man—massive of figure, with a huge, prognathous jaw. I didn't like his looks. Visitors to the death house are, of course, always searched before and after taking their places on one side of the double-meshed screen that separates them from the condemned. Clerical visitors are never searched. But in this instance I thought a diplomatic frisking was in order. It was. Under the tails of an old-fashioned Prince Albert his colored reverence had parked a fully loaded .32-caliber revolver. We relieved him of this.

"I preaches the gospel," he explained, "but I takes no chances."

Profane to the End

He went in to comfort the murderer—to what extent nobody can tell. Judged by the uproar that ensued, it was apparent that the two gentlemen had much in common, too much in common. It required three guards to free the clergyman from the penitent's grip.

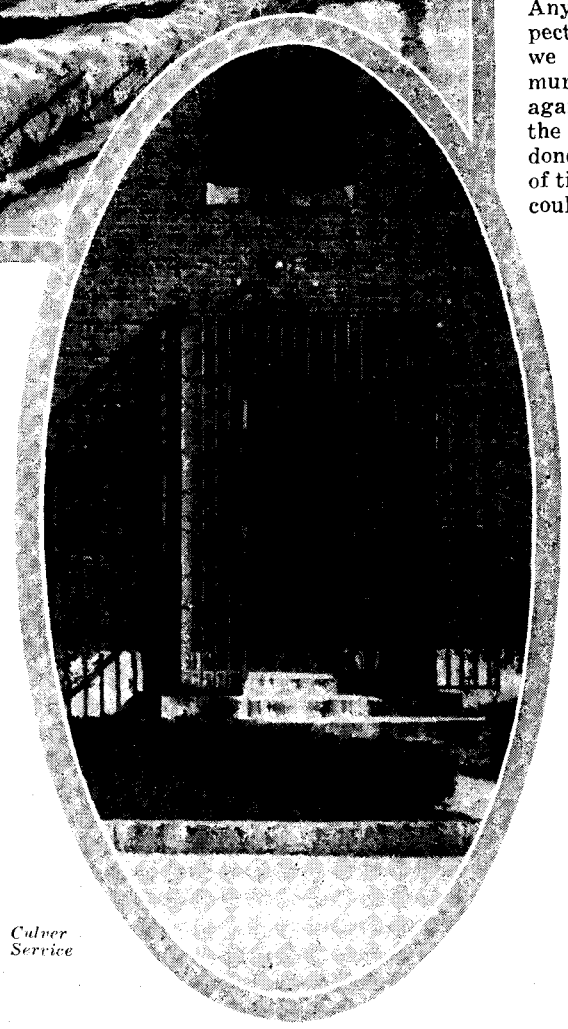
The man behaved badly during his final hours. He bellowed and raved, struck at the guards, kicked over every piece of furniture in sight and almost drove us to the extremity of strapping him in a strait-jacket—an item of law enforcement rarely employed in Sing Sing.

A flicker of sense illuminated his faint intelligence at the very last minute and he sat in the chair docilely enough; but his last words were vile epithets. To relieve his feelings, no doubt; but more feelings were relieved in his home neighborhood when it was known that he would no longer function as a knifing bully.

Of all the white slayers, but one caused a comparable amount of trouble. He was a Minnesotan who had killed a woman in New York State. A strong fellow, of sound mind, his case was especially pitiful because he had a wife and two daughters. Brooding over his family in the death house drove him frantic. He smashed everything he could lay his hands on, and for a while we were compelled to feed him forcibly. His wife made a plea that she be admitted to see him, with the children, on the day of his execution. When I let him know that we had gone a little further and invited his family to lodge in the warden's house because they could not afford other accommodations, he became calm and submissive.

To me it was utterly pathetic to watch his little girls share my own little daughter's bedroom the night before their father died. It wrenched every heart as this strong man broke down and wept at the last audience with his family. A wave of sympathy swept the prison. On the morning following his death prisoners canvassed every inmate for a fund to support the widow and her fatherless children through her period of stress. Sing Sing had a heart—and a big one. More than two thousand dollars was raised, many long-term men assigning as much as five years' prison pay at one and a half cents a day.

This seems to be the first principle of pathos—that the unfortunate creature has ready sympathy for the more unfortunate. Turns and twists of human nature in all its complicated manifestations are just as unexpected and bewildering in a prison as anywhere else. Human ingenuity manifests itself in grim and startling ways, and human kindness keeps up with it.



Culver Service

The beginning of the last mile. Here condemned men enter the death house to await execution

Saving a Life for the Chair

We had thought, as we usually think until events prove us to be mistaken, that our precautions in guarding condemned inmates of the death house were perfect. The cells are completely open to view and equipped only with the barest essentials. All day and all night they are under the eyes of the guards. Any unusual movement is instantly suspected and instantly checked. At least, we thought so until one morose young murderer while, apparently, leaning against the front bars of his cell, stuffed the keyhole of the lock with soap. This done, he slashed his wrists with a piece of tin from a tobacco can. Before guards could probe the soap from the keyhole and drag him from the cell he had all but succeeded in committing suicide.

As he had inflicted his wounds on himself in mid-afternoon and was due to go to the chair at eleven o'clock that night, the situation was desperate. We rushed him to the prison hospital. Immediately volunteers enrolled for blood transfusions to save his life—so that the State could take it from him. That was not the object of the volunteers. In prison, beneath all dark aspects of prison life, the wholesome instinct persists that while there's life there's hope. The volunteers wanted only to help a dying man to life in case a last-minute call came from the governor to commute the condemned man's sentence.

Prison doctors labored over this young man. By ten-thirty he was able to stand weakly on his feet and stumble to the chair. Morbid and ironically wasteful to struggle for hours with all the skill available and with the added generosity of fellow unfortunates who gave their own blood—and then promptly to quench the life restored. That is grim farce; but it is also the law.

Another agonizing case (for the warden) was that of Mrs. Ruth Snyder. Convicted, with Judd Gray, of the murder of her husband, she came to Sing Sing in a blaze of front-page headlines. Publicity about her and the brutal murder of which she was co-author, as well as the lurid romance that led to the murder, was something more than extravagant, it was an orgy.

Instead of abating when she was finally deposited in the death house, headlines were manufactured with increasing rapidity and size so that her fate was exaggerated into an event in which the world was breathlessly interested. Newspaper men and women swarmed the prison in the last week of her existence. Batteries of movie cameras with their operators were installed at all angles of the prison property. It

(*Continued on page 62*)

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"Ladies and gentlemen," began the mayor, and he said about what you would expect of a mayor under the circumstances

Some Do and Some Don't

If Wilber Bellows had been an elephant, he would have walked a tight rope or perished in the attempt

By Frank Condon

THE first time Wilber Bellows ever laid eyes upon Mark Sanger, who was his fellow-student, he was filled with envy. He was conscious instantly of this strange and distressing pang. Mark happened to be in a lively group of lads on the campus of Avalon University, and had just said something hilarious. . . . The boys laughed. Wilber Bellows smiled, too, and at once became sad. He was eighteen at the moment, a mere stripling, and for the next four years he continued to feel gloomy and to envy Mark Sanger, because Mark was usually saying something funny, without the slightest effort, causing the boys of Avalon to chuckle.

Mark was a natural joker, forever tossing off droll observations, and Wilber wondered why, as time went on, he, Wilber Bellows, could never think up even one lonely, solitary funny crack. He used to sit by the fire in the seclusion of his dormitory, thinking hard, trying to conjure from the thin air one funny crack, but the funny crack never came, strain and struggle as he would. His vain effort continued for the four college years, with Wilber growing constantly sadder and more envious of his flippant friend.

In reality, there was no occasion for this youthful gloom, for Wilber Bellows was an excellent lad, possessed of many sterling qualities. He was diligent in his college work and stood far higher in the ranks than the one he envied. He was first-rate at mathematics and the professors prophesied he would become a successful man in the battle of life. They indulged in no prophecies concerning Mark Sanger, who seemed to frolic his way through college.

Wilber was aware that life was a serious responsibility and so he prepared himself. There was a girl named Eda Janss at Avalon, a capable and lovely girl, and in the beginning she laughed a great deal at the comical Mark Sanger and admired him openly. It was a mild sort of college love affair, for Mark also liked Eda Janss; but as time wore on, Eda perceived that Wilber Bellows was the better man, the more serious type, a thoughtful fellow with distinct abilities in a business way, and in the end Eda transferred her affections and was seen thereafter with young Wilber, who continued to work like a beaver at his tasks.

WHEN the gay college days were over, Wilber Bellows graduated with honors, went immediately into manufacturing, and began the steady climb to prominence that has made his name well known wherever the annual Business Register and Manufacturers' Gazette is read. . . . He moved to Burlington, California, a small town lying near the sea, and there he started his business, which was the manufacturing of frying pans, pie tins, enamel-covered spiders, stewing kettles, roasters and diversified kitchen utensils, which became known to the trade as the Bellows Line.

He set up his first factory building, a modest one, and as the business expanded he erected more and more plants, until in time Bellows factories spread over a wide area and the railroad company built a special yard to shift freight cars full of frying pans. . . .

Eda Janss, who was a discerning girl, married Wilber early in his career, for it was apparent, even to dull persons, that Wilber would never know the meaning of want. There would be no wolves at the Bellows' door, for Wilber was destined to be a wealthy man, with a large stone house and four motor cars; so Eda married him and became the social queen of Burlington and other small towns in the vicinity. Now and then she thought of Mark Sanger and wondered idly how he was getting on.

Through the years that followed, Wilber put over notable and enormous deals, filled the kitchens of a nation with assorted frying pans and grew rich, but never once forgot Mark Sanger and his bons mots. And never once did Wilbur emit a brilliant or humorous crack. He passed into his middle years without tossing off a merry quip, or stating trenchantly some humorous fact, and never did he think of this great blank in his life without an inner murmur of regret.

It soured him a little to feel that he, a famous, rich man, could not produce something snappy, could not father a single remark that others might later repeat, saying to each other: "Did you hear what Wilber Bellows pulled the other night at the club?"

MEANTIME he grew unquestionably stout at the waistline and his wife Eda spoke to him often with gentle words of warning. He was extremely fond of sausages and wheat-cakes for breakfast. Breakfast was his largest meal and he lingered lovingly in the blue room at Bellows Manor, toying with a final sausage.

"Wilber dear," his wife frequently remarked, "you really will have to cut down on your food, especially your breakfasts. You eat too many sausages."

"Me?" Wilber would reply, in wounded tones. "I don't eat much. Look at the way Tom Cook packs it away. I wish you could see him tear into a New England boiled dinner."

Eda continued to reproach her husband, for she knew that a man approaching fifty cannot steadily stow

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away the groceries and remain an athlete, especially one who abhors exercise. Each morning Wilber walked out in dignity to his automobile and was driven at a leisurely pace through the pleasant streets of Burlington to his offices at the factory. Pedestrians bowed to him in friendly fashion, for he was indeed a popular figure, a man well-beloved by his townsmen and with good reason, for he had given liberally of his largess, had shared his wealth with the neighbors and was proud of his little city.

He had presented the ground for Bellows Park and paid for the statues and the iron deer. He gave a playground for children of the poor and a neat little hospital where ills were cured without charge. It was Wilber who alone financed the lovely thoroughfare known as Bellows Drive, and quite easily he could have been elected mayor had he desired.

On rare occasions he drove a car himself, still retaining a spark of his youth, for a man is really not yet old while he can pilot a motor car in modern traffic. Wilber's personal machine was a blue sport roadster, with sixteen cylinders, costing six thousand dollars and light on its feet. One morning he drove in to the great metropolis of the Pacific Coast, fifteen miles from Burlington, and his toe was heavy on the pedal. He was presently hailed by a traffic policeman and given a ticket for doing thirty miles in a twenty-mile zone.

THREE days later he appeared, for the first time in his life, in police court and took his place in the line of guilty ones, waiting to be fined the conventional ten dollars.

In front of him, nervously toying with his hat, was a small, thin-faced man, rather shabby.

"Stairs," called an officer. "Thomas L. Stairs."

The small man stepped from the line, looked up at the judge, listened to a rapid narration of his own lawbreaking and reached into his pocket.

"Five dollars," said the judge, and the nervous one handed the clerk five soiled bills.

Mr. Bellows came next. He paid his fine without comment, and departed for his home in Burlington, where the incident slipped quickly from his mind. That night he had broiled duck for dinner, with plenty of black coffee and cottage pudding, which he adored, and when he prepared to retire he was vaguely conscious that his hearty dinner was blocking the pleasant highroad to slumberland.

"My dear," he said to Eda, who was knitting a doily, "I'd better sleep in the red room tonight. I feel one of my bad nights coming, and I would greatly dislike to keep you awake."

"Very well," responded his wife, in a resigned voice. "How many times have I warned you?"

"I know," said Wilber. "I shall be more careful."

The roast duck and cottage pudding kept him awake. At two o'clock in the morning he had consumed part of a package of cigarettes and at three he dozed slightly, conscious of inner disturbance and vague flutterings of nightmare. Soon after that hour he suddenly awakened, opened his eyes, stared at the ceiling, pulled on the bed-lamp, and sat up in blinking astonishment. Something had passed through his mind. Something had whirled through that mysterious region we call the intellect, and Wilber Bellows sat in his bed, utterly amazed and utterly delighted, for the fugitive wisp that had come from nowhere and flashed athwart his mentality was one of those snappy quips, which we moderns refer to as a wise-crack, a humorous observation. . . . He repeated it aloud. It sounded quite brilliant. He grinned. He chuckled. . . . He had done it. Eureka.

"Well, what do you think of that?" he inquired of the silent room. "First time in my life. Absolutely first time."

He lighted a cigarette, beamed into the shadows and thought of Mark Sanger. In the morning he arose and immediately telephoned his secretary, a Mr. Morrow, commanding him to obtain the address of Mr. Thomas L. Stairs, who had been fined five dollars in the traffic court. This information was forthcoming before Wilber completed his breakfast of sausages and wheatcakes, which he ate with great gusto, in defiance of his kindly wife.

Ordering his largest limousine, he stepped in and directed Edwardo to drive him to the town of Bismark, a humble and obscure hamlet, and a half hour later he emerged from his car and stood before a cottage. There was a small vegetable garden and in this garden, trowel in hand, stood Mr. Thomas L. Stairs. He shaded his eyes from the morning sun and peered at the limousine.

"Good morning," said Wilber graciously.

"Morning, sir," said Thomas L. Stairs in a respectful voice, for he knew wealth when he saw it.

"Your name is Stairs?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah," said Wilber. "My name is Bellows, Wilber Bellows of Burlington. You may have heard of me."

"Yes, sir," replied Thomas. "I have."

He put down his garden implement, wiped a wet forehead, glanced apologetically down at his soiled garments and walked toward the gate.

"Won't you come in?" he asked hospitably.

"No," said Wilber. "I can talk to you here, Mr. Stairs. Is this your home?"

"It is."

"You have a family?"

"Yes, sir—a wife and three kids."

"Well, Mr. Stairs, I should judge by externals that you are a poor man—meaning no offense—being a poor man, it is probable that you would like to make some money. Am I right?"

STAIRS looked puzzled and slowly nodded his head.

"Yes, sir," he said. "Times could be better with me."

"Ah," said Wilber gently. "Suppose I were to give you a chance to make money, Mr. Stairs. Would you take it?"

"Yes, sir," the small man answered quickly.

The frying pan king paused, looked slowly about him and back to his victim.

"Have you ever been up in an airplane?" he inquired, and his listener looked startled.

"No, sir. I'm afraid of them things."

"Would you consent to take a ride in an airplane?"

"No, sir," said Stairs with great positiveness. "Others can fly all they want, but me, I stay right here on the ground."

Wilber's countenance broadened in a sympathetic smile.

"Before you decide," he continued, "let me state my case. By accepting my proposal you will ensure your own future prosperity and that of your family. I shall transfer sufficient funds to you so that neither you nor yours will ever again be in want. This is an important decision, Mr. Stairs. Think it over carefully."

Thomas L. Stairs removed a battered hat and scratched his head. He asked his visitor to be more definite—to go into the fruity details and declare in so many words what cash would be paid. How much money? Wilber immediately named a figure that would probably make your heart beat faster and Thomas ceased to scratch his head.

"Well, now, Mr. Bellows, you mean you'll actually pay me all that money?"

"Exactly what I mean."

"All right. I have to think of my family. I'll go up in the airplane any time you say, even if it kills me, which it probably will. I accept your offer. What do you want me to do?"

"Come to my office in Burlington tomorrow," said Wilber. "I shall explain everything at that time and give you a check in advance."

LONG, long before the Bellows office opened, Thomas L. Stairs stood outside, scraping his shoes and waiting for the rich man of Burlington, who arrived on the stroke of nine as was his wont. There was a brief greeting and Wilber

(*Continued on page 38*)

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

"Suppose I were to give you a chance to make money," said Wilber gently. "Would you take it?"

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Handcuffed Nerves

When one stroke may win or lose $40,000 no wonder many great golfers crack under the strain of an open championship

By Grantland Rice

I DON'T know what the winning score will be at Interlaken in the next open championship," recently remarked Tommy Armour. "But I'll gamble on this—that a week later, without the title at stake, the same field could meet and the winning score would be ten strokes less."

In Armour's opinion the strain of an open championship costs the best golfers at least two strokes per round.

O. B. Keeler, the able golf observer and commentator, often complains that Bobby Jones never can "get hot" in an open, that he never can play his true game. In spite of Jones' amazing record this is true. But the same is true of others.

What Mr. Keeler meant was that Bobby could never hook together in an open tournament one of those amazing playing streaks of from 66 to 70 which he has had in other matches for eight or ten consecutive rounds. He has been under 70 only once or twice in all his starts in United States open championships, which means nearly forty rounds.

Forgetting the Fundamentals

Under ordinary conditions Jones would have at least ten rounds under 70 and probably several more. Under ordinary conditions such golfers as Tommy Armour, Walter Hagen, Mac Smith, Gene Sarazen, Johnny Farrell, Leo Diegel, Horton Smith and others would be breaking 70 at certain intervals and would be strokes lower than they are when the pressure of an open championship tends to handcuff their nerves.

Just how do these handcuffed nerves affect their play?

It takes more forms than one. For example, one of the fundamentals of the golf swing is the turn of the left side and the left shoulder. Both must come well around to permit the hands and arms to swing the club head along the correct arc. If you watch any open championship you will see any number of experienced, skillful golfers restrict this turn.

"Jones," said Tommy Armour, "restricts this turn less than anyone else in the field and that accounts largely for his better play. But even Bob is human. There are a lot of fine professionals who barely turn halfway when the strain begins to tell, no matter how they might try. You feel as if there were bands of steel wrapped around your shoulders. Everything is locked. We all know that if we leave the left shoulder behind when the club head is taken back the stroke will be spoiled, and yet most of us do this at some critical moment."

Another fault that creeps in is the tendency to grip too tightly and to swing the club too fast, to hurry the back swing and thereby also hurry the down swing. This fault also assails the duffer and average golfer constantly, but only affects the star under the strain of a championship test. It was a fault that Bobby Jones had to fight for several years. And not until he had conquered it did he begin to win.

A third result of handcuffed nerves is complete loss of putting touch. I played with a well-known professional before one open match and he was around the course in 72, putting perfectly. Two days later he was around in 87 and he couldn't hole a three-foot putt.

"My wrists locked," he said later, "and I couldn't get them working. There were times when I could hardly make myself hit the ball even on a short putt."

Almost anything can happen under such conditions. Clarence Hackney admits that he once took four putts from less than an inch away.

Few realize upon what sudden and overlooked turns an open championship may rest. Witness the play of Bobby Jones and Tommy Armour at the 540-yard fifth hole at Winged Foot. Bobby's ball stopped far to the left of the hole, possibly fifty feet away. He then had a treacherous sloping approach putt to play, a hard putt to lay dead.

It would have been quite simple to take a five from this point. But the putt curled over one or two undulations, struck the right slant and then slid into the cup for an eagle three.

A short while later Tommy Armour hit a great iron shot to the same hole. I watched the ball come straight for the pin, roll across the edge of the cup and stop two feet beyond. He had almost holed a two. And then he missed the two-foot putt and took a four.

A three for Armour at this hole and a four or a five for Jones might have upset the championship. And at the eighth hole of the final round, where Jones hit two of his best shots, he took a seven, because the ball bounded to the right into a bunker. A foot to the left and Jones would have had a putt for a three.

Every golfer with a chance to win knows that something of this sort may happen to him in any open championship. They all know it may happen at Interlaken early in July. When you crowd in such competitors as Bobby Jones, Horton Smith, Hagen, Mac Smith, Armour, Sarazen, Farrell, Diegel, Von Elm and others the finish is almost certainly bound to be close.

Sarazen beat Jones and John Black one stroke to win at Skokie in 1922. Jones and Cruickshank tied a year later at Inwood. In 1925 Jones and Macfarlane tied again. In 1926 Jones beat Turnesa by a stroke at Scioto.

In 1927 Armour and Cooper tied at Oakmont. In 1928 at Olympia Fields Jones and Farrell tied. In 1929 at Winged Foot, Jones and Espinosa tied.

You can see from this just what a killing difference one stroke has made in seven of the last eight opens. One stroke has won or lost for more than one star. One stroke cost Bobby Jones two open titles that he later lost to Macfarlane and Farrell in the play-offs.

A Fortune on a Stroke

This one stroke for a professional with a chance to win may mean from $30,000 to $40,000. And down the stretch where nerves and brain are jangled and weary and tension begins to increase for the survivors it is the easiest thing in the world to lose the one stroke that might save the day.

I still contend that an open golf championship where there are two or more survivors is the hardest nerve test in sport, because of the tension and delays. The best golfers in the world attempt to qualify for an open title, but, one by one, the heavy, all-day pressure breaks them down and concentration becomes more and more difficult.

Concentration on the right things to do is a vital part of golf. The stroke won't play itself, however easy it may look. They forget to turn enough, they hurry the back swing or they lose their putting touch—and over the precipice they go.

Illustrated by F. G. Cooper

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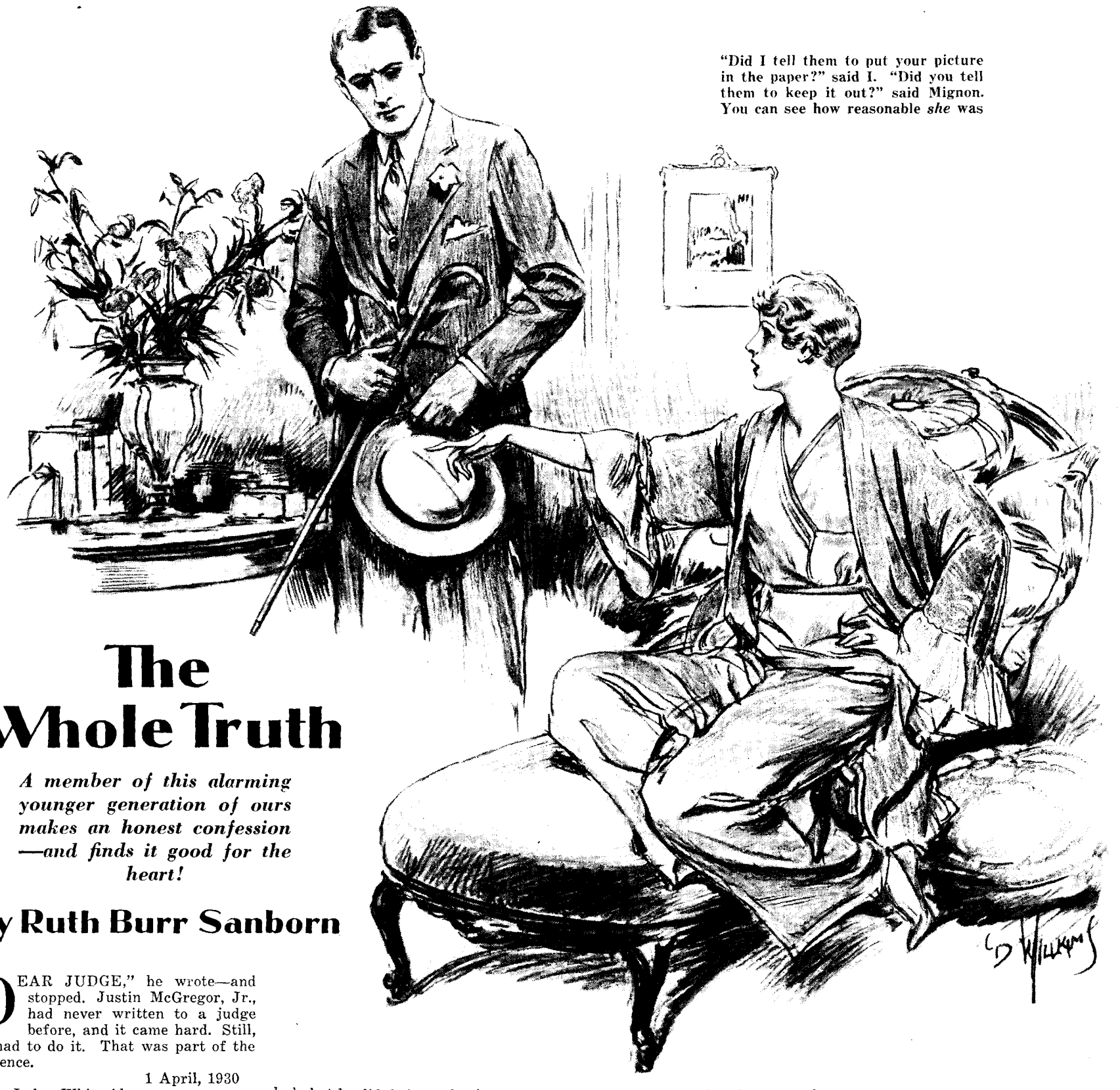

"Did I tell them to put your picture in the paper?" said I. "Did you tell them to keep it out?" said Mignon. You can see how reasonable *she* was

The Whole Truth

A member of this alarming younger generation of ours makes an honest confession —and finds it good for the heart!

By Ruth Burr Sanborn

DEAR JUDGE," he wrote—and stopped. Justin McGregor, Jr., had never written to a judge before, and it came hard. Still, he had to do it. That was part of the sentence.

1 April, 1930

Dear Judge Whiteridge:

It seems only right that I should tell you how the whole thing happened. I never got a fair chance at the trial. And I think you will agree with me that it has all been pretty darned unreasonable.

In the first place, my father sent for me to come home. I had only been abroad two years, and I think anybody ought to look round before he picks out a life work. Of course if Father had been hard up, I wouldn't have said a word, but there wasn't much evidence that the wolf had been gnawing the doormats while I was away. I found a new Hoyden Eight in the garage, and so after I'd had a pick-me-up or two I took it out and went down to the plant.

I guess you know my father, so I don't need to tell you what he's like: Scotch and red-headed, Irish and red-tempered. He is not a reasonable man. But if you could have seen him sitting there when I went in, you'd have known that he wasn't even as reasonable as usual. He looked like a porcupine, getting every quill ready to shoot.

He shook hands with me across the desk, but he didn't jump for joy or anything. "Have a good trip?"

"Fairish," I said. "There was a cute blonde aboard."

He didn't pay any attention to that—though you'd expect a father to show some interest in the interests of his son. "Did they serve McGregor's Orange Marmalade?" he asked.

"How should I know?" I said. "Do you think I spent my time in the pantry?"

"No," he said. "I think you spent it in the bar."

You can see by that how the thing went. All the same, you could have knocked me down with a pipe cleaner when he snapped out at me: "When you going to work?"

"Going where?" I said, kind of dazed. "Is that a resort?"

"I GUESS it would be about the last resort for you," he said. "I mean when are you going into the orange marmalade business?"

I couldn't help laughing. "What you think I'm going to do? Squeeze oranges?"

"No," he said, "I think you're going to squeeze me. It's what you always have done. But now I want to get something for my money."

He had it all doped out, too. I was to spend so much time in each department: receiving, slicing, boiling, bottling, sales. . . . I don't know what. And then he was going to make a job called assistant general manager, and get me ready for a partnership. Can you tie it? I come home with my mind full of art and life and literature, and things like that, and he offers me a partnership in a marmalade factory!

Still, I tried to be reasonable. "Well, now look here, governor," I said. "Seems to me you're doing pretty well by yourself. I guess your marmalade's all right, and anyway it brings in a million a minute or so, and wouldn't it be just profiteering to put me in and double your income? I think it would be better for me to go into something else."

"What?" he said, short like that. "What?"

"I don't just know yet," I told him. "But I've been looking round. . . ."

Then he shot off the works. The way he jumped you'd have thought he had a paper of pins in his clothes. He banged on the desk, and he kicked over the wastebasket, and he threw the inkstand on the floor. He got so red it made his hair look pale pink. "You've been looking round two years," he said, "and what have you found? A lot of dude clothes and a high hat, and a hole in the bottom of the sea to throw my money in. . . ."

YOU can't reason with a man like that. And so pretty soon I said I'd think it over and let him know Monday morning.

That night I went to Larry Felton's to a party. We had a good enough time, but nothing wonderful. And it is just as unreasonable as it can be to say that I was drunk, because if you knew Larry Felton you'd know he's too tight with his bootleg to get anybody tight but himself.

Mignon Tirrell was there. I had been halfway engaged to her before I went away, and now I decided to try being all the way engaged. Mignon Tirrell is a bright blonde, and the way she can roll up those blue eyes, and draw down that red mouth . . . say! She had on a red dress, and red is a pretty warm color.

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When the things were done and Janie had fixed up the table, with flowers and silver, I took pictures

Illustrated by C. D. Williams

After a while I took her out in the car to get the engagement over. I know people say Mignon is a little bit speedy. What of it? Does that prove I was speeding?

It is pretty unreasonable anyway to say I was going seventy miles an hour. A speedometer doesn't tell much after you have stopped. And we stopped all right when I ran into that car—if I did run into it. I think myself that the car ran into me.

The trial was about as unreasonable a thing as I ever saw. Every time I tried to say a word somebody jumped on me for disorder or contempt of court or something. Of course I see the point. I hear there has been a lot of talk about drunken driving and petting parties and rich young men in high-powered cars . . . and the police were feeling it was time to make an example of somebody. And so right away when they saw me, just because I had some decent clothes, and a car and a girl and a breath, they thought what a lovely example I would make. But was it my fault that my father bought a Hoyden Eight? Was it my fault that Mignon Tirrell tucked her head under my arm? Was it my fault that they passed the Volstead Act, and then couldn't enforce it? It was not.

Another thing: If I am a criminal, then I ought to be in jail. But if I am not a criminal, then I ought to be free. But what happens? You try one of these trick sentences on me. You let me loose. BUT . . . you take away my license; you say I've got to stay in town six months, and get a job, and write a report the first of each month telling you how I'm getting along. Well, I'm getting along rotten.

After the trial I went to see Mignon Tirrell. Mignon was lying on a chaise longue; she had on lounging pajamas, and a velvet coat embroidered with gold threads, and velvet slippers with high gold heels, and her fair hair came up in rings round her face. She looked as if she had been crying.

"What's the matter?" I said.

"Matter!" said Mignon. "You take me out and run me into another car, and give me shock and a sprained thumb, and ruin my hat and my reputation, and get me talked about as if I was something the meat-market man threw out, and my picture in all the papers with 'Mignon Tirrell, Well-Known Dancer, in Speed King Crash,' and then you come and ask me what's the matter!"

"Did I tell them to put your picture in the paper?" said I.

"Did you tell them to keep it out?" said Mignon.

I guess you can see from that how reasonable *she* was.

After that Mignon said I didn't care anything about her reputation, and I said I didn't know she had one; and she said she wouldn't be engaged to me if I was as rich as Crœsus, and I said I wouldn't be halfway engaged to her if she was as beautiful as Cleopatra; and she said she hated a four-flusher, and I said I hated a gold-digger and a play-safer and a loud-squealer; and she said I could get out, and I said I'd stay out . . . and I got out and slammed the door behind me.

AFTER that I went down to the plant to see my father, and in the corridor I met a girl. I was in no frame of mind to notice anybody. Still, I did notice her some, because she was so different from Mignon Tirrell: kind of little and lovely and, well, *sweet*.

"I beg your pardon. . . ." I had to say something for a beginning. "Will you tell me where Mr. McGregor's office is?"

"First left," she said. She had a nice voice, quiet and low, but—well, awfully businesslike, if you see what I mean. She went right along down the corridor and out of sight.

When I went into my father's office, I found him looking as if he had swallowed a firecracker and a match and they were getting together. But I am naturally tactful, and so I pretended not to notice. I said: "Well, governor, I've come to take that assistant managership."

And what do you think he said then? He said: "There isn't any such position open here now."

"Do I understand you're letting me down?" I said.

"You let me down long ago," he said.

It was enough to try anybody's patience. "Father," I said seriously, "I feel it is my duty to warn you. If I part from you in anger, pride will forbid my return. I shall be compelled to earn my living in any way that presents itself. I should not wish shame to fall upon the name of Justin McGregor by being coupled with, say, a shoveler of coal."

My father looked at me, and he laughed. It wasn't a fatherly laugh. "Pity you didn't think about the fair name of McGregor a little sooner," he said. "You couldn't hurt it now with coal dust."

I THINK anybody else would have walked right out then. But I tried to be reasonable. I gave him one more chance. "Father," I said, "how about next month's allowance?"

If you'll believe it, he acted as if he did not hear me—just pressed the buzzer on his desk as if the interview was over.

After that there was nothing to do but go. So I went.

On the way out, I saw that girl again. She has a great big dimple in her cheek.

I think you will agree with me that the whole thing has been pretty darned unreasonable.

Yours truly,
JUSTIN MCGREGOR, JR.

1 May, 1930

Dear Judge Whiteridge:

When I left my father's office that day, I made one mistake. I should have gone for my clothes. But I didn't.

I took a suite at the Ambassador

(*Continued on page 31*)

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Happy Half-Pint

Related to John Wallace by Howard Knowles

Revolving doors usually send him sprawling, and he often has to shinny up the leg of a bed to catch up in sleep; but these are only minor mishaps in the happiness Howard Knowles has crowded into thirty inches and forty-five years

Illustrated by George Shanks

La Belle Chimp righted me and started a job of necking bigger and better than anything I ever saw on a screen

ONE of Broadway's wisecracks is, "I know the legs, but I don't recognize the face." To you big folks that's just a flip remark, but it's stern reality to us Lilliputians whose world is knee-high.

I'm exactly thirty inches tall; forty-five years old. But there's one satisfaction: nobody ever said to my parents, "My, but isn't he big for his age?"

Yes, I'm different, judged from your standard. From mine, you're much more so—there are so many varieties of you big ones.

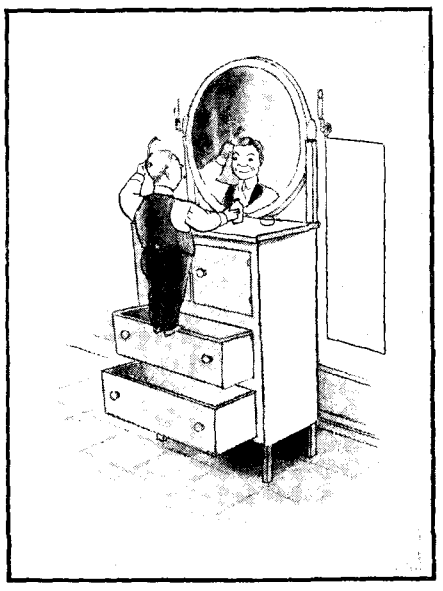
Passing me on the street you nudge each other and say, "Gosh, Henry. Look at the runt!"

And while you're doing that, I'm discovering that American men (average) don't keep their shoes shined, or their trousers well-pressed and brushed. You spill soup, cigar ashes and cake crumbs into your laps, and leave it to Providence to make 'em fall off without brushing. And fat men always have three transverse wrinkles in their garments just under the portico.

Also my eyes tell me that the Great Architect could have been more considerate in drawing specifications for the girls (any age) if He had intended the short-skirt craze to extend as far up the thighs as it did. But maybe I'm biased; my viewpoint is—

But let's not become flippant. Instead, come with me into the Land of Lilliput, and see the great, big, round world as the tiny folks see it. Gulliver was right!

It's funny—



It's easy. Everything's a ladder for little people

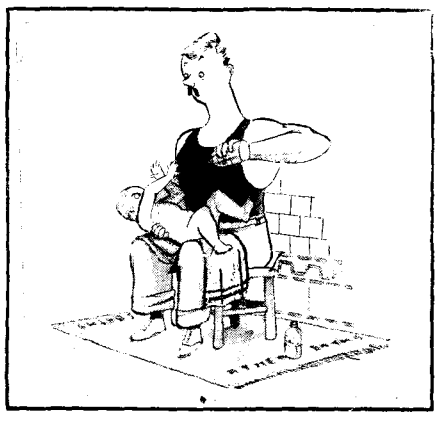
You're funny—

And probably I'm funniest of all.

Before we start on anything else, I want to give thanks to the Maker of All Things for giving us bowlegged men. I've seen enough parades through frames of flesh-and-blood parentheses to provide a cast for another World War. If I ever become wealthy, some of my cash will go for an art-glass window in some institution. It will be in the shape of an inverted "U," in deference to the bent-legged men who've made it possible for me to see the world go by.

I'm not spoofing when I say the world is funny to a midget. Everything in this world is built for you; little of it for me. Your favorite chair is too high, long, wide to suit my shape. The average bed, to me, is the same as an upper Pullman berth to you. But you really should see me shin up the legs of one when I've a little sleeping to catch up with.

And then he dusted me all over with some baby talcum



And your hotel rooms. You call 'em tiny. To me they're vast, uncharted distances. Every "convenience" means to us just another job of climbing—to get at the light switch, telephone, the hand lavatory, dresser top or clothes hangers. I work harder changing my clothes and shaving than some of you big folks do in a whole day.

Then there are those revolving doors. You love 'em because they keep out the chill of winter. Well, you can have 'em. To me a revolving door is just a big broom made solely to see how far somebody can fling a midget when the little fellow's going in and the other one's going out. My record skid is fourteen feet nine inches, exactly the distance from the door of my bank to the "K" cage where I "put and take."

Mother Puts Things Right

I was nine years old before they explained to me that I'd go through life as one of the little folks. Up to that time I'd gone along serenely like any youngster, expecting some day to grow big and be a policeman, fireman or maybe an engineer.

Mother was of normal size; Dad a six-footer. My brothers also were of average size.

The day of days came whizzing at me out of a clear sky. It was after school hours. The other boys of my class were choosing sides for a ball game. Nobody chose me! Come to think of it, nobody *ever* chose me for competitive games.

Something had "come unstuck." So I sat down in the grass to think it over. Presently it came to me that the boys called me "Stumpy;" that I was the only boy in our class who had to climb up to sit at his desk. The others just sat down. My world was all wet. I struck out at a dog-trot for home and Mother. When I got there it didn't help any to realize that they'd tied a leather thong to the screen-door latch so I could open it easily. I must have been pretty well mixed up and incoherent when I dashed into the kitchen.

Mother didn't ask any questions. She knew! Drying her hands, she led me to a seat in the grape arbor back of a row of giant hollyhocks—and they made me think of Jack and the Beanstalk! Mother drew me close to her.

"I know what's hurting," she said. "It isn't your fault, nor Mother's. It is God's will that you must stay as you are."

"But, Mother," I protested, "won't I ever be any larger?"

I know now how much spiritual bravery it required for her to look into my eyes and shake her head.

Mothers, somehow, always can put things right. Mine drew me to her again and gave me the philosophy which has carried me through life this far. "The world is good if we make it good," she said. "Make yourself laugh and be happy and you'll find the world a good place in which to live. When you come to a hard spot, laugh—and then it won't be hard any more."

I've laughed my way through the thirty-six subsequent years as an actor, gymnast, mannikin, stage gnome, motion picture baby, advertising exhibit and a lot of other gainful occupations. I've averaged better earnings than many professional men and I have a lot of dramatic actors beaten a mile.

Drawbacks? Of course there are. I

(*Continued on page 53*)

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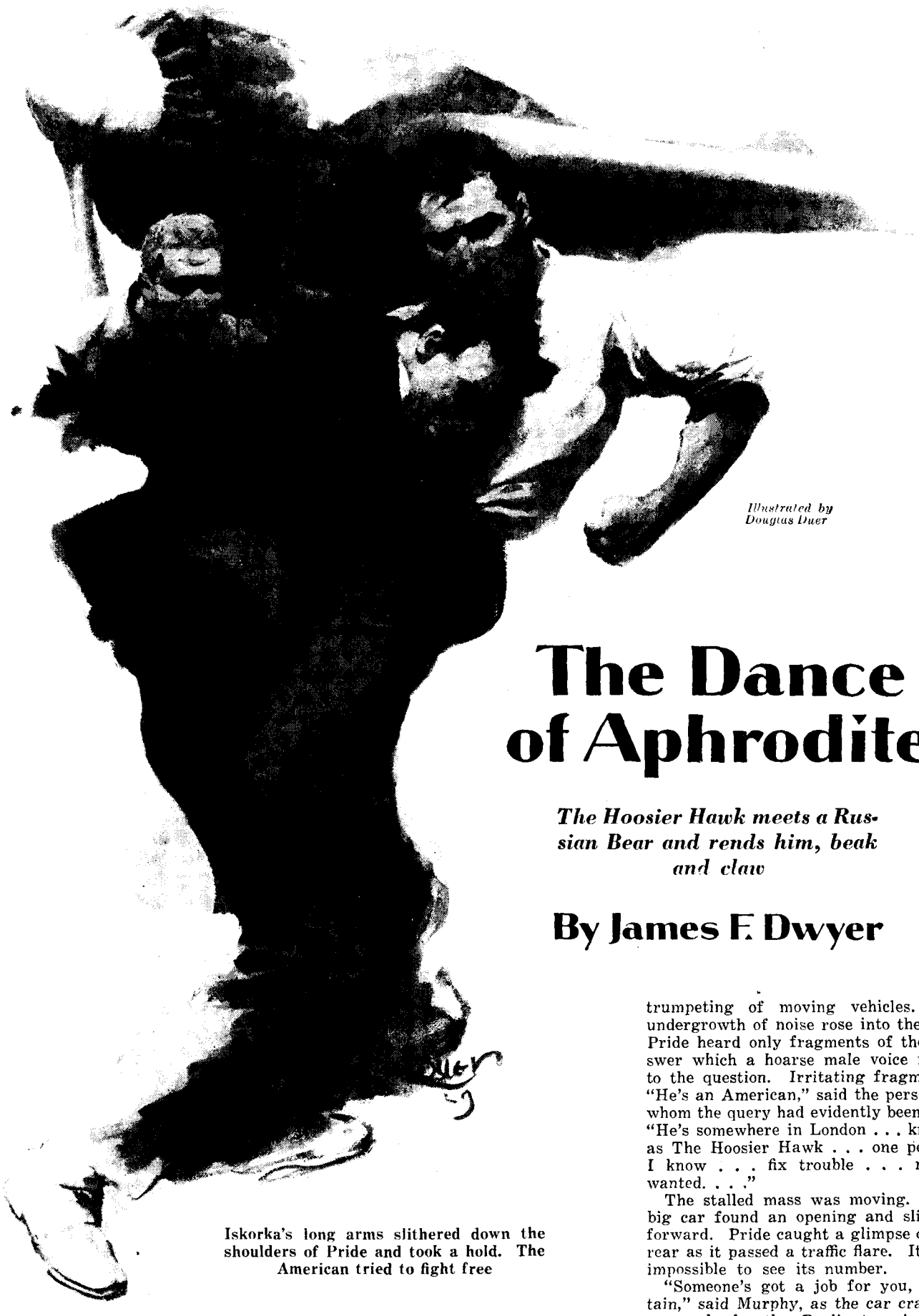

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

Iskorka's long arms slithered down the shoulders of Pride and took a hold. The American tried to fight free

The Dance of Aphrodite

The Hoosier Hawk meets a Russian Bear and rends him, beak and claw

By James F. Dwyer

LONDON lay like an immense black beetle beneath a cotton mattress. A fog had crept in from the North Sea and choked the traffic channels. Flares along Piccadilly made rose-tinted patches in the smothering mist. Busses crawled and cockney curses came from the lips of ghostly chauffeurs.

In a taxi, halted at the intersection of Albemarle Street and Piccadilly, sat Richard Clefeld Pride, dashing adventurer from the state of Indiana. By the side of the flyer was Penguin Murphy, wartime mechanician and faithful friend. The two Americans were silent. The fog blanket brought a strange stillness that throttled conversation.

A big car sneaked cautiously up beside the taxi that held The Hoosier Hawk and his mechanician. It was barely three feet from the cab, yet the fog was so thick that Pride could only see the spectral outline of the machine. The white pall was what the taxi chauffeur called "A bleedin' thick un, mister."

The queer silence increased as drivers waited for the whistle that permitted them to crawl forward. Later, Richard Clefeld Pride wondered if Fate had brought the silence so that he might hear the question that was put to an occupant of the car halted within reach of his cab. The question that a voice of gold sent into the fog.

A STRANGE query. Like a little lariat of gold it sprang into the wet mist. "And this Captain Pride that you tell of," came the golden voice, "where can he be found?"

From far down Piccadilly came a trumpeting of moving vehicles. An undergrowth of noise rose into the fog. Pride heard only fragments of the answer which a hoarse male voice made to the question. Irritating fragments. "He's an American," said the person to whom the query had evidently been put. "He's somewhere in London . . . known as The Hoosier Hawk . . . one person I know . . . fix trouble . . . nerve wanted. . . ."

The stalled mass was moving. The big car found an opening and slipped forward. Pride caught a glimpse of its rear as it passed a traffic flare. It was impossible to see its number.

"Someone's got a job for you, Captain," said Murphy, as the car crawled nervously by the Burlington Arcade. "Dyin' to get your telephone number."

The Hoosier Hawk did not answer. He was busy trying to imprison within a cell of his brain the voice of gold that had put the query regarding himself.

In the hours that followed, Richard Clefeld Pride found pleasure in cautiously opening the sound cell in which he had stored the query and listening with the ears of memory to the voice. He wondered what the girl was like. Of course it was a girl who had asked for the information. No grown-up woman. A girl, slim, elegant, cultivated. He knew he would like her if they ever met. He thought himself a fool for not answering her question. He could have leaned from the window of the taxi and announced his address. Quite permissible.

For seven hours Richard Clefeld Pride waited, then he roused himself. The desire to hear the golden voice maddened him. He drove down to the office of The Morning Post and handed in one of those small personal advertisements beloved by the English. It ran:

"Captain Richard Clefeld Pride, of Indianapolis, is staying at the Mayfair Hotel, Berkeley Square."

PENGUIN MURPHY placed a big paw over the mouthpiece and turned the phone over to his master. "You're found, Captain," he whispered. "Gosh, she's got a voice that gives you little curly-wurlies up and down your spine."

The pulse of The Hoosier Hawk went into high as he listened. She had seen the little personal notice. Had he known that she wished to locate him? He admitted that he had. He told of hearing her query in the fog. Her soft "Oh!" was like the flutter of an angel's wing. Yes, yes, she had asked Lord Muirbank as they were driving in from Knightsbridge. "It was Tommy Muirbank who told me of you," came the whisper of gold. "He said—he said that you could help me. I—I am Lady Elfrida Fenwick, better known as Elf Fenwick, and—and, Captain Pride, I would like to see you. Would you come round to my uncle's place in Carlton House Terrace? Lord Kylneven's place. Uncle also wants to see you, Mr. Hoosier Hawk."

Richard Clefeld Pride snatched a society paper from the newsstand as he hurried out of the hotel. On the way from Berkeley Square to Carlton House Terrace he found a snapshot of the girl who sought his help. The dream picture was not altogether wrong. A laughing, boyish-looking girl mounted on a raking horse waved a whip at him from the page. The Captain read: "Lady Elfrida Fenwick, whose marriage to the Honorable Lionel Slane-Lyall-Slane will take place in St. George's Chapel next Saturday."

"And this is Thursday," growled Pride. "Wonder what her trouble is?"

A stuffed butler ushered The Hoosier Hawk into the drawing-room of the Kylneven town house. The stuffed one announced the name of the flyer from Indianapolis, and before the menial had closed his mouth a fairy sprite had danced across the big room and clutched the hand of Richard Clefeld Pride. A sprite who looked decidedly un-English to the caller. The Hawk, in the back of his head, carried a composite picture of the typical English girl. He thought of her as rather over-blond, heavy-footed, a trifle dull. The maiden who welcomed him had the lightfootedness of a mountain dryad and the strange luring beauty of Daphne.

SHE half dragged Richard Clefeld Pride across the big room. Danced ahead of him, an amber-hued butterfly. "Uncle!" she cried, as a tall, red-faced man rose from a couch. "Here is Captain Pride!"

"Uncle," so The Hoosier Hawk soon discovered, was Lord Percy Kylneven, a man in the early sixties, quite as stiff and unbending as the butler. Little waves of agony passed over his lordship's face as he watched the antics of his niece. The Indiana flyer summed him up as a dreadfully self-conscious prig to whom an exposed emotion was something nearly as bad as an attack on the House of Lords.

Blushing furiously, he touched with a limp paw the well-shaped hand of Richard Clefeld Pride and waved the flyer to a seat. Pride, watching him carefully, was afraid that he would have a fit.

Three times his lordship opened his mouth to speak; three times he closed it again. The Hoosier Hawk, watching

(*Continued on page 58*)

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Speaking of Women

VIII

By Louis Joseph Vance

"Never yet has a Versennes contracted a marriage with a woman who was not in all respects his equal," said Mme. Savinien

Illustrated by Hubert Mathieu

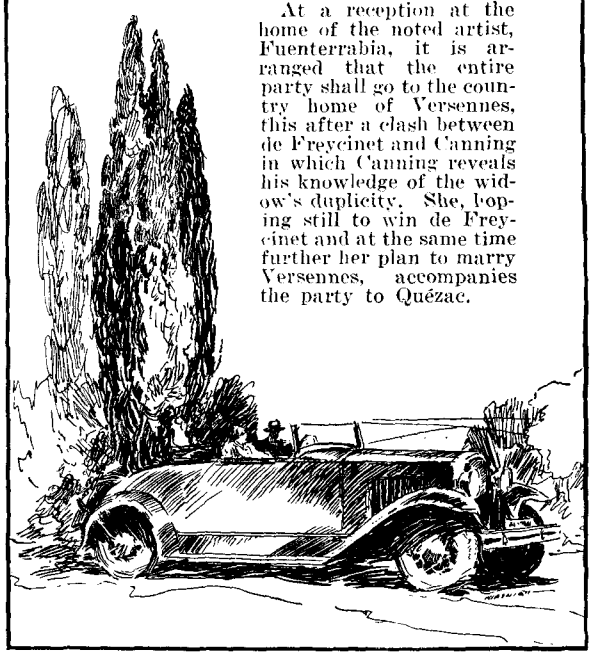
The Story Thus Far:

LONA SCHELL, seeking to escape from her involved and shadowy past in America, travels to Europe under the name of Mary Lanchester, recently widowed. En-route, she becomes part of a gay company comprising Tess and Tim Macready; Julien de Versennes, a French nobleman who instantly falls in love with her; Phillips Canning, an American millionaire, and Rollo Tattersall, who is cynically aware of her notorious past.

Hoping to marry Versennes, Mrs. Lanchester wins Rollo to silence by her assurances of sincerity. But in Paris, despite her promise and her tacit understanding with Versennes, she manages a clandestine meeting with an engaging young Frenchman who, it later develops, is Robert de Freycinet, the man who is betrothed to Versennes' charming daughter, Zoë.

De Freycinet wisely chooses to ignore Mrs. Lanchester's repeated efforts toward a continuance of their acquaintance and she, fully realizing the extreme dangers of her position but imagining herself in love with him, persists. Zoë, instinctively on guard against Mrs. Lanchester, observes this. Her father, blindly in love, is unaware of the growing tenseness of the situation, and proceeds happily with his plans to marry Mrs. Lanchester.

At a reception at the home of the noted artist, Fuenterrabia, it is arranged that the entire party shall go to the country home of Versennes, this after a clash between de Freycinet and Canning in which Canning reveals his knowledge of the widow's duplicity. She, hoping still to win de Freycinet and at the same time further her plan to marry Versennes, accompanies the party to Quézac.



HELP!" The cry popped in the midday quiet as though a sharp uprush of emotion had cost Mr. Tattersall a cork; and halting in his tracks he batted purblind eyes at the vivid young person whom he found taking the sun, and for a wonder solitary, on the terrace of her hotel at Cannes. "Also—saccry nome doon peep! How *do* you do it, Lona?"

"Good morning, Rollo." Blue eyes with invisible alacrity let slip the dream that had lured them so far out over the blue dreaming Golfe de la Napoule. "And don't call me Lona. How do I do what?"

"Get to shine like that." His squint of tribute to her dazzle smacked perhaps a touch too impishly of awe. "Always were a comely lass, by the light of these old lamps, a bit on the strappin' side, maybe, and high-complected as a milkmaid—anything but the type to start a feller studyin' about the state of his soul. But lately you've been puttin' something over, improvin' on the way Ma Nature made you—doggone' if you ain't gettin' to look plumb spirituelle!"

"Maybe it's protective coloration, Rollo, to put you off. It couldn't be just my real self shining out, I suppose?"

"Call that nice?"—Tattersall subsided into the nearest chair—"Tryin' to kid your dotin' old uncle?"

"I'm not." Her pitch was of a sudden earnest, with a shade of wistfulness thrown in to match the gaze that yearned for her dream again in those frankly theatrical distances where painted hills drowsed by a painted sea. "Seriously, Rollo, I do feel, somehow, as though I were only just beginning, these days, to be the girl I was meant to be. I never had a chance before, you know—life wouldn't let me."

"Poor little mite! Life is like that, is it not? Anyway, I notice every time any thing or body goes Bolshevist, life gets the blame. Never met a human yet who was willing to admit maybe the trouble with life was the way he lived it."

"Sometimes we call him Little Sunshine," Mrs. Lanchester confided to the perfumed airs, "but Great Heart is his pet name in heaven."

"All right, all right!" Tattersall deprecated. "But if this heretofore suppressed self is as noble as you let on, seems like it ought to jump at the chance to put me out of my misery. I'm all one big ache to know how come the grand transfiguration."

"Am I really so much changed, do you think?"

"Don't say I never warned you there's such a thing as overdoin' it. Way you're headin', behavin', not to mention lookin', more and more like a top-side angel, next thing you know honest-to-God women like Tess and Marie de Chalais will sidestep bein' seen with anybody that makes 'em look so ordinary and unrefined."

"Don't talk rot. I can't help what's happened to me, only thank God for it."

"Why not be a sport and tell all, so the rest of us can go and get our better natures lifted?"

"It's too much to expect you to understand; it's only because I'm in love."

"Shouldn't think you'd find that any novelty, like goin' in for cotton stock-in's, say, or livin' on a budget."

"I mean really, Rollo—for the first time in all my life. Think what that must mean to a girl. It's too wonderful!"

"And that ain't the half of it, sweetheart. Give a thought to the marvel of me fallin' for your story. Good old Julien," Tattersall crowed in friendly malice—"the miracle man!"

She entered no objection, but permitted him to make what he might of an enigmatic smile; satisfied that he would make nothing of it to the peril of her tender secret, that he had yet, in fact, with all his artfulness, failed to come by any glimmering of it. She covered it too jealously; it was too dear to share, let alone too dangerous, too beautiful to be so cheapened. Never, never had she thought to know such gladness.

It wasn't that alone, however, which had made her find the Côte d'Azur everything its legend advertised. In all that week the sun had resigned dominion over the coast only to permit moon and stars to weave on it their immemorial magic, the mistral had been as an old wives' tale, time but a rhyme of love in idleness. The Macreadys knew

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everybody that Julien didn't; they were forever on the go from one diversion to another; they played as aimlessly, almost as innocently, as children, and like children in a key of endless laughter. Tim had tired of acting the dismal ass, or else of Rollo's sulphurated sympathy, and had given up trying to make alcohol serve him in the dual rôle of crutch and poultice, and was proportionately less a pest. Tess, fondly assuming he had effected another of his famous recoveries ("Give the lamb time and he'll cure himself of any woman!"), was more than ever pleased with her management of Julien's affair, more kind to its heroine-elect, and even blinder. Rollo had become too steady a customer of the chemin-de-fer shops to see any occasion, much less spare the time, to read a pretty mischief new moralities. Her heart swelled with perception of her blessedness, whose public life was one brave long record of successes, whose hidden life so rich with unsuspected rapture.

In love and beloved by the one whom she loved—at last she knew it! Robert de Freycinet had made a good fight to keep the faith he had pledged before he met her, but she had been too much for him; since that hour at Fuenterrabia's he was all hers, hers only. If he had still to tell her so in as many words it was only because circumstances had refused him opportunity; now every waking brought a stronger race of pulses with its reminder that her time was one day nearer.

SHE led M. de Versennes on to talk of Quézac in and out of season. The good fellow was enchanted to find her so avid of information concerning this one of his homes that would some day be hers, too. How should he know her interest in the glimpses he gave her of Quézac was limited to their utility as backgrounds for a beloved figure that wasn't his?

Her heart ached for Robert, indeed, in his horrid plight, shut up in that dead hole, so far back from anywhere, with that poor colorless little thing expecting him to dance attendance on her all the time, and always under the beady watch of that fierce old dame, her Aunt Eugénie. It must be simply hell for him. . . .

Julien's good morning, interrupting her reverie, reminded her how completely she always left him out of the pictures fancy painted of her life. The blue eyes came back from the sea again all dim with dreams till cleared by the prettiest, most affectionate smile a man could ask for.

"My dear!"—she gave a hand to be kissed—"but you did startle me!"

"You were far away, I know," M. de Versennes contentedly agreed. "It isn't like you, either, to be so unmindful of good company."

"It's a compliment," Tattersall observed, plaintive, "an old guy gets to expect from the younger females of his species."

"You'd never guess where I was—at Quézac!"

"But you are wrong," he gayly protested, "I did guess, and it gave me a happy thought for you. Figure to yourself that one ought to run over to the château today to see to some small matters. What do you say? We could leave after luncheon, be there for dinner, drive back by moonlight. Or you might care to take a bag or two and order the rest of your luggage sent on—stop at Quézac, I mean, and give my little Zoë the happiness of learning to know you before our other guests arrive and make everything too lively. That pleases you, eh?"

The radiant carnation of her face answered for her while a wildly plunging heart held her breathless.

She had been looking forward to at least three days more of waiting. Now she might within six hours see Robert. . . .

"There isn't another man in all the world like you, Julien: you think of the most adorable things. Help me up, my dear—but hold me at arm's length or I'll disgrace you!—and I'll run and get ready."

That afternoon went, as she remembered it, in a rush of golden wind. Though M. de Versennes took the long way round to Fréjus, his heart was so set on seeing her capitulate to Quézac that not even the lovelinesses which the Corniche d'Or at every turn unfolded could seduce him into dawdling. The open car took the climbs and windings as with wings, in the straights its flight might well have won a swallow's envy. Mrs. Lanchester reveled in every minute whose breath-taking passage saw her so much the farther on toward the goal of all desire.

A golden wind under a cobalt cup of sky, coppery crags rearing up out of green woods, the ultramarine saucer of the sea, these and her singing heart. . . .

Gratitude warmed a friendlier disposition toward her lover, with the fatal upshot that he was led into denser misunderstanding than ever. Now and again, when a town clotting on the bright thread of road obliged him to abate their pace, he would perhaps pronounce the name for her and reap a smile whose indulgence he misread as surely as he mistook the feeling which caused her hand to creep into his whenever the contingencies of traffic permitted a trick one-armed driving. For him, too, those hours were golden.

BETWEEN whiles she eyed him askance, shrewdly yet not without admiration. A good fellow, a fine man, in yesterday's lingo "a prince"; he deserved all the happiness that loving her could bring him. But really! she was quite fond of him, it was a pleasure to please him; so long as he didn't ask too much of her, so long as he was content to play the honest duffer-husband, trust her, he would never know any cause to repent his bargain. For his own sake, anyway, she hoped he'd never spot what was going on under his nose, what, she meant, was in a fair way to.

It oddly never occurred to the young woman that she might possibly be self-deceived. She had improved the earliest opportunity to do as Phillips Canning had advised and, while the definition Webster's gave left her in a measure groping, was satisfied that the bark of "catalyzer" was meaner than its bite, that the epithet as used by Canning had been scarcely offensive enough to call for drastic reprisals. The truth was, she took it, Robert had simply found himself unable to brook even an allusion to her that carried the least color of

"Seriously, Rollo, I do feel, somehow, as though I were only just beginning, now, to be the girl I was meant to be"

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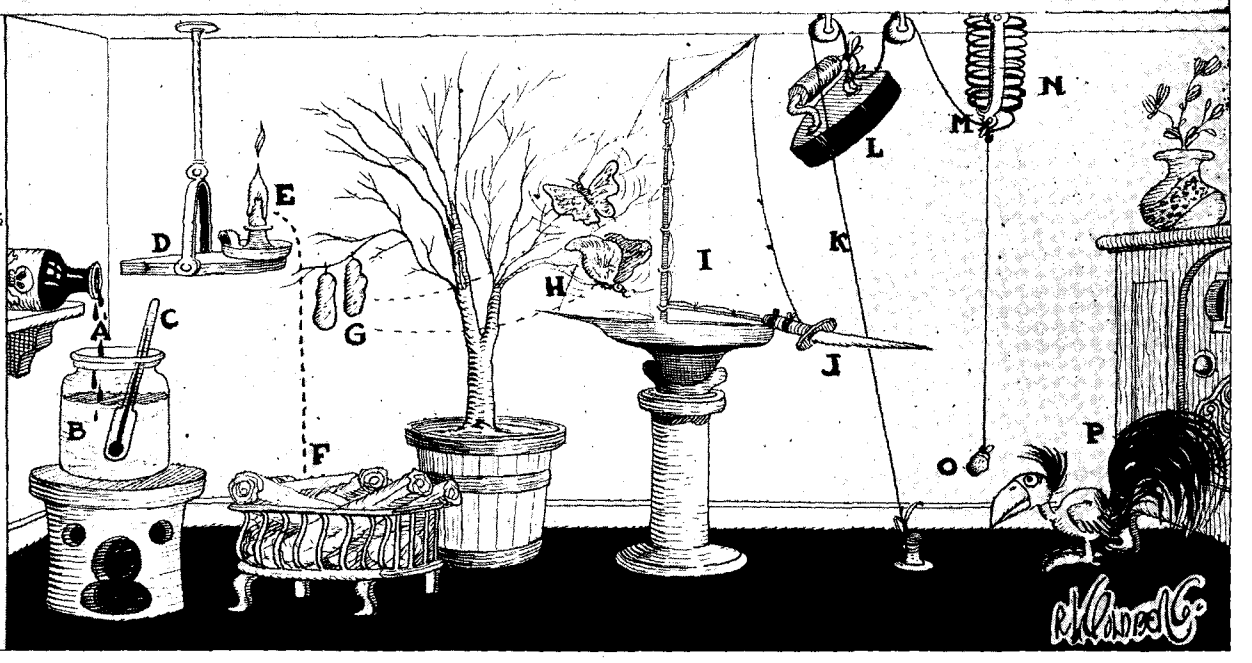
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS DIVES INTO AN EMPTY SWIMMING POOL AND FINDS A SIMPLE IDEA FOR DUSTING OFF THE RADIO. AS ACID (A) DROPS INTO WATER (B) IT CAUSES HYDROMETER (C) TO RISE AND PUSH AGAINST SWINGING SHELF (D) CAUSING CANDLE (E) TO FALL INTO GRATE (F) AND SET FIRE TO LOGS. HEAT FROM BURNING LOGS HATCHES COCOONS (G) AS HAPPY BUTTERFLIES (H) EMERGE THEY FLAP THEIR WINGS VIOLENTLY AND BREEZE BLOWS AGAINST SAIL (I) WHICH SWINGS AROUND AND CAUSES HUNTING KNIFE (J) TO CUT CORD (K) FLAT IRON (L) DROPS AND PULLS AWAY CLAMP (M) RELEASING SPRING (N) WHICH VIBRATES AND CAUSES GRAIN OF CORN (O) TO BOB UP AND DOWN - ZOPPLE BIRD (P) JUMPS UP AND DOWN IN EFFORT TO GRAB CORN AND DUSTS OFF RADIO WITH TAIL. IF ZOPPLE BIRD SUCCEEDS IN GRABBING THE CORN BEFORE THE RADIO IS THOROUGHLY DUSTED, FINISH THE JOB WITH YOUR UNCLE'S WHISKERS.



disparagement. Time and again she reviewed in detail his clash with Canning, but never to perceive in his half-wry smile, the shrug which had honored the "Thank you! Thank you!" she breathed so ardently as Canning turned off, and in the bow with which Robert had proceeded politely to extricate himself, anything but the chagrin of a gallant spirit balked in its eagerness to protect her from a gossipy old goat.

It certainly had been a mean break for him to discover in the offender a witness to their innocent little escapade. If it hadn't been for that contretemps, nothing, she knew, would have stopped Robert from pulling Canning's nose.

She would never forget how sick the poor dear had looked, how simply green, when Canning told him where he got off. . . .

THE car surged up a road well-graded and metaled, through forests of olive, chestnut, cork and pine, at a pace which dismayed her, now that the moment of Robert's surprise was imminent. She had premonitions of panic. Going to meet him at the reception in honor of his betrothal hadn't been half so unnerving.

All too soon, then, the car rested on a dizzy ridge.

"Voilà," M. de Versennes announced in simple pride, with a sign that took her gaze across a dusky gulf: "Quézac!"

She gave a gasp. "But it is too beautiful!"

The wind had fallen, in the still air not even a leaf stirred, the pur of the engine, failing, left a hush which the chuckle of a rapids far below served only to deepen. Poised airily on a butte that lifted out of a sea of lilac shadow, the château, all red gold and ivory in the sunset glow, was an enchanted castle brooding over a spellbound vale.

"Too beautiful to be true, Julien!"

"But nothing can be truly beautiful that isn't true, as you are true, my dear, as love is beautiful!"

An arm passed round her shoulders drew her to him, and his caress she suffered because it meant nothing to her. Neither would she have jibbed when he wanted to kiss her—a kiss was nothing unless a person kissed back—if she hadn't bethought herself that they who could see Quézac might in their turn be seen from it.

"Please, Julien"—she gently freed herself—"no. Not now."

"After all, then"—he was honestly hurt—"you love me very little."

"If you knew how much!" She permitted a glimpse of eyes at once adoring and troubled. "It's only that it comes over me, every so often"—here her lashes fell—"it isn't right—I mean, so soon after Gerald—!"

"Forgive me."

Deeply moved, he took her hand to his lips instead, then meshed the gears and released the brakes.

Such delicacy of sentiment proved as nothing else could how rightly his heart had chosen.

An aggravated sense of grievance grew, some hours later, out of the knowledge that she was simply squandering a fine effect. There wasn't an awful lot of satisfaction in proving oneself a great artiste if nobody minded.

To think of what Julien had let her in for! Three livelong days of this howling wilderness at the social mercies of a priggish little prude and her old war-horse of an aunt! Without another soul to speak to except Fuenterrabia, and him only in odd hours, and then under illiberal eyes, as like as not—unless, indeed, her luck relented and moved the Spaniard to start on her portrait before he finished Zoë's.

While there *he* went, that high-minded suitor of hers, conscientiously scuttling back to show his nose in Cannes before bedtime and keep it on exhibition in all the fun of the three days to come lest one little breath of scandal tarnish the fair name of tomorrow's countess! Leaving her stalled at the world's end, not to say her wits'. . . .

FOR not only had she found no Robert waiting for her at Quézac but it had speedily transpired that the young man wasn't even looked for at any fixed date. He had, she was asked to believe, been "unexpectedly detained," but would drive down from Paris as soon as he could arrange his affairs. The inverted commas were her own, a gratuitous subtlety. She quite understood how he had been reluctant to make her miserable, as she would be, in the belief that he was spending so much time with his fiancée, paying that infant devoted attentions behind the back of the woman he really loved. But it did make her furious to find that nobody had troubled to tell her—Julien might have, if only in the way of small talk; he *must* have known—until it was too late for her to back out without its looking "funny."

So there she was . . . sunk!

Quietly letting herself in by one of the long windows that stood ajar for her, she gave, before permitting the latch to report her return, a moment to contemplation of the cozy picture which the room presented; counting it as good as a lithograph; the absence from its scene of the conventional lean black silhouette of "Monsieur le Curé" being acceptably offset by M. le Marquis de Fuenterrabia, himself spare, austerely black-and-white of habit, and high-gaited as any archbishop.

"Evening at Home," or better still, "A Hand at Cards." The family life of this dear France in a capsule. The sort of thing Julien solemnly asserted she had a real gift for!

Near the fireside Mme. Savinien, plump, flying a fine, deep after-dinner pink, and on entirely tranquil terms with her time of life, sat with Monsieur le Marquis, a card-table between them. They were playing bézique, an aid to digestion second in madame's esteem only to wafers of charcoal and bismuth and pepsin. In a deep chair on the other side of the hearth Zoë had a book on her knees but thoughts inveigled by the flames.

TRULY a seductive domestic interior. So sweetly dull. So unspoiled by the horrid hurly-burly of the world. Thoughtful of Julien to provide one with such a swell chance to sample the raptures that should be the daily rations of that great lady Mme. la Comtesse de Versennes.

Mrs. Lanchester let the window shut itself with a slight bang; Zoë cheerfully redeemed her mind from the spell of the fire; her grandaunt from under arches unruffled aimed a dark stare which suggested animosity not so much as wariness, such a bias as a biologist might adopt toward a freak of nature concerning whose performance it were safe to assume nothing and Monsieur le Marquis put down his cards and got upon his feet.

"You do well, madame"—Eugénie Savinien sagely nodded and primmed her mouth—"not to linger out there in the moonlight. It is too strong, here in the Midi—*maléfique*, I do assure you, and for blondes especially. The night air as well is not good; one is unwise needlessly to expose oneself to it."

"That's your French idea." Mrs. Lanchester threw in a playful little trill, as much as to say she meant it all quite kindly. "We believe in fresh air in America, you know, and plenty of it. Next thing you'll be telling me not to sleep with the windows open."

"One trusts you will never be so imprudent." Madame hardly tried to repress a shudder. "Even when one is young, health is everything."

"Do sit down, Monsieur le Marquis." Mrs. Lanchester focused her full candlepower on Fuenterrabia, who, however, as though blessed with the fabled eyesight of the eagle, took it unwinkingly. "And don't let me interrupt. . . ."

"BUT you find us just finished." Mme. Savinien was indomitably gracious. "Though if it would entertain you, perhaps, to play with us four-handed—"

"How sweet of you! But I'm absolutely hopeless about cards. Julien keeps talking about teaching me Contract, but I always tell him it would be love's labor lost." Mrs. Lanchester with the prettiest show of interest drew up a chair. "Please don't stop. I adore looking on; I mean I really do."

"It will be far more agreeable to converse." The suggestion and the cards were banished in the one sweep. "Figure to yourself, madame, that I have been eagerly waiting for this opportunity," the elder woman pursued, composing herself as if humbly to seek enlightenment, "to ask what you and your friends think of this great scheme of your Monsieur Young's to set up an international bank for the financing of the reparation payments."

"I haven't the faintest . . ." A sudden blankness of blue eyes bore out this confession. "I don't believe we've ever discussed it."

"Tiens! but it is your country's proposal," Mme. Savinien tartly persevered as though of the opinion that the guest was seeking to keep something from her. "Your Monsieur Young would hardly have had the audacity to advance it without American approval. Speaking for yourself, alone, then—?"

"It sounds like a sensible idea. Don't you think so, monsieur?"

It was possible, the next minute, to breathe freely once more. But some means would certainly have to be found to teach that old vixen a lesson. As for Monsieur le Marquis, a Carnegie hero medal wouldn't be too much, even if it did begin to look as though an intelligent interest in the question had had something to do with his nobly prompt response. Or maybe he was just another of those queer customers who actually enjoyed an argument.

It was too amusing, really, to find oneself sidetracked for a semipolitical debate with a faded old frump who believed moonlight was bad medicine and

(*Continued on page 36*)

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Both Were Young

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

The Story Thus Far:

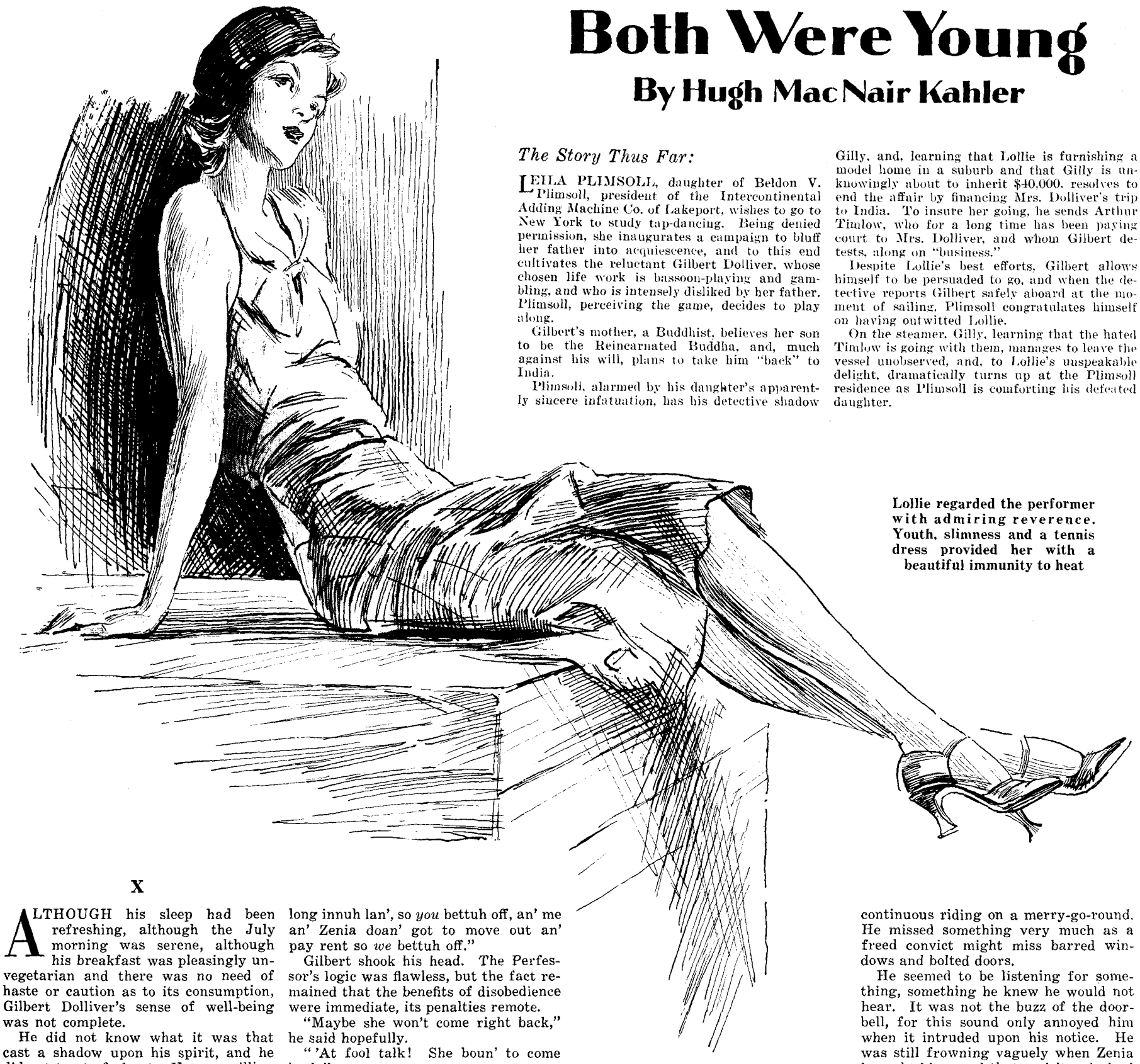
LEILA PLIMSOLL, daughter of Beldon V. Plimsoll, president of the Intercontinental Adding Machine Co. of Lakeport, wishes to go to New York to study tap-dancing. Being denied permission, she inaugurates a campaign to bluff her father into acquiescence, and to this end cultivates the reluctant Gilbert Dolliver, whose chosen life work is bassoon-playing and gambling, and who is intensely disliked by her father. Plimsoll, perceiving the game, decides to play along.

Gilbert's mother, a Buddhist, believes her son to be the Reincarnated Buddha, and, much against his will, plans to take him "back" to India.

Plimsoll, alarmed by his daughter's apparently sincere infatuation, has his detective shadow Gilly, and, learning that Lollie is furnishing a model home in a suburb and that Gilly is unknowingly about to inherit $40,000, resolves to end the affair by financing Mrs. Dolliver's trip to India. To insure her going, he sends Arthur Timlow, who for a long time has been paying court to Mrs. Dolliver, and whom Gilbert detests, along on "business."

Despite Lollie's best efforts, Gilbert allows himself to be persuaded to go, and when the detective reports Gilbert safely aboard at the moment of sailing, Plimsoll congratulates himself on having outwitted Lollie.

On the steamer, Gilly, learning that the hated Timlow is going with them, manages to leave the vessel unobserved, and, to Lollie's unspeakable delight, dramatically turns up at the Plimsoll residence as Plimsoll is comforting his defeated daughter.



Lollie regarded the performer with admiring reverence. Youth, slimness and a tennis dress provided her with a beautiful immunity to heat

X

ALTHOUGH his sleep had been refreshing, although the July morning was serene, although his breakfast was pleasingly unvegetarian and there was no need of haste or caution as to its consumption, Gilbert Dolliver's sense of well-being was not complete.

He did not know what it was that cast a shadow upon his spirit, and he did not try to find out. He was willing to think when the process was reasonably automatic, but he had no taste for effort, mental or otherwise, that could be avoided. He was merely conscious, without being thereby stirred to active meditation, that life was slightly less than perfect.

To Zenia and the Perfessor, as he ate, he lent an absent attention. Both had been displeased by his return and both were firmly of the opinion that duty demanded obedience to the mounting sheaf of wireless messages from his mother.

"Whut go happen ifn you doan ack nice an' mine you' mamma?" The Perfessor employed his pulpit manner. "I tell you whut go happen—you' mamma she go come spang back yere 'n' have 'em hot-'tacks nen you boun' to go to Inja anyhow. 'At whut go happen."

Gilbert continued to eat.

"Evveybody be bettuh ifn you conduck youse'f good an' do like you' mamma say," urged the Perfessor. "You' mamma she git out'n havin' nem hot-'tacks, so *she* bettuh off. You be doin' right by you' mamma, so you' day be long innuh lan', so *you* bettuh off, an' me an' Zenia doan' got to move out an' pay rent so *we* bettuh off."

Gilbert shook his head. The Perfessor's logic was flawless, but the fact remained that the benefits of disobedience were immediate, its penalties remote.

"Maybe she won't come right back," he said hopefully.

"'At fool talk! She boun' to come back."

It seemed highly probable to Gilbert but he clung to hope. Mamma had acted kind of funny on the train and on the boat; for some reason the change in her inclined him to a faint belief that she might even go on to India without him. Somewhere in this thought Mr. Timlow was obscurely involved, and for the first time Gilbert felt that perhaps even Mr. Timlow might have his good points.

"Well, she can't come back for quite a while," he said comfortably. "And lots of things might happen before then."

"Whut kine uh things?"

GILBERT moved his hand vaguely. It was not a matter to be discussed even with a guide, philosopher and friend so near and trusted as the Perfessor, but it could be thought about. This was singular, too. He was slightly shocked to discover he could consider, as perhaps the lesser of two evils, as something that, in the last ditch, a desperate man might actually choose, that narrow, perilous, revolting avenue of escape from filial bondage which the Perfessor himself had pointed out.

If there was no other way of getting out of going to India, you could get married.

It was still, of course, a forbidding, abhorrent alternative, and yet the very horror of it created a kind of morbid fascination.

"A lot of things might happen," Gilbert repeated, rising. "You can't tell."

He moved forth to the amiable warmth of the porch. Here, outstretched in a wicker chair, profoundly cushioned, he lighted a cigarette and surrendered himself to that effortless enjoyment of which Lollie Plimsoll had spoken so admiringly.

The shadow, however, continued to overcloud his skies. Something was missing, something to which usage had schooled him. The awareness of its absence was not wholly unpleasant: it was strange, merely, and therefore disturbing. It was something like the way he had felt when he descended to immobile earth after fifty cents' worth of continuous riding on a merry-go-round. He missed something very much as a freed convict might miss barred windows and bolted doors.

He seemed to be listening for something, something he knew he would not hear. It was not the buzz of the doorbell, for this sound only annoyed him when it intruded upon his notice. He was still frowning vaguely when Zenia brought him word that a visitor desired speech with him.

"'At same biggy li'l man 'at uz yere befo'," said Zenia. "Say he name Simpsons."

GILBERT'S frown deepened. He had not forgiven Belden Plimsoll; it was no fault of Plimsoll's that he wasn't on his way to India, right now, playing parchesi with Mr. Timlow. Getting even with people was too much trouble, but he was aware, as he rose, of a wish that there were some nice, easy way of getting even with this meddler. The desire deepened as he submitted to a forceful handshake, as he endured the condescending, senile affability so difficult to bear, when one is at the prime of life, from a ridiculous dotard of fifty.

It would be nice if there were some way of removing, without too much effort, that fatuous, patronizing grin.

"Lollie told me you missed your boat," said Plimsoll briskly, "and I've just had a wireless from your mother. She wants me to see that you get the next steamer and overtake her at Marseilles, so I came right out to arrange

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things. You can catch the Andalusia tomorrow morning and—"

"I'm not going."

Gilbert was gratified to perceive that he had already lessened the offensive cheerfulness of that beaming grin. Plimsoll clearly wanted him to go, and the knowledge gave him another reason for staying.

"Lollie told me you didn't want to," said Plimsoll, stubbornly amiable, "but you must consider your mother, Gilbert. You surely don't want to make her give up this trip, when you know how she's been looking forward to it."

Gilbert coughed. "She doesn't have to give it up," he said.

"But you know she will, unless you go with her. And you certainly wouldn't want her to go all the way to India alone, would you?"

"She's got lots of company without me," said Gilbert. He scowled. "Lots."

Rather clumsily, perhaps for want of previous experience, his visitor stooped to wheedle and persuade. Merely by shaking his head, Gilbert discovered, it was possible to enjoy a pleasing sense of getting even. His spirits rose when Mr. Plimsoll unmistakably ran out of patience.

"Very well, then." The voice was angry. "Have it your own way."

"I'm going to," said Gilbert cheerfully. "That's how I like it."

His caller compressed his lips.

"Then there's just one more thing I've got to say. If you take this attitude you aren't welcome at my house. Understand?"

Gilbert regarded him with quickened interest.

"I've never been in your house."

"You know what I mean."

"If you're talking about Lollie," Gilbert began.

"I am. At least, I'm serving notice on you that I don't wish the—the acquaintance to continue. I mean just that."

Gilbert coughed twice.

"You better tell Lollie about it, I guess," he said.

"I will. Don't make any mistake about that."

Plimsoll bit off the words, glared briefly, wheeled and marched away. Gilbert's eye followed him, as far as the door, with pleased interest. For some reason the shadow that had darkened his morning humor seemed now to lift and thin. He dedicated some moments to serene reflection and then, moving almost briskly, approached the telephone.

ZENIA called to him from the kitchen as he rattled at the hook.

"You ain' go git nobody onnat tellyfoam. You' mamma git it tu'ned off."

Gilbert frowned. Again he submitted his mind to meditation.

"I suppose I'll have to get out the car, then," he said aloud.

He had resigned himself to the effort involved in this procedure and was on the point of starting for the garage when the peaceful silence was shattered by a succession of yelping hoots, impatient and peremptory, from the street. He paused. The honking was repeated. It constrained him to go to the front door, whence he could see that the noise emanated from a small but inviting runabout parked before the horseblock and occupied by Lollie Plimsoll.

Gilbert coughed three times. As he went forth in obedience to commands now recognizable as addressed to him, he discovered that the shadow had almost vanished.

"I've been trying to telephone you for hours," said Lollie sharply, "but that stupid central kept trying to tell me that your house was closed, so I had to come around after you. Get in."

Gilbert hesitated. The flaw in life's completeness had gone. He had returned to the natural, familiar state of one under authority, but he wasn't altogether sure that he was entitled to enjoy it.

"Look," he said. "Your father was just here, Lollie."

Lollie's eye brightened. "What for?"

"Well, he was trying to make me take another boat and catch up with mamma, and when I wouldn't he got sort of sore at me and said he wouldn't let us be acquainted any more. You and me, I mean. So maybe you better not—"

"The idea!" said Lollie indignantly. "You get right into this car!"

Imperatively she unlatched the door. Gilbert, with a comforting sense of usage, surrendered to his habit of obedience. He climbed in. The cloud was almost gone.

"It's a funny thing," he said, settling himself pleasantly on shoulder blade and hip. "I kind of got the idea, while your father was talking, to call you up and see if you were doing anything. I was trying to get you on the wire, I guess, about the same time you must have been trying to get me."

"Why, that's another coincidence! How perfectly weird!" Lollie reflected soberly. "Or, maybe it was meant—the way Mr. Greminger says."

"Yeh. Maybe." Gilbert lapsed contentedly into comfort undisturbed by mental activity, but Lollie continued visibly to meditate.

"Did you really want to play around with me, Gilbert?"

Gilbert thought it over.

"Well, I don't know as you could call it wanting to," he said, "but after what your father said I thought I wouldn't mind being around with you. Not much, anyway."

"Oh," said Lollie in her ice-cream voice. "And do you mind very much, now you're doing it?"

Again Gilbert pondered.

"Why, no," he admitted. "I guess I don't."

HIS eye rose to the bit of mirror at the top of the windshield, a mirror now reflecting, at the wheel of a dusty, small sedan, the dished, blue-chinned countenance that banished the last remnant of the shadow.

"Look, Lollie!" He sat up. "The detective's after me again!"

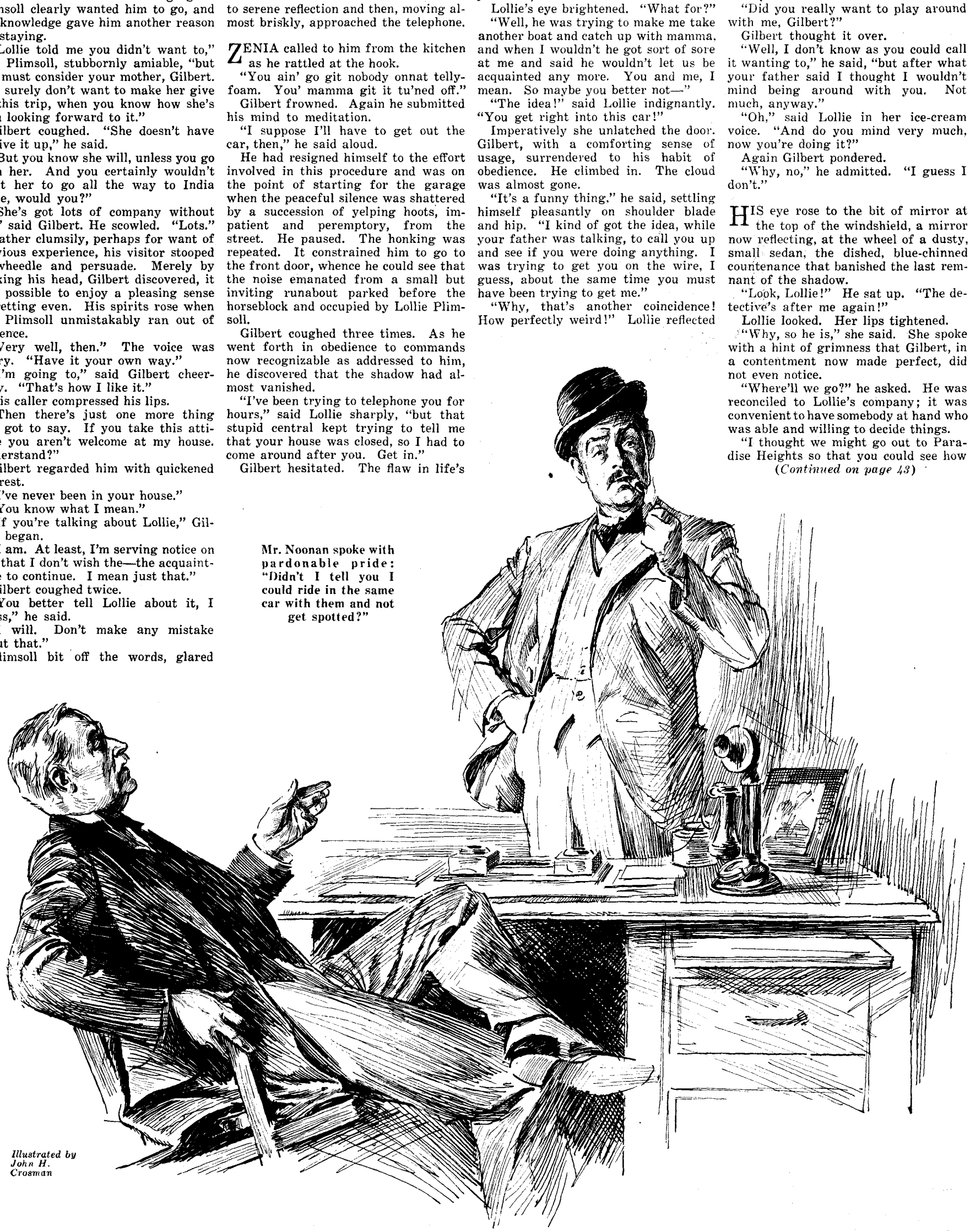
Lollie looked. Her lips tightened.

"Why, so he is," she said. She spoke with a hint of grimness that Gilbert, in a contentment now made perfect, did not even notice.

"Where'll we go?" he asked. He was reconciled to Lollie's company; it was convenient to have somebody at hand who was able and willing to decide things.

"I thought we might go out to Paradise Heights so that you could see how

(*Continued on page 43*)



Mr. Noonan spoke with pardonable pride: "Didn't I tell you I could ride in the same car with them and not get spotted?"

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

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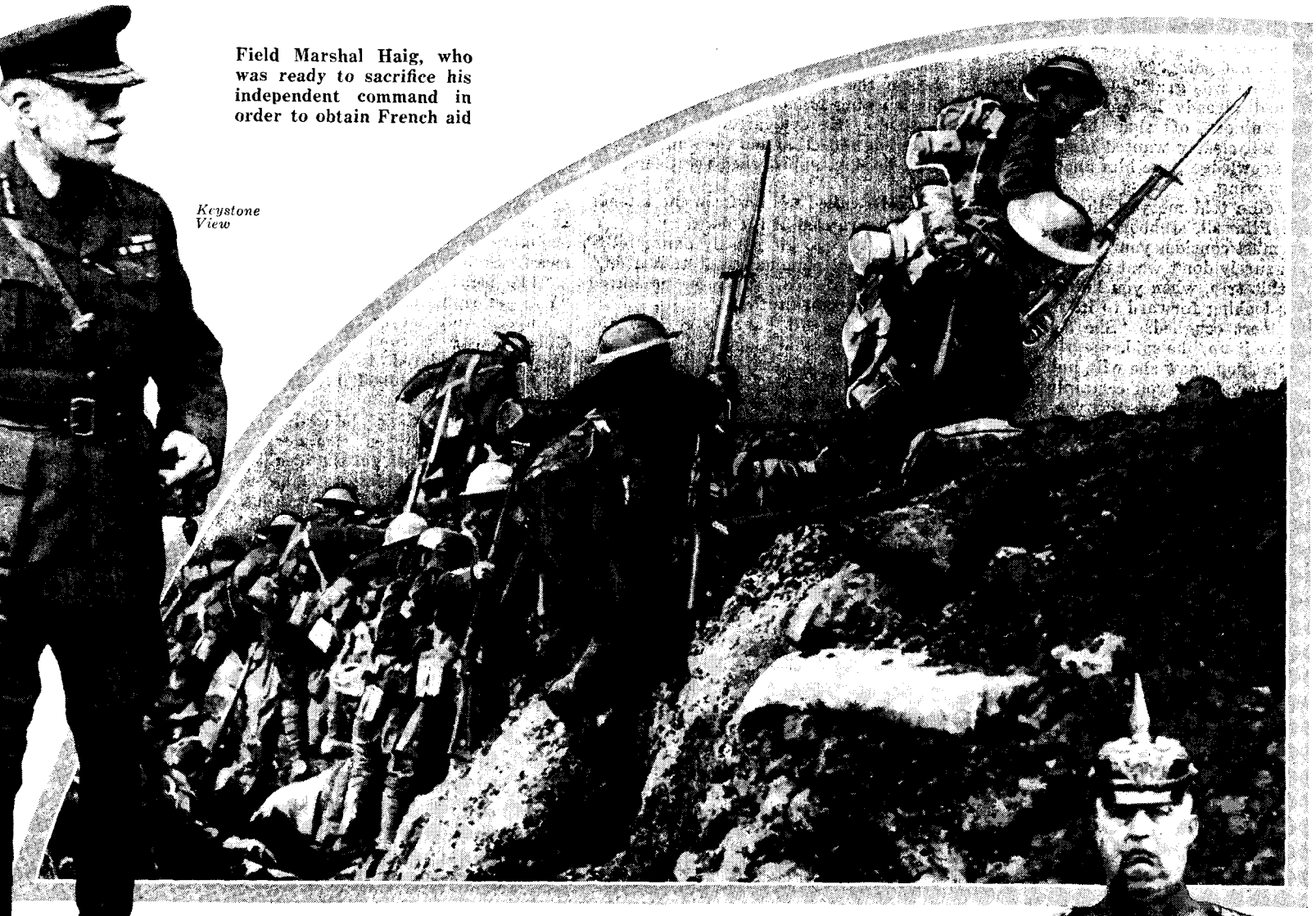
Field Marshal Haig, who was ready to sacrifice his independent command in order to obtain French aid

Keystone View



Keystone View

General Ludendorff, Chief of German Staff, in 1917, saw as his task achievement of victory at any cost

The final crisis of the war: Russia in collapse, France on the defensive, England bled white, the Americans still far away—and Germany with her best card yet to play. Here is the story of Ludendorff's titanic effort to smash the Allied battle lines

By Winston Churchill

Ludendorff's Last Card

ONCE the war had begun the only chance Germany had of making peace was during the winter of 1917. It was a good chance. Russia had fallen, the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk had been signed. The mighty "steam-roller" lay a mass of scrap-iron in the ditch. For the first time the Central Empires had no fears about their eastern front. Ludendorff could bring a million men and several thousand cannon across to the west. For the first time since the battles of 1914 Germany would outnumber the British and French.

The United States had entered the war. A new and almost unlimited source of man-power had been opened to the Allies. But the American armies were far away, organizing, training, trickling only a few thousands at a time across the Atlantic Ocean. Many months must pass before the gigantic new combatant could appear in the arena. There must be a lengthy, deadly interval between the collapse of the Russian effort and the first effective manifestations of American power. It is in this interval that the crisis lies.

The mutinies in the French army which followed upon General Nivelle's disastrous offensive in April, 1917, had reduced France to the strictest form of defensive during the rest of the year. The British armies had had to shoulder the main responsibility. The fixed idea of the British High Command, spurred by French appeals and the danger of impending French collapse, spurred also by a phase of black pessimism in the Admiralty, had evoked virtually a continuous succession of desperate British attacks upon the German fortified lines.

The British Spirit Ebbs

The British Headquarters erroneously believed that they could break the German front, and they found in the temporary weakening of France a wealth of reasons to reënforce their convictions. "We are sure we can break through; but even if we can't, we are bound to go on attacking to take the weight off the French in their present condition."

The result had been a series of well-planned, resolute, obstinate offensives at Arras in April, Messines in June and Passchendaele in the autumn. These were pursued regardless of loss of life until at length in the winter battles of Passchendaele the life spirit of the British army in France was nearly quenched under the mud of Flanders and the fire of the German machine guns. "Rain," says the German official account, "was Germany's ally all through." When the last forlorn assault had been made across the indescribable crater-fields and bog-labyrinths of Passchendaele, the British army had been "bled white." Nearly 300,000 men had been killed or wounded. The Menin Memorial Arch records the names of scores of thousands whose bodies have never been recovered from the vast shell-churned morass in which the struggle had raged.

Thus the year closed. The French not yet revived, the British waterlogged, the Americans remote. Meanwhile the fall of Russia, while it offered for the German High Command a gigantic reinforcement for the western front, presented to the German Government immense facilities for negotiation. All European Russia was within Ger-

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Keystone View

General Pétain, under Clemenceau, altered his amazing decision to break contact with the British when they most needed his help

Clemenceau was determined that French troops must be brought to support the English in the hour of their greatest peril

man power or reach. The Bolsheviks had ruptured all bonds with the Allies; they had repudiated all obligations, including the sacred obligations due from the Allies to their country. Who cared for Russia now? The Czar was in the hands of his murderers; the faithful officers and troops had been dispersed or destroyed; the liberal and intellectual elements who had, however ineffectually, tried to do their duty, were massacred or in flight. Every tie between Russia and the western Allies was severed. The German armies had saved their country in the field; now was the time for German statecraft to extricate the Empire from the hideous catastrophe into which it had blundered.

Ludendorff Wants No Peace

As the cannonades of Passchendaele died away and the British effort froze into a wintry stillness, every government on both sides had time to count its own pulse. Even in resolute England there was an intermittence in the beat. The very cessation of the fighting gave the peoples time to feel their wounds—grave and ghastly wounds indeed! Even as late as January or February of 1918, if Germany had offered the full restoration of Belgium, a settlement with France about Alsace-Lorraine coupled with a scheme of German gains from Russia, a basis for negotiation might well have been established. But First Quartermaster-General Ludendorff, mounted on the German General Staff, dominated not only the military but the political scene and Ludendorff had other ideas.

The realities of the war had reduced the Emperor to a mere function of the wartime situation. The political system of Germany had been sacrificed for the military view. On every occasion the General Staff had had their way; and now this intense and mighty organism, at once the strength and ruin of the German Empire, focused itself in what, for the actual guidance of events, was virtually a Ludendorff dictatorship.

And here we come to an essential characteristic of this extraordinary man. He loved his country, but he loved his task the more. His task was to procure victory at all costs; to make sure that if defeat was certain no resource should be left unconsumed, no chance untried, no boats unburned behind him. And what a chance yet remained! A million extra men, three thousand extra guns flung into the western scales; the vast battering train of artillery which he and Hindenburg had been forging during the whole of 1917, the novel plan of attack by shock-troops and infiltration which had been conceived. Were these not to have their opportunity? Was it to be recorded that Germany gave up the game without playing the last card, and that perhaps the best card? No, the responsibilities of the General Staff ended only when they had reported to the Civil Government that every chance had been exhausted, and every vestige of strength consumed.

Brown Bros.

Well has it been said "Thought which cools the minds of other people inflames the German." The great design—an attack in scale and intensity never before conceived, by methods and arts never before employed—might well snatch victory out of the slowly-closing jaws of disaster. And were not the Design in itself and the Event to which it would give rise mental propositions of rare quality? To make such plans, to set in motion such forces and trains of consequence, to play for such stakes—were not these good in themselves?

Accordingly on November 11th—fateful day, exactly one year before the end —Ludendorff held a conference at Mons, fateful place, where the first shots and the last were fired by the British army in the Great War! This was a conclave of the real operators. The Kaiser, the kings and princes, the commanders of armies and groups of armies, the Chancellor of the Empire, the Foreign Minister, the leading figures of the Reichstag —all are banished. Here we are dealing with business, precise, cold, grim, titanic. Only the high confederacy of the General Staff; only men who know what they are talking about; only men who talk the same technical language; only men who are thinking of war propositions in war terms to the exclusion of all other considerations! Quite a small gathering, a rigidly-limited few, competent experts in blinkers, their eyes riveted on the job, their own job, with supreme knowledge in their sphere and little inkling that other or larger spheres existed.

Kuhl, chief of the staff of Rupprecht's group of armies; Schulenberg, the Crown Prince's man and manager of his army group; Wetzell, Ludendorff's high plan-maker, and Ludendorff himself. The general promise—"We are at last again strong enough in guns, munitions and men to resume an offensive in the west. We can shake the life out of the French and British armies before the Americans can come. We have a clear run for six months." Resultant question—"How are we to do it?" Ludendorff declares: "The British must be beaten." Query—"Shall they be attacked in Flanders toward Hazebrouck or southward near St. Quentin?"

Marshal Foch: "His inexhaustible fighting spirit met the needs of the hour"

Underwood & Underwood

A Great Double Offensive

"There is much to be said for the northern attack. But one thing can be said against it which is decisive. It cannot begin as early as March; the weather would be too bad, the ground would be too wet. We cannot afford to wait for April or May, for we are up against time. The Americans are coming and we have taught the Allies how to make mustard gas. So we must attack the British as early as possible and as far south of their front as may be necessary to catch the weather." Ludendorff therefore proposed that the line of the Somme should be gained and held, and that then the main attack should turn northwestward so as to roll up the British front and "throw them into the sea."

Kuhl advocated the Flanders attack and was willing to wait a month longer if necessary for the sake of it. Wetzell was for resuming the attack on Verdun. During the six weeks' discussion which followed from the 11th of November meeting he argued that the Verdun attack offered the best results, as it settled with the French, who were "strategically free." The Flanders attack, according to him, had good prospects, both tactical and strategic, but he regarded it as only suitable in the last phase of a great combined offensive. If the British were attacked in Flanders in March, the French could make a relieving offensive in the south; whereas if Verdun were attacked the state of the ground in March would prevent the British from bringing assistance. He strongly criticized the St. Quentin attack. Surprise would be difficult as it was "a quiet front and preparations would be noted." The British and the French could both bring help to the scene. The German advance would cross the devastated area of the Somme battlefields and run into a number of old defended lines both German and Allied.

Deferring no doubt to the view of his

(*Continued on page 56*)

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The Girl We Left Behind Us

By Betty Thornley

Illustrated by Edward A. Wilson

the sailor hat

She's coming back—with her peek-a-boo blouses, sailor hats, hatpins and petticoats. And who's glad? Well, the manufacturers of such things are. But even the youngsters who never saw her before are extending the glad hand

petticoats

FASHION is currently supposed to be fickle, but for a dozen years she remained married to the boyish mode. True, there were signs of a break-up in the ménage quite some time ago, but the split wasn't final till last fall. Now she's gone back to her mother—the same old Madame Eve who always knew that men didn't want pals who looked like themselves, but coy little playmates who could keep on promising a bit more than they gave. Fashion has become feminine. And at once she's courted by a whole battalion of adorers.

Fashion is letting her hair grow. In a single chain of beauty shops, women had sixty thousand fewer haircuts this February than in the corresponding month of last year. Is there consternation in the beauty business? By no means. They expect to make up in the sale of false hair what they drop in the clipping of the genuine article. Fine ladies will pay fine prices for a little bunch of curls to pin on while they're getting ready to show the home-grown product. Girls with less money will go to the notions counter as their mothers did before them. Even now cute little boxes have been prepared, holding curls retailing at from twenty-five cents to a dollar, for "brunettes," "medium brunettes," "medium-medium brunettes" and so on, up to the glorious blonde who is certain of a future greater than her recent past, now that it's smart to be pretty.

Nobody needs to be told that hairnets have enjoyed a thin time of recent years. But this February, dear readers, they were twenty per cent ahead of their last February's showing, and the end is not yet by several hundred miles.

Lips are fading back to the barest gilding of the lily. The bold poster face we all cultivated during the era that is already dead had little use for rouge; blood-red mouths and pale faces were the thing. Now the younger girls are said to be leading us back to "pretty" make-up as well as pretty clothes. The public gesture of the lipstick will perhaps grow less common—it really isn't in key with the times, if you think it over. Clothes that leave a lot to the imagination ought to reintroduce a bit more mystery in make-up. But rouge, one feels, will come back, not twin sunsets, but a discreet glow. We're willing to hazard a guess, too, that this summer will see the end of the suntan rage—and the return of freckle creams!

Gloves are another thing that took a loss when fashion went boyish. One type of glove only would the smart woman wear—the plain beige suède pull-on. She wouldn't wear gloves at night. She wouldn't wear long gloves at any time. Summer saw half the little girls with little money shedding their gloves on the street, though this, of course, had no sanction from the higher-ups. Some time ago, however, white gloves returned with certain black and white street costumes—and everybody knows that white gloves can be worn just once between cleanings; ergo, more gloves to be bought. Last winter, evening gloves came back with a bang—great long white ones, worn wrinkled or plain. Today, the smart woman has to have a whole glove wardrobe—and even lace mitts have been seen at night. People are talking of gloves in all colors to match evening costumes—which would put the manufacturer in a position to take the mortgage off the château and buy white peacocks for the garden.

corsets

But of all the industries involved in the recent divorce between fashion and her boyish ideal, perhaps the corset manufacturers have the most to be thankful for. Débutantes rushed gleefully into corsets because they were willing to try anything new. Women who had always worn corsets and had several perfectly good examples on hand sent them to the ashcan on the score of brevity and got others more aspiring. The newest—out this spring—have gone right back to where they came from in the nineties, in so far as they boast of lacings. Do you wonder that the Chicago Corset Club staged an evening meeting recently, the first in its history? More old-timers were said to have been present than at any gathering in years.

The next thing we expect to hear about is "camisoles," the dressed-up word that our mothers substituted for the less elegant "corset cover." Already we read of long brassières that fasten to the top of corsets, but these are in the nature of foundations, built for use and not for show. They appeal to the well-upholstered. Where the reverse condition holds, it is whispered about that, while nothing so ambitious as those "Nature's Rival Air Forms" of the early nineteen-hundreds has yet been offered for sale, curves appear where none before existed, so it is evident that art is once more at work.

With such a viewpoint on beauty, it doesn't surprise us to realize that the dear old peek-a-boo blouse is back, in sheer handkerchief linen, frilly lawn, eyelet embroidery, cross-barred dimity, net and printed voile. America is blouse-conscious as she hasn't been in years. At the other end of the mode, equally smart though with a small following, we find the good old-fashioned shirtwaist. Practically every photograph that showed the gilded rich disporting themselves at St. Moritz indicated that a sweater couldn't appear in polite sports society unless worn over a shirtwaist. What a change from those days when the sports mode unadorned ran wild around the world—sweaters under the smartest suit on Fifth Avenue—two-piece models in metal cloth, as plain as sweater and skirt, dancing at exclusive night clubs!

the sailor hat

Passing to the accessory mode, it wasn't so long ago that the neckwear manufacturer must have concluded that his parents had given him the wrong start. Neckwear consisted of a string of pearls. Today, his business resembles the Florida land boom before Californians began to chuckle. Ruchings are sold by the mile, and if you don't buy twice as much as you think you're going to need, you come back to find your favorite pattern gone. Collar-and-cuff sets are as numerous as Smiths in the New York telephone book, and every day sees new designs put over. One of the latest in the popular market is a sort of Directoire cape.

Think of the nightgowns with puffed sleeves. Think of the frilly whirls of lingerie that have sprung up overnight

nightgowns

shirtwaists

to take the place of our late severely tailored underthings. Think of the trailing negligees that are creeping up on the popularity of the all-powerful pajama mode. Think of the petticoats—yes, sir, they're back. One big organization with headquarters in New York

(*Continued on page 64*)

hair dress

hair dress

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Collier's, *The National Weekly*

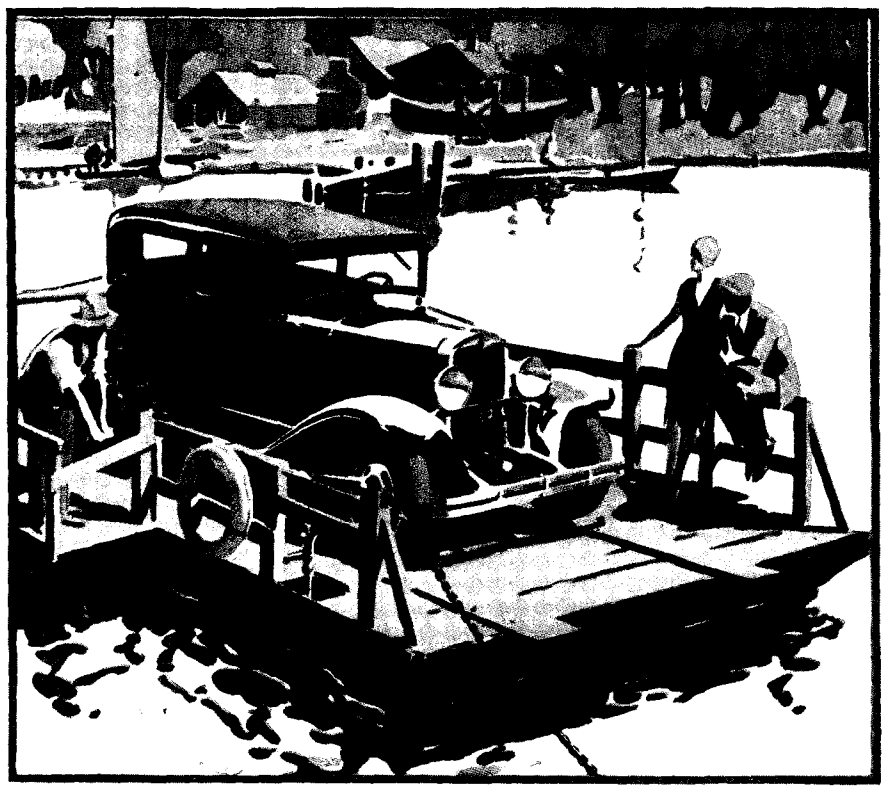
for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

IT'S WISE TO CHOOSE A SIX!

One ride behind the wheel will prove it

Day after day, thousands of buyers of low-priced cars are joining the nationwide trend to the Six. And if you want to know why —just step into the new six-cylinder Chevrolet. One ride behind the wheel will prove that it's wise to choose a Six.



The Coach, $565, f. o. b. factory, Flint, Mich.

The first thing you'll notice about six-cylinder performance is *smoothness.* Whether you idle or race the motor—accelerate in low gear, second or high—the response is always smooth and quiet. All annoying vibration, drumming and rumble are eliminated. Hence, six-cylinder motoring is real *pleasure* motoring—for the driver as well as the passengers.

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When you climb hills or accelerate in traffic, you'll feel the greater power of a valve-in-head engine *that develops 50 horsepower.*

Over rough roads, around sharp turns—you'll ride relaxed, due to four semi-elliptic springs mounted parallel to the chassis, four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers and a full-size frame that supports the body throughout its entire length.

When you travel wet streets, you will especially appreciate Chevrolet's completely enclosed four-wheel brakes, which operate quickly and surely in any kind of weather.

And throughout your drive, you'll enjoy the luxury of Chevrolet's rich, roomy *Body by Fisher*, with its adjustable driver's seat—broad, restful cushions—many smart and practical appointments.

Your nearest Chevrolet dealer will be proud to demonstrate the superior ability of the Chevrolet Six. Accept this invitation to visit him *soon.* Learn how easy it is to own a Chevrolet under the liberal terms of the G. M. A. C. plan. Find out how little it costs to operate and maintain this modern Six. In fact, the Chevrolet is just as economical as any car you can buy. Ten minutes at the wheel will prove that it's wise to choose a Six.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

CHEVROLET SIX

Sport Roadster . $555	Club Sedan $665	ROADSTER or PHAETON	Sedan Delivery . $595	1½ Ton Chassis $520
Coach $565	Sedan $675	$495	Light Delivery Chassis $365	With Cab $625
Coupe $565	Special Sedan . . . $725		Roadster Deliv'y $440	*Prices f. o. b. factory Flint, Mich. Special Equipment Extra*
Sport Coupe $655	*(6 wire wheels standard on Special Sedan)*		*(Pick-up box extra)*	

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She used to try to horn in when I and Eddie would go out to lunch together. I could never be sold on That Woman

She Tells the Reporter

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Don Marquis

I SUPPOSE I might as well tell you everything, for you tabloid reporters are going to print something anyhow, and the same holds good with pictures. I might as well give you one, or you will print something; and That Woman has told you her side of the case and filled you up with lies and handed you her picture, and you might as well know the truth about it.

Well, Eddie worked in the same office where I was a stenog, and I met him right after I came out of business college. He took me to the pictures several times and I could not but admire his refined tastes. He had a refined sense of humor and would always josh the titles, and dialogue after the talkies came in, and we would always have a good time looking at the same.

One day I said to him, just for a joke: "Suppose you are married, Mr. Bates?"

He kind of surprised me. He said: "In name only. I consider myself absolved from that Ball and Chain."

He explained it was just a Boyish Prank to begin with, and now she was going around with boy friends. In a lot of ways Eddie Bates is just a great big boy and if you knew him personal you would realize the same.

He said to me: "Gertie, I will Consummate a Divorce, and marry you." This was one afternoon when we was looking at a Greta Garbo, and Eddie says:

"Kid, her and you are my Ideals. My Dream Girls!"

BUT when he consummated his divorce from his first wife he married his present wife—That Woman—and I reproached him for doing so one night when he called at our house.

"Gertie," he said, "it was kind of unexpected to me, too. She dared me, Sally did. You would not want a man so weak-spirited he could not take a Dare, would you, Girlie? A man has got to live his own life."

I could see that okay, but my parents thought I ought to give Eddie up, but it would of broke our hearts. From the first he always said I was his One Ideal Woman. Sally is really The Other Woman, for Eddie and I were fated for each other. It has been Kismet.

When he married Sally I was afraid sooner or later I and he would begin to drift apart. My parents kept on saying now he was married again why should he keep on calling on me and stay so late? But I said: "You are the Older Generation; you do not understand."

They persecuted me and made my home a hell to me. "A dawn will come when you will not find me here," I told them.

I thought I ought to go and have a heart-to-heart talk with That Woman who called herself Eddie's wife, and show her there was Ideals in the world, and something a good deal Higher to live up to, but she would act so snippy with me.

You see, she worked in the same office with I and Eddie, and when we would leave the office together she would make scenes. Sally never had any sense of refinement.

This practically illegal Matrimony between the two of them, which had no Higher Ideals in it, went on and on till it resulted in the cutest little baby. Eddie always carried a picture of it, and he would call it by my name, Gertie, when he showed me the picture.

But Sallie, that Other Woman, who dares to call herself by the sacred name of Wife, made him call it by her name when she was around. She has one of those vulgar, jealous dispositions and continually showed the same.

SHE tried in every underhanded way to win Eddie away from me. She used to try to horn in sometimes when I and Eddie would go out to lunch or dinner together. I could never be sold on That Woman. Once she came to our house when Eddie was calling and it was very embarrassing, for she has no finer feelings and does not appear to want the same.

The way she acted when she called gave my parents a talking point against me and they kept on making my home a hell. Oh, dear, the world is such a hard place for a girl!

Finally I went last Tuesday evening to her house and told her she was an attempted interloper between I and Eddie, and he was mine by all the Higher Laws, and if she was anything like a square shooter she would give him up to me and not try to separate us, and tried to show her what wickedness it was to try to keep two hearts away from each other that beat as one, like I and Eddie's.

She got nasty then and attacked me in the most impudent way, for she has no refinement, and Eddie came in just then and she attacked him. I did not see her hit him with the bottle, as I was leaving to avoid a vulgar scene, and I hope it is going to be a concussion and not a fracture of the brain, for I love him so.

If he was to die from it the world would be bleak to me. But if he gets over it, I and him both will be strengthened by suffering, and That Woman will be out of our lives forever, soon after, I trust.

And if you got to print my picture I wouldn't want it printed right next to hers; maybe you could tell the editor to put a picture of each of us on each side of the picture of him, and if you should print the baby's picture you ought to call it Gertie, for that is what Eddie calls it, and if it should turn out to be a fracture instead of only a concussion you would be obeying poor Eddie's last wish if you was to call it Gertie.

Illustrated by Irving Nurick

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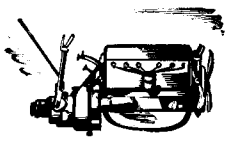
Deficient oils may come from high-grade crudes

For perfect performance in your automobile you must have a *correctly proportioned* oil—an oil that performs ALL FOUR of these functions in your engine:

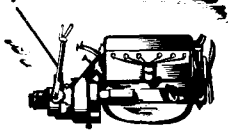


1. CONTROL CARBON so that hard carbon deposits will not pile up in your cylinders.

2. CONTROL OXIDATION so that your oil system is kept free from clogging

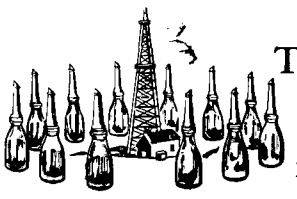
and your valves

do not gum and stick. 3. PROVIDE OILY CHARACTER sufficient to hold down wear so that your engine won't "loosen-up". 4. LAST LONG—resist heat—to prevent excessive oil consumption. ALL four of these properties must be present, and in the correct proportions. When you hear that an oil is the best oil for your engine



because it comes from a particular crude base,

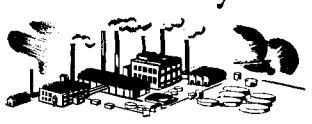
ask yourself whether that oil is DEFICIENT. No CRUDE, in itself, can be a guarantee against deficiency—a dozen oils of widely different quality can be made from the same high-grade crude.



The necessary properties may be lacking or in the wrong proportion. Motor oil is MADE, not found. The factors that produce a *correctly proportioned* oil are the factors behind every quart of MOBILOIL. They are: 1. The maker's KNOWLEDGE.

2. The maker's PROCESSES and EQUIPMENT. 3. The maker's ability to SELECT the right crudes. When you

buy MOBILOIL, you can be sure of the KNOWLEDGE, the processes, the equipment and the judgment of the leaders of the world in scientific lubrication. When you want to buy MOBILOIL, just drive in where you see this sign. Ask for the correct grade of Mobiloil for your car as recommended on the Mobiloil chart. Mobiloil is MADE



by the Vacuum Oil Company.

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Now you can buy KELLY TIRES at amazingly low prices

If you do not know the name of the nearest Kelly dealer, write us.

KELLY, who has always been the quality tire builder of the industry, now offers you Kelly LOTTA MILES tires at prices so low that you simply cannot afford to buy second rate makes.

The workmanship and material are of high quality. The carcass is sturdy and dependable. The deep, wide black tread is rugged and long wearing, with an extremely efficient road-gripping design. Buttresses extending down the sidewalls afford protection from curb and rut chafing and add extra strength.

In every respect the Kelly LOTTA MILES is designed to meet 1930 driving conditions—rapid acceleration, fast driving and hard braking. Every bit of Kelly's thirty-six years of experience in building the world's finest tires have gone into this newest Kelly product—and Kelly stands back of it unqualifiedly with a lifetime guarantee.

See the LOTTA MILES and try it.

KELLY

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY

1775 BROADWAY *Builders of the World's Finest Tires* NEW YORK

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Announcing

A NEW TEXACO MOTOR OIL

STILL CLEAR, STILL CLEAN, STILL GOLDEN

WITH A

LONGER LASTING "CRACK-PROOF" BODY

In the Spring of 1926 The Texas Company revolutionized motor fuel values for the entire nation by introducing the new and better Texaco Gasoline—the original dry gas. Today, *maintaining* its leadership in the petroleum field, The Texas Company makes another outstanding contribution to the motorized world

(See following pages)

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TO OUR MILLIONS OF CUSTOMERS

THE Texas Company again demonstrates its leadership in the petroleum field with the introduction of a vastly superior, new product—a motor oil with a longer life, and so clean and pure that it will measurably improve the performance of any automobile engine. This new oil revolutionizes lubrication values as completely as the *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline, the original "dry" gas, revolutionized motor fuels in the Spring of 1926.

Because of its carefully worked out combination of crudes and special processes of refining, this new lubricant is without precedent. It retains all the famous characteristics of the former Texaco Golden Motor Oil. It is still free from hard carbon-forming elements, free from wax and other impurities. It flows freely at zero. In addition to all this it is "Crack-Proof" and provides the more complete protection demanded by the high speed, high compression automobile engine of today.

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A CULMINATING ACHIEVEMENT
in the science of refining

THIS new "Crack-Proof" Motor Oil represents the culminating achievement of years of research and experimentation. An oil of this type has long been desired by the automotive world. It remained for The Texas Company to perfect a distillation process that enabled it to combine all the outstanding qualities of the major crudes in a single motor oil. Because of its world-wide resources and tremendous refining facilities, The Texas Company is able to offer this new lubricant today through its 40,000 dealers.

All Texaco now sold is the new Texaco. It comes in five grades—C, D, E, F and G. They correspond in body to the Society of Automotive Engineers (S. A. E.) viscosity ratings and cover a sufficient range to give every type of automobile engine the maximum in lubricating efficiency. Despite its revolutionary character and far greater lubricating value, this new and tougher Texaco is sold at 30 cents a quart* in all our 48 States.

30¢ a Quart
*35¢ for Grade G

the New **TEXACO MOTOR OIL**

LONGER-LASTING. . .CRACK-PROOF

THE TEXAS COMPANY TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

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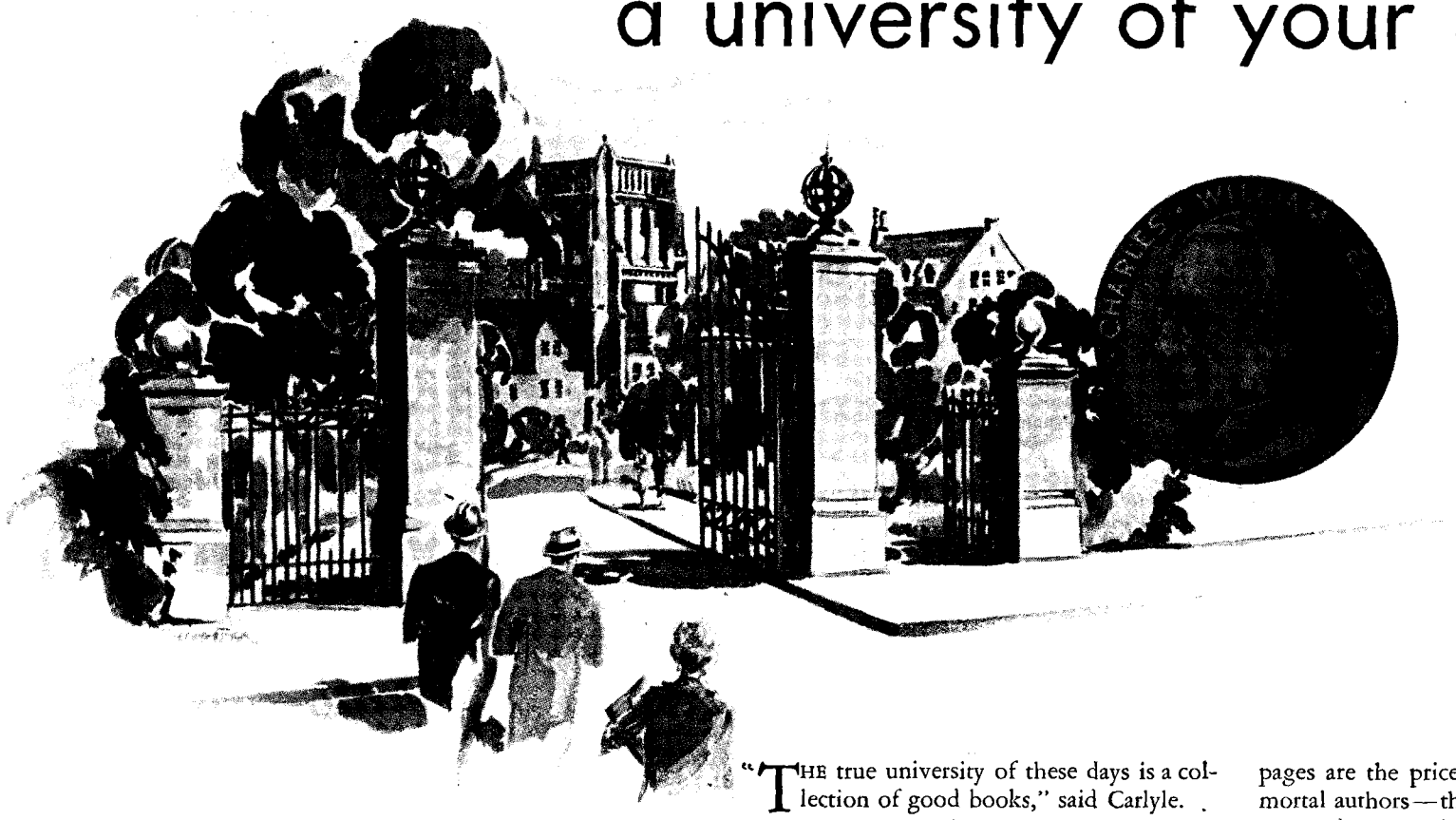
These Famous Books make a university of your library



"THE true university of these days is a collection of good books," said Carlyle.

"But what books?" ask the busy man and woman. "There are millions of books in the libraries. How can we single out the truly great ones, and even if we could, how could we possibly afford them?"

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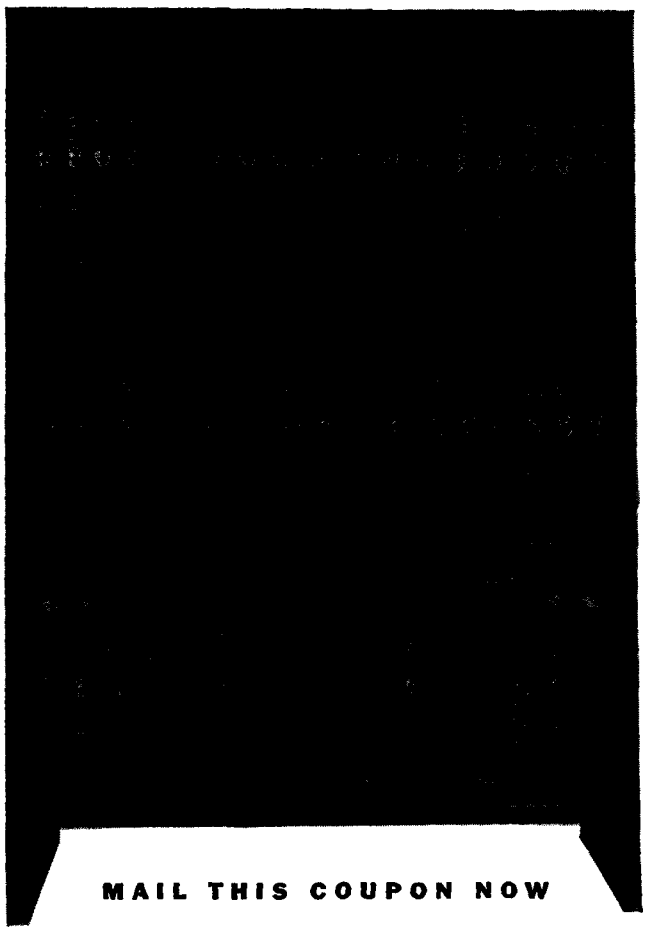

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By mail, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the most famous library in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of books (The Harvard Classics), and containing the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Eliot. Also please advise how I may secure the books by small monthly payments.

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Both Were Young

Continued from page 23

perfectly adorable the house looks in the daytime," said Lollie, "but it's pretty late, and we might as well get lunch first."

"Oke," said Gilbert. "Where?"

Lollie turned a corner with abruptness and determination.

"Oh, let's go home," she said.

For some reason this proposal, which yesterday he would have instantly rejected, found favor in Gilbert's sight. There was something about the house on East Hill that was definitely inviting. Since this morning, somehow, the thought of Belden Plimsoll's house had become associated with a number of pleasant things, things such as cigarettes and meat and musically clicking dice, all of which, by a curious coincidence, lay under the ban of prohibition.

"Fine!" said Gilbert heartily.

AT HIS presidential desk Belden Plimsoll dictated two wireless telegrams. One of these was addressed to Mrs. Pansy Dolliver, on board the steamship Campestre:

Gilbert absolutely refuses follow you urgently advise your immediate return

He was not altogether satisfied with the wording, which offended against the office rule of thrift in telegraphic communications, but he let it pass. It would certainly bring Pansy home, and this was what mattered.

The other message had a double purpose. There was now no reason for spending good money on sending Arthur Timlow to India, and, if Albertine happened to be right, Pansy might be more willing to come straight home from Marseilles if she knew that Cousin Arthur had also been obliged to abandon the Indian pilgrimage.

Thinking the matter over, however, Plimsoll decided not to recall Timlow directly to Lakeport. Probably Albertine was wrong in that notion of hers that there was anything more than friendship between Pansy and Cousin Arthur, but it was just as well to run no risks. It would be a pity if Pansy, in the propinquity of shipboard and the distress of mind caused by Gilbert's disobedience, should throw herself away on a fellow like Cousin Arthur. A great pity. Pansy had trouble enough on her hands without having a husband to support.

Plans changed proceed London new instructions our office there

These steps, however, left him discontented. He wanted more immediate action and, after a little thought, was happily inspired. He rang for Gifford.

"Get in touch with a man named Fenstermacher, who's night watchman out at the old piano plant, and tell him he's fired if anybody gets inside without a personal permit from me."

Gifford, quivering, hugged the precious command and allowed his soundless machinery to remove him. Belden Plimsoll leaned back in his chair.

As far as Gilbert Dolliver was concerned there would henceforth be one reason the less for finding that life, in the Queen City of the Saugahatch Basin, was, as the slogan of the Commerrotary Club averred, worth living twice.

UNPROVOKED activity of any sort was wholly foreign to Gilbert Dolliver's fixed habit, and this was especially true of the efforts of mind, larynx and lip required for conversation. Very early in life he had discovered that silence was not only more comfortable than speech but also was one of those few qualities of his with which no fault was found by others.

In the passive sense, therefore, he had cultivated it. The usefulness of a cough became apparent to him long before the epic occasion when his curls were shorn. A cough satisfied the most assiduous of questioners, even those who took issue with such neutral words as yeh and uhuh.

The adventure of the luncheon-table, however, had moved him deeply, and as he rode swiftly out along the Egandale Road beside Lollie, he departed from his custom and made uninvited remark:

"I certainly liked your mother, Lollie."

"That's nice." Lollie was pleased. "Everybody does, though."

"Yeh, I guess they would. She doesn't keep talking all the time."

The tribute was conservatively worded. During luncheon Mrs. Plimsoll had spoken in all eight times. and of these speeches five had been addressed, in a stunned undertone, to maidservants in waiting, and none of the remaining three had been completed, the lady's voice suddenly forsaking her, on each occasion, in midsentence. Even Gilbert, under active incitement by Lollie, had seemed, in comparison with his hostess, almost garrulous.

"I certainly liked her a lot better than I expected," he said.

"I'll tell her so," said Lollie. "It'll please her, because she's awfully fond of you, too."

"Yeh. That's what I thought."

Gilbert's experience had taught him that people who didn't like him usually did a lot of talking about his shortcomings. Silence he interpreted as approval, and he leaned back to enjoy the unfamiliar sensation. His regard for Lollie's mother became, by the time they reached the beckoning billboard gates of Paradise, one of those established attitudes of mind which, having once adopted, he never bothered to change.

This friendliness extended itself to Lollie and to Lakeport's Most Exclusive Homesite Subdivision. He surveyed Paradise Heights Manor with approval.

"It's nice," he said. "They picked out a good name for it, too. You know, it wouldn't be a bad place to live, Lollie."

LOLLIE assented blithely, bringing the car to a halt before the model house. There was no need for her latchkey, for the door stood wide and in the aperture, his face transfigured with awed gladness, was Mr. Greminger.

It was not Mr. Greminger's use to inspect the teeth of gift-horses bestowed upon him by Destiny. He accepted Gilbert's presence with simple gratitude and joy and made no inquiry whatever into its causes.

"He isn't going to India, after all," said Lollie. "He missed the boat."

Mr. Greminger's golden molars glittered.

"And I suppose," he said, "that there's dimwits who'd claim *that* was juss a quincidence!"

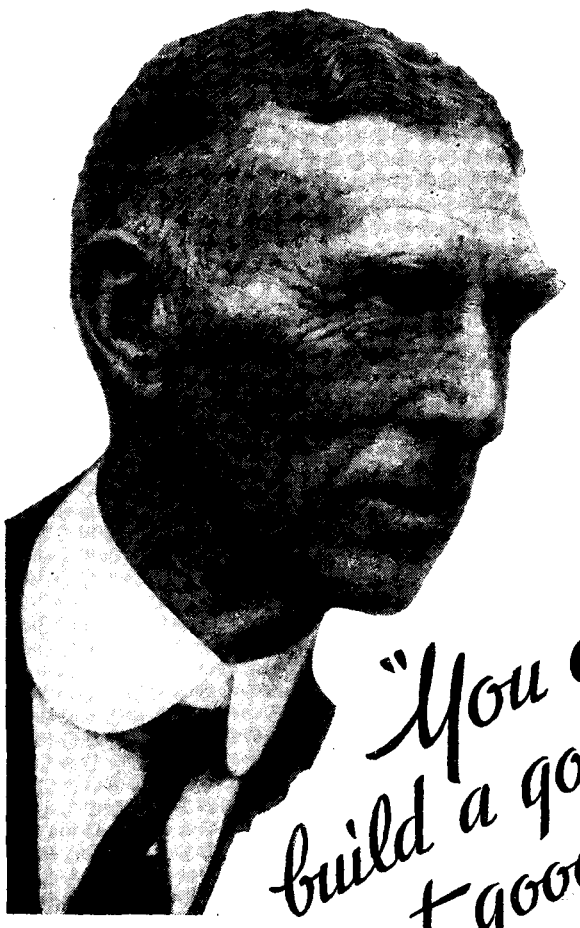
His eye rested thoughtfully upon Gilbert for a moment, and then shifted to Lollie.

"They're hanging those drapes in the guess-room. I don't know if they're getting 'em juss the way you want."

Lollie slipped past him and scurried up the stairs. Mr. Greminger turned upon Gilbert the undivided powers of his pers'nality.

"You got back juss in time," he de-

(*Continued on page 46*)



"You can't build a good team without good material"

says CONNIE MACK

"FOR TEN YEARS," says Connie Mack of the Philadelphia Athletics, "I tried to construct a team from second-rate bush leaguers. I failed. Then I went out and got good material, and in three years I had a world championship team."

So it is in developing motor oils. Careful refining can add greatly to the quality of the finished product. But you must have quality material to begin with. Good oils can be made only from good material—the finest oils can be made only from the finest crude!

And the finest crude in the world, as oil experts agree, is Pennsylvania Grade Crude.

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE ...

the raw material of the world's best lubricants

Pennsylvania Grade Crude is better—discriminating motorists know that. But no one in the world knows *why* it is better. That's a question only Mother Nature can answer. She made this one crude oil superior to all others—just as she made some metals harder, and certain kinds of wood more durable.

Nature gave to Pennsylvania Grade Crude a singular degree of purity. It has an "oiliness" found in no other crude.

A crude oil with qualities like these might be expected to yield fine finished oils. And it does! Given proper refining, Pennsylvania Grade Crude produces lubricants that are longer-lived, more resistant to heat, than any others. Throughout the world, these lubricants are used for the hardest lubricating tasks—in automobile, airplane, tractor and motor boat engines; in locomotives, turbines and stationary machinery. They stand up where other oils break down.

To prove it, try a filling of Pure Pennsylvania Oil in your automobile motor. See how many more miles of super-lubrication you get. See how much more power your motor has, how much more smoothly it runs. That's because these oils effect a better piston seal. They reduce dilution, minimize gasoline consumption. They add thousands of miles to the life of your motor.

The emblem shown below appears on many different brands of oil. It signifies that the oil is made from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. Every brand sold under this emblem is bonded to protect *you*. The individual brand or trade mark is your assurance of careful refining. With oils like these to choose from, why even consider oils made from any other crude?

This emblem guarantees the quality of the crude oil—the maker's individual brand guarantees the quality of the finished product

Guaranteed 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

THE HIGHEST GRADE CRUDE OIL IN THE WORLD

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114 Center Street, Oil City, Pa.
Please send me the booklet, "$1,000 Worth of Information on Motor Oil."
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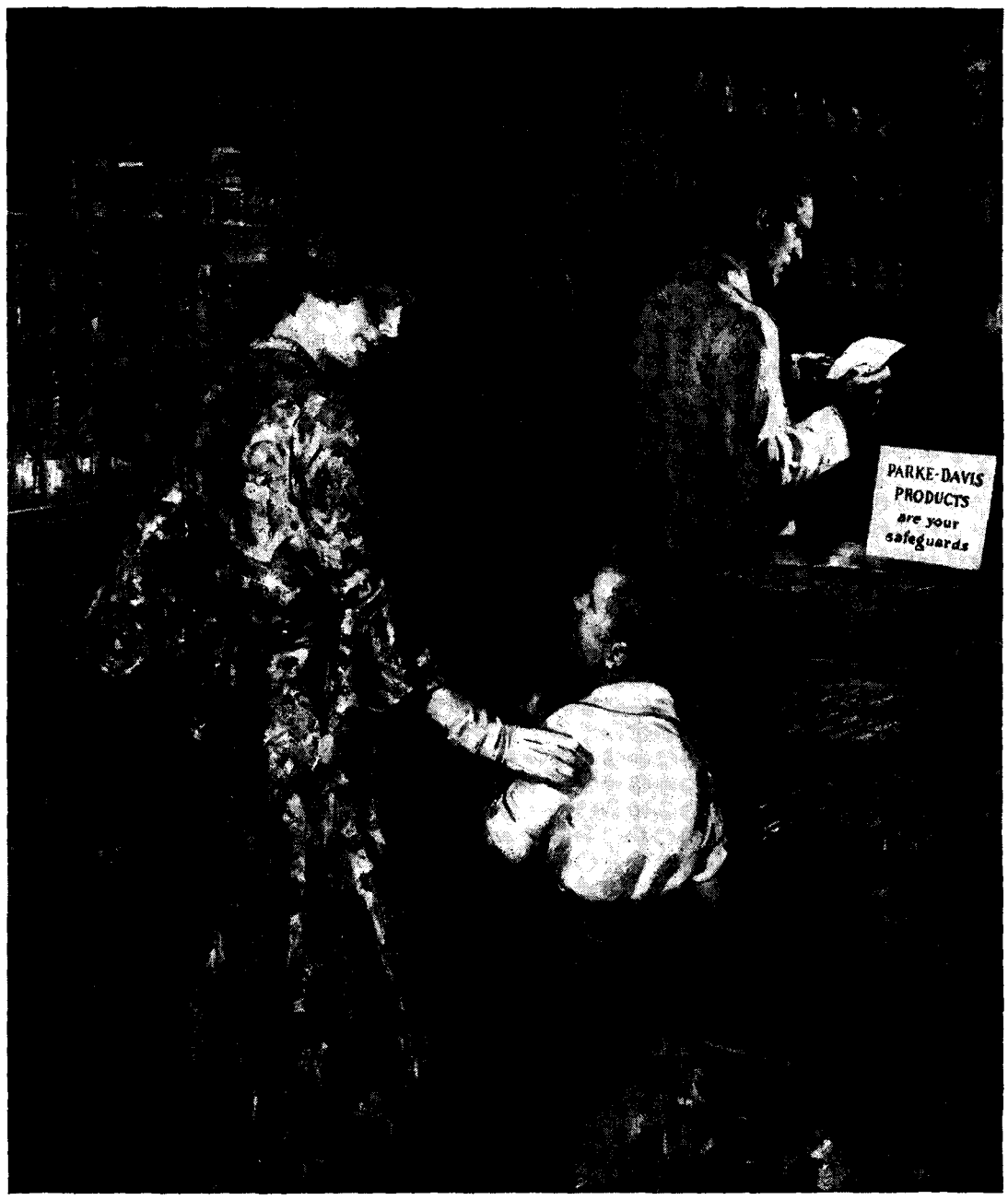


"Why is going in

YOU aren't able to read the prescription your doctor gives you — strange symbols and Latin phrases—and yet it has a precious meaning for you.

You hand it to your pharmacist and he disappears into the "mystery room" at the rear of his store.

Why can you believe so fully in his ability to interpret the directions intelligently, and to compound the medicine accurately?

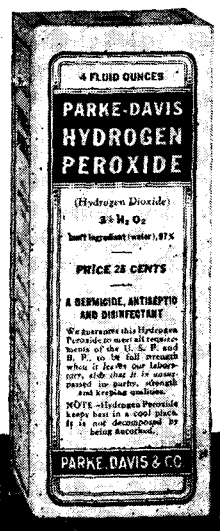
Well, for one thing, he has spent years studying and training for his profession under competent instructors. And before

PARKE,

The world's largest

Watch it foam and bubble

When used as a mouth wash, or poured on a cut or scratch, this Hydrogen Peroxide gives off pure, "freshly made" oxygen gas which fights its way up through the liquid in a struggle to get free. That's what makes the bubbling, cleansing foam. A 4-ounce bottle of Parke-Davis Hydrogen Peroxide holds captive ten times its own volume of pure live oxygen. Not only is it a good antiseptic, but this bubbling process helps in mechanically removing germs and other foreign matter. Swished around in the mouth, you can *feel the foam* completely cleansing the spaces around the gums and between the teeth. Poured on a cut or scratch, it "boils out" germs and dirt and lessens the danger of infection. To get a peroxide that keeps its life and strength for many months ask your druggist for the Parke-Davis kind.



A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

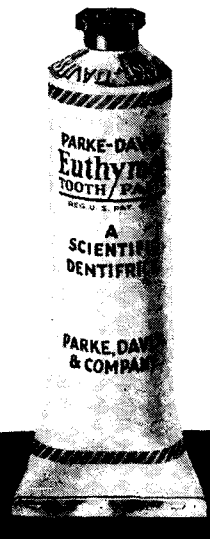
Neutralizes acids quickly

Perhaps you are one of the thousands who use Milk of Magnesia for sour stomach. The value of Milk of Magnesia in this condition lies in its ability to neutralize excessive acidity quickly—and to do it without unpleasant after-effects. Made the Parke-Davis way, Milk of Magnesia is a beautiful snow-white creamy liquid, so mild in taste that most people find it easy and pleasant to take. A bottle of Milk of Magnesia is really one of the most useful things you can have in your medicine cabinet. It is a safe, mild laxative, especially suitable for infants and children. And, as a mouth rinse, its preventive action against tooth decay is widely recognized by the dental profession. Since you'll want the highest quality, be sure the bottle you buy bears a Parke-Davis label.

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

Easy to say—pleasing to use

Euthymol Tooth Paste (pronounced "u-THÍ-mol") is an internationally famous dentifrice. It has for years been one of the most popular tooth pastes in England. You'll find that it cleans and polishes your teeth thoroughly, safely, pleasantly. You'll find that it leaves a delightfully cool, refreshed feeling in your mouth. Isn't it a mighty good dentifrice that will do all this? But instead of praising Euthymol too highly we prefer to have you try it for yourself. We think it will please you — people tell us that the longer they use it the better they like it. Euthymol Tooth Paste is made with the same exacting care that marks the manufacture of Parke-Davis medicines. If you will write to us at Detroit, Mich., *or* Walkerville, Ontario, we will gladly send you a trial tube free.



A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

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the drug store man there, mother?"

he is permitted by law to put up a single prescription he must pass a rigid State examination.

Moreover, he is conscious of a heavy responsibility — he is your physician's trusted co-worker and he must not fail. He knows that life itself often depends upon his accuracy and skill. Finally, he is equipped today with dependable drugs of known strength and quality.

There was a time when neither druggist nor physician could tell from their labels the exact strength of tinctures, fluid extracts, or many of the drug preparations used in the compounding of medicines.

The doubts and mistakes caused by this condition were largely ended by *drug standardization,* a principle introduced by Parke, Davis & Company many years ago, which has had a far-reaching effect on all drug manufacturing methods.

The same high principles and exacting methods that govern the standardizatior of Parke-Davis medicines, are stringentl observed in the preparation, for your daily home use, of the Parke-Davis products listed below.

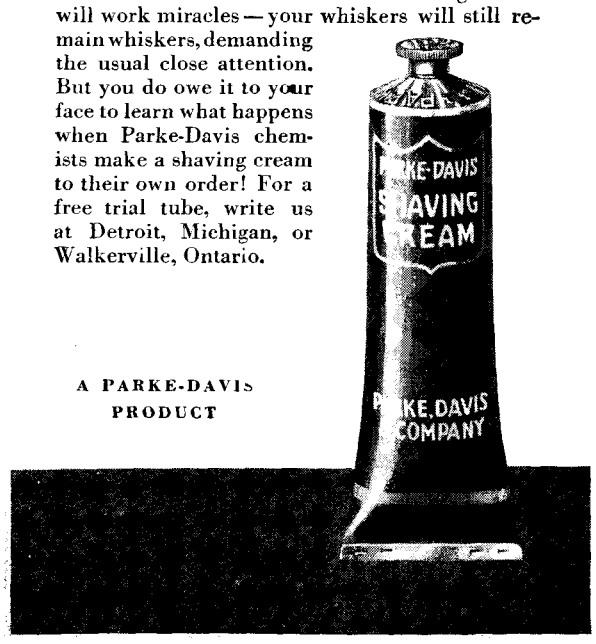
DAVIS AND COMPANY

makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

The Parke-Davis label on any product in your home is a symbol of purity, a source of confidence.

Our chemists' personal shaving cream

Two of our chemists originally made it for their own use, and they made sure that it was *good.* Inside this big, purple tube they have packed months of careful experimenting and a veritable mountain of thick, fine lather. The cream contains a non-irritating antiseptic — a safeguard against infection from the tiny razor nicks that even the veteran shaver occasionally inflicts upon himself. We do not claim that Parke-Davis Shaving Cream will work miracles — your whiskers will still remain whiskers, demanding the usual close attention. But you do owe it to your face to learn what happens when Parke-Davis chemists make a shaving cream to their own order! For a free trial tube, write us at Detroit, Michigan, or Walkerville, Ontario.



A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

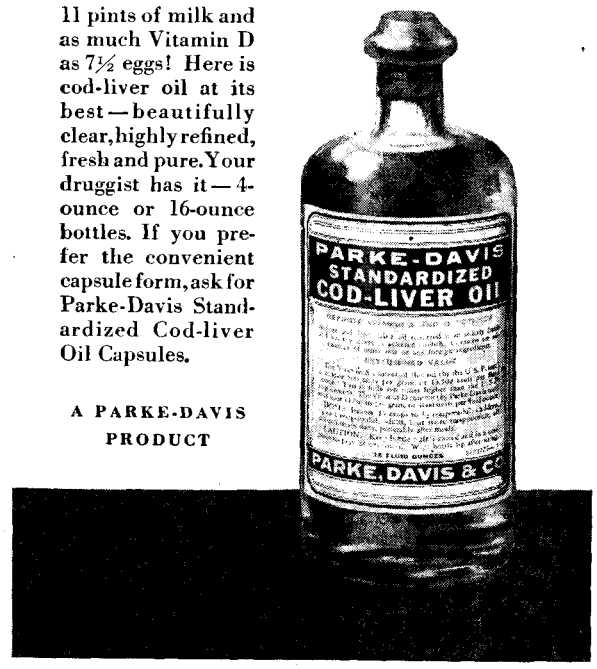
Neko kills disease germs

Neko, the original germicidal soap, does kill dangerous disease germs. It is 30 times more powerful than carbolic acid, yet it will not irritate the normal skin. Bacteriological tests in the Parke-Davis laboratories show that when Neko lather is left on the skin for thirty seconds, it kills the disease germs which commonly threaten our health. It is especially useful as a first-aid measure in cleansing the little cuts and scratches which your children are constantly bringing to you for attention. Every household in the land would be safer if a cake of Neko were constantly in the bathroom. As a bath soap Neko not only removes germs but sweeps away all personal odors. Excellent, too, as a shampoo. Let us send you a free trial cake of Neko. Write us at Detroit, Michigan, or Walkerville, Ontario.

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

What "standardized" means

Is it rich in vitamins? Is it pure? Here are two good questions to ask when buying cod-liver oil for yourself or your children. You'll be glad to know that each teaspoonful of Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil contains definitely measured quantities of both Vitamin A, which increases resistance against disease, and Vitamin D, the "sunshine" vitamin, which builds sturdy bones and sound teeth. Each teaspoonful contains as much Vitamin A as 11 pints of milk and as much Vitamin D as 7½ eggs! Here is cod-liver oil at its best — beautifully clear, highly refined, fresh and pure. Your druggist has it — 4-ounce or 16-ounce bottles. If you prefer the convenient capsule form, ask for Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil Capsules.



A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

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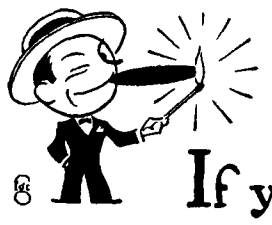
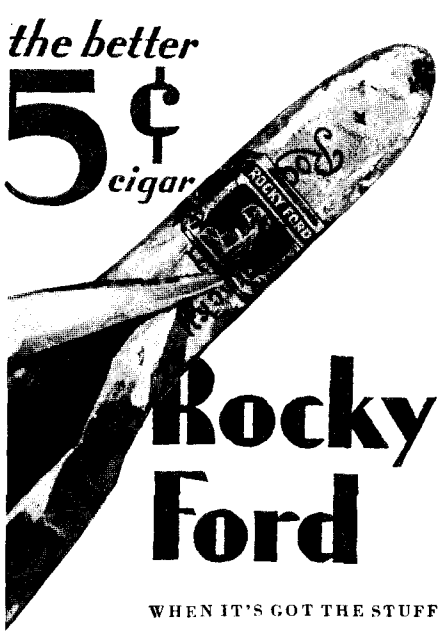


If you light your first Rocky Ford before you reach for your change, don't make the old mistake of trying to give the clerk back a nickel! He'll just slide it back to you with a grin. . . . 'cause nearly every day some appreciative cigar smoker tries to pay a dime for a Rocky Ford. It does taste like a ten center. . . . but it costs only a nickel!

ROCKY FORD is long-filler, Sumatra wrapped. Made in a sunlit factory, the pride and show-factory of Richmond, Virginia . . . a factory as clean as a modern bakery . . . a factory that is automatic machine-equipped throughout.



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Both Were Young

Continued from page 43

clared, lowering his voice. "Some Pittsburgh parties went through this prop'ty this morning. They're coming back at ha-pass three and you know how Pittsburgh parties are, I guess."

Gilbert had learned that when people looked and spoke in this fashion it saved trouble to assume a slightly saddened look, to shake one's head and cough regretfully.

"You're juss in time," said Mr. Greminger. "Another coupla hours and this house'd belong to a party from Pittsburgh and that'd juss about break the little lady's heart."

Gilbert's countenance and cough evinced concern. Hearts ought to be handled with care. He felt that it would be a pity if anything happened to Lollie's. He didn't want Lollie to run any risk of suffering from heart attacks.

"You know how I dope out this life prop'sition," said Mr. Greminger. The way I look at, when a thing's meant, it ought to happen, and I guess you can see for yourself that it was meant for the little lady to own this prop'ty."

GILBERT coughed. He felt that Mr. Greminger, after nineteen years of signal success in these matters, ought to know whereof he spoke.

"Now you gotta admit, man to man, that I haven't tried to strong-arm you into this deal, but I can't hold it open later than ha-pass three. I'll take twenny-seven-five from you, and that's two-five less 'n I can get from those Pittsburgh parties, but you gotta act quick."

Obscurely, now, it became evident to Gilbert that he was under invitation to buy a house, furnished, for a figure that must be twenty-seven thousand five hundred dollars.

"If you want me to buy it," he said, "it's no use. I haven't got the money."

"Did I say anything about money?" demanded Mr. Greminger sternly. "Man to man, have I named the word as much as once? Have I?"

Gilbert was obliged to admit that he had not.

"Then wait till I do," said Mr. Greminger. "Wait till I ast you for a thin dime! You think a high-class subdivision prop'sition like Paradise Heights Manor Park Gardens Estates op'rates on any cheap-john cash basis? Juss to show you, I'm gonna take you down to the office and give you a warranty deed to this prop'ty without it cossing you a nickel!"

He placed a propulsive hand beneath Gilbert's elbow.

"We'll have it all fixed up by the time the little lady gets through with those guess-room drapes," he whispered. "Less go!"

Willingly, now, Gilbert went. He still felt, vaguely, that there was a catch in all this, but it would be no harm to make sure. Under Mr. Greminger's guidance, however, he had only to write his name several times in blank spaces left conveniently open for that very purpose in documents already prepared. Mr. Greminger's assistant, a long, birdlike youth who wore horn-rimmed spectacles and smelled pleasantly of wintergreen gum, also wrote his name upon the papers, as did a young lady stenographer. These formalities completed, he was assured by Mr. Greminger that he stood possessed of the two acres of land, the house and all it contained.

In proof and token of this he was invited to pocket one of the documents, formidably wafered and rubber-banded. Mr. Greminger, still making no reference to money, ceremonially shook hands. "Lemme congratchlate the firss prop'ty owner in the finess homesite prop'sition in the state."

"It's mine, is it?"

Assured that it was, Gilbert began to believe it. Owning a house was a singularly pleasant affair. It made a person feel just like other people; doing business, too, was better fun and less trouble than he had imagined, and it also had the agreeable effect of making one seem usual and regular.

"I always thought you had to have money to buy houses," he admitted.

"You don't need cash," said Mr. Greminger, "when you got somepin better. You got credit, thass what you got, an' all the high-class business in the world gess hanneled on credit, same as we hanneled this deal. Crediss what makes the world go round—credit an' "—he winked—"an' love."

Gilbert coughed. The birdy young man and the stenographer were both smiling at him, as if there was some amusing connection between him and the second of the rotative influences named by Mr. Greminger.

"I better go tell her about it," he said.

"Lissen." Mr. Greminger stopped him. "Why don't you wait till she gess it furnished juss the way she wants it an' then tell her? Juss for a supprise?"

The suggestion appealed to Gilbert. For some reason secrecy seemed to heighten the pleasing sensation of owning prop'ty. It imparted a kind of thrill to the otherwise unexciting process of sitting in the deep, denim-covered chair in the library and waiting for Lollie to finish with the guess-room drapes.

It was after four when she was willing to depart. Gilbert was glad that the Pittsburgh parties didn't come. If they'd showed up it might have been impossible to keep Lollie from finding out who owned the prop'ty.

He held his peace successfully during the homeward drive. Lollie set him down in front of his house.

"I'll be around for you kind of early," he said, without waiting as he usually did for Lollie's instructions to this effect. She waggled her arm cheerfully and drove away.

Two more wireless messages had arrived during his absence, but, following a practice which he had found useful in the past, he did not open them. Very often, he had discovered, if you didn't meet troubles on the doorstep, they got tired of waiting and went away.

When, after a leisured dinner, he went out to the garage, the old car refused to start. Patience, for once, went profitless. After an hour of experiment the weary battery declined to trouble the stupor of the cylinders any further. Gilbert frowned as he went down the alley to the street. It was a long walk over to East Hill, and there wouldn't be much chance of picking up a taxi on the way, and yet, for some reason, it seemed necessary to go over there.

HE CAME to a sudden stand at the sight of the dusty little sedan parked near the alley's mouth. Thrice, thoughtfully, he coughed. Then, cheerfully, he approached the blue-jawed man who sat behind the wheel.

"Look," he said. "I got to get over to East Hill and my car won't start. You don't happen to be going that way, do you?"

The blue-chinned man shifted the bitten stub of a cigar and surveyed him briefly.

"That's funny," he said. "I was just going over that way myself. Hop in."

On the way, while Gilbert uncased his bassoon, there was opportunity for conversation. This, when the trumpet-blast had brought Lollie forth to the driveway before the Gothic manor-house, Gilbert condensed for her enlightenment.

"This is Mr. Noonan, Lollie. My car wouldn't start and I was afraid I'd have to walk over, but a funny thing happened. I asked Mr. Noonan for a lift and it turns out that he's just driving around for fun. He's got insomnia and can't sleep, so he just drives around no place in particular, and he says he'd just as lief run us out to Egandale as not."

Lollie hesitated, giggled softly and slipped into the back seat, where Gilbert followed her.

"You're perfectly marvelous, Gilbert!" she whispered. "I don't believe there's anybody like you in the world!"

"Oh, I guess there is." Gilbert was dimly displeased by the suggestion. "I guess I'm not so different as you think."

"You're just marvelous," Lollie repeated. He coughed and frowned. Maybe it had been a mistake to use the detective as a sort of unpaid chauffeur. He remembered Lollie's uncomfortable way of pretending, when the blue-chinned man was within earshot, to be affectionate. He hadn't thought of this before, and he waited, uneasily, for her to begin calling him darling and talking about long winter evenings and getting married.

LOLLIE, however, seemed to overlook the opportunity. She didn't say much of anything. Gilbert began to be aware, dimly, of one of those departures from established routine which always made him uneasy. Not, of course, that he wanted Lollie to pretend that she was cow-eyed about him, but—well, it was kind of funny that she should stop doing it, all of a sudden.

He kept thinking about it, all the way out to the old piano works. It got mixed up, somehow, with other thoughts—thoughts that remembered the Perfessor's explanations as to escaping from filial obedience and were concerned, for no apparent reason, with the house in Paradise Heights. If Lollie knew who owned that house she'd certainly begin talking about living there in long winter evenings. He was tempted to tell her, but decided not to. Mr. Greminger probably knew what he was talking about, and he had been quite positive that Lollie would enjoy being "supprised."

Presently, however, Lollie remembered. She didn't say anything, to be sure, but her hand, encountering Gilbert's as if by accident, did not withdraw. It remained in contact with his fingers, which closed comfortably and gently, of their own accord, about its pleasant warmth and softness.

Thus, in a singularly agreeable silence, they came to the piano works and the dismal tidings that waited for them there. Through a wire-netted window Mr. Fenstermacher was regretful but immovable.

"I can't take any chances on this job," he insisted. "You bring me a written permit from B. V. Plimsoll or I got to keep you out."

"I'll make father give us a permit," said Lollie, as the sedan shuffled away along the lane. Gilbert, however, felt less confidence. He had no faith whatever in Belden Plimsoll as a source of benevolences. Suddenly a bright light broke in upon his gloom.

(*Continued on page 48*)

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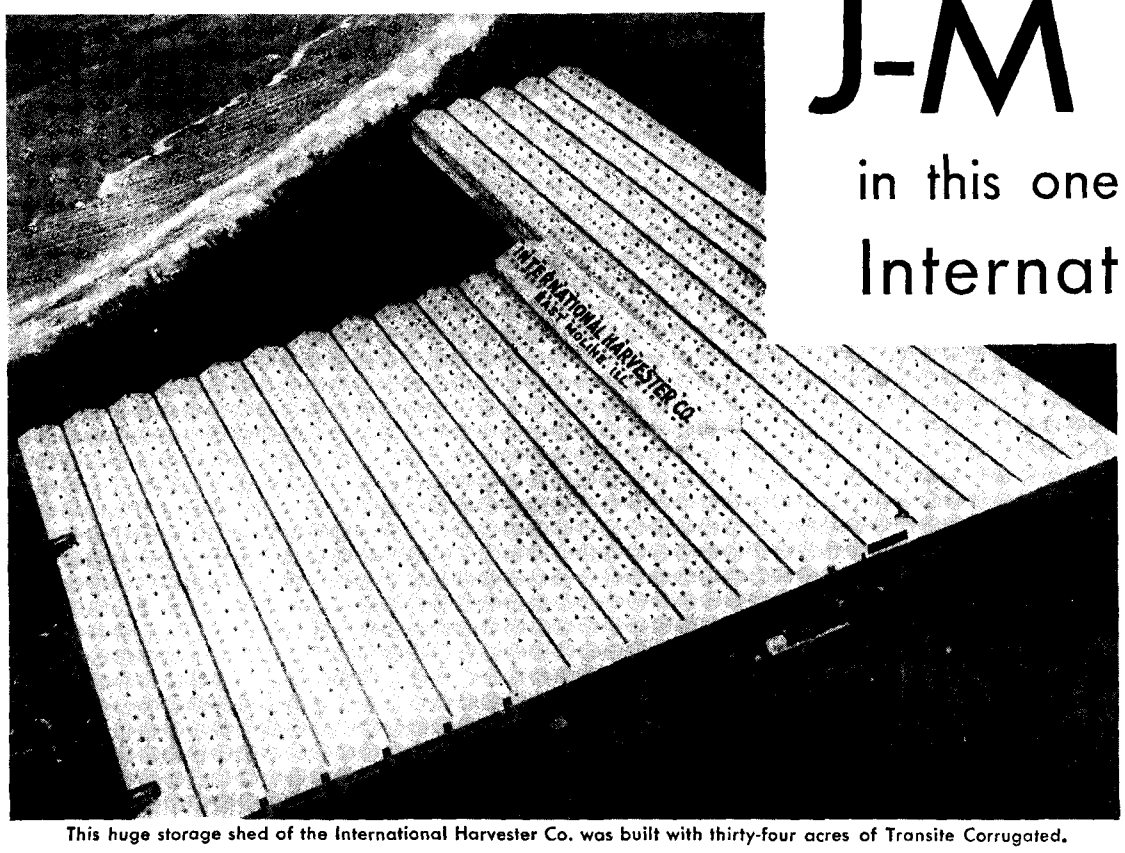
34 Acres of J-M TRANSITE* in this one great storage shed of the International Harvester Co.

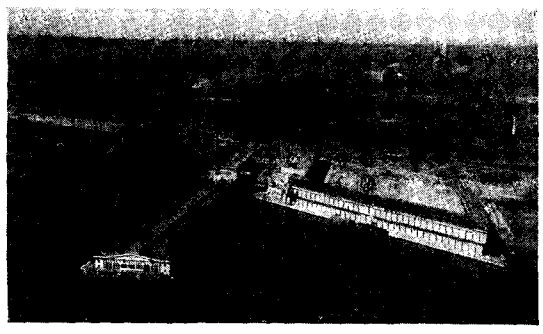


This huge storage shed of the International Harvester Co. was built with thirty-four acres of Transite Corrugated.

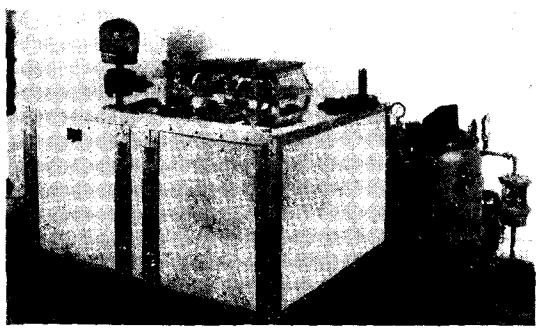
Transite—the Material that Serves a Thousand and One Uses

BESIDES its use for enclosing industrial structures Transite serves in a thousand and one diversified, money saving ways. Among these are fire barriers, fume hoods, cell structures and arc barriers for electric stations, laundry trays, louvres, machine hoods, tank housings, smoke jacks, boiler walls, dryer housings, dyeing vats. It also has earned an unusual place in the field of modern interior decoration.

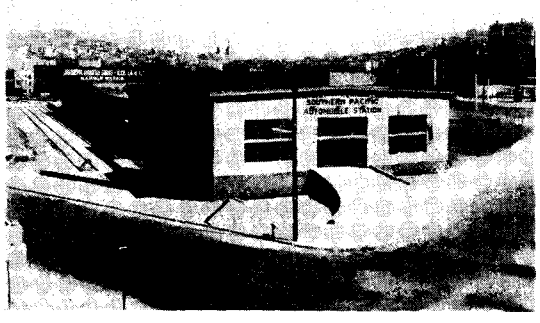
In what might appear to be small or unimportant uses, Transite repeatedly shows astonishing savings. For example, the Standard Silk Dyeing Company of Paterson, N. J., by lining bleaching tanks with Transite, reduced the annual cost per tank 71%. The tanks lined with Transite have lasted more than five times as long as those not lined. The return on the investment in Transite is more than 238% per year. This is but one instance of many which illustrate how Transite is producing important cash savings for a wide variety of industries.



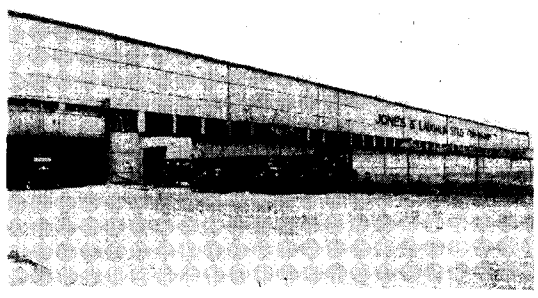
THE TRANSITE walls of this Western Maryland Railway Pier in Baltimore will never be damaged by their constant exposure to damp salt air. Transite is always weather-proof.



THIS HAT drying cabinet is made of Flat Transite which is particularly useful wherever heat and moisture are to be encountered in connection with any manufacturing process.

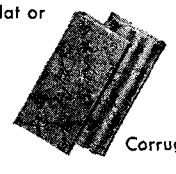


THE TRANSITE walls of this Southern Pacific automobile station will require no paint or other maintenance. Transite walls are safe. They will not burn nor permit the passage of fire.



THE CHICAGO warehouse illustrated here, of the Jones & Laughlin Steel Corp., besides many other buildings at their Pittsburgh plant are safely enclosed with walls of fireproof Transite.

Flat or



Corrugated

Johns-Manville

TRANSITE—Flat or Corrugated

A BUILDING MATERIAL THAT DEFIES TIME, FIRE AND WEATHER

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER has indeed paid a remarkable tribute to the qualities of Transite—the time, fire and weather defying building material. Yet this is but one of the thousands of places where Transite is performing unfailing service.

Some of Transite's hundreds of uses can save money for you. Transite is a building material—moderate in first cost, easily and swiftly erected and requiring no maintenance expense.

On through the years Transite will stand unharmed by damp salt air, by the dry heat of a desert, by rain, snow or sunlight. Transite is fireproof and is unaffected by the usual industrial fumes. In fact Transite continues for years to provide a sturdy barrier against the elements under conditions which would destroy ordinary materials within a few weeks. Yet Transite never requires paint or other finishes.

Transite is made of asbestos fibre and Portland Cement, united under great pressure into sheets of various sizes and thicknesses. Because of its exceptional workability Transite is often referred to as "stone lumber." Of course, Transite is not lumber, but the expression does suggest the simplicity with which Transite can be handled in connection with any of a thousand uses.

Wherever you have a building that you desire to roof or wall permanently, you will find that Transite offers the most practicable material. Its fire safety is obvious and, besides, it will not rot, corrode, buckle, warp or crumble. Whether you are building a hose shed or enclosing a structure covering many acres, Transite will provide permanent protection. Transite sheets are supplied either flat or corrugated and in a complete variety of thicknesses and sizes. Let us send you our free book, "J-M Transite."

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"A. B. A. CHEQUES? SI, SI, CON MUCHO GUSTO!

. . . My father he know these cheque maybe fifteen-twenty years . . . To us same as money . . . Cómo se dice? . . Like you say—'Good as gold' . . . Many customers present them . . . Sí, señora . . . you see many small flower, you know it is a real mantilla . . . Gracias, señor—señora!"

Go where you will, buy what you wish; A. B. A. Cheques are as acceptable as gold—but much safer to carry. They are insured money—you only can use them. Their cost is nominal. They are now issued in the convenient size of the new U. S. paper money. Buy them at your own bank, spend them anywhere.

A·B·A CHEQUES

CERTIFIED

OFFICIAL TRAVEL CHEQUE OF AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION

Both Were Young

Continued from page 46

"I know what I'll do," he announced. "I'll go down town the first thing tomorrow morning and buy that factory from your father. It's for sale."

"Buy it? But you can't. You haven't got the money."

"I got something better," said Gilbert. "I got credit, and that's what you need in business. I'll bet you I'll own that factory by this time tomorrow night."

Lollie patted his hand soothingly. Her laugh, he felt, was tainted with disbelief.

"You wait and see, that's all. You think I can't do it, but I'll show you."

"DIDN'T I tell you I could ride right in the same car with 'em and not get spotted?"

Mr. Noonan spoke with pardonable pride and his lips closed firmly on the belted cigar that had already rewarded his report.

"I've got it framed up with Gilly to drive him anywhere he wants to go, every night. It's the best job of tailing I ever pulled off, and I pulled a few fast ones, too. I can hear everything they say and there's no chance of them losing me, either."

Plimsoll nodded. He himself was pleased.

"What—did you happen to hear what they were talking about, last night?"

Noonan chuckled. "They didn't say much, going out, but coming back there was a lot of talk about how to fix things up so Gilly could keep on getting bassoon lessons out at the fact'ry. I had a hard time keeping from laughing right out loud at one line Gilly got off, Mr. Plimsoll. He's got it figured out that the best thing for him to do is to buy that fact'ry. He's coming in here this morning to close the deal with you."

He allowed himself the pleasure of the laughter which had been suppressed, with so much difficulty, last night.

"I pretty near choked. The young lady asks him where he's going to raise the money and he tells her, solemn as a owl, that he couldn't use money in a big deal like this. He's going to buy your piano works on credit. Can you tie that one? He honestly believes he's coming in here and buy that plant without putting up a nickel!"

Plimsoll sat up.

"And he's right!" he said. "That's exactly what he's going to do!"

TO THE informed and understanding visitor Belden Plimsoll's office had an atmosphere of majesty that was almost an aroma. It was a throne-room, a justice seat, a temple enshrining power and dignity and wisdom, and of these attributes no one was more thoroughly aware than Belden Plimsoll himself.

He was, therefore, affronted and dimly shocked by Gilbert Dolliver's bearing, when the hushed, breathless reverence of Gifford ushered that young man to the audience chamber. Gilbert, entering, displayed no consciousness whatever of the majesty that confronted and enveloped him. He might have been a Vandal in a Roman fane, glancing about him with barbarian curiosity but wholly without humility or seemly awe. His aspect and manner, indeed, suggested to Belden Plimsoll words spoken in an unguarded Ethiopian undertone: Gilbert looked and behaved as if he saw here only a little man who acted kind of biggy.

It was moreover necessary for Plimsoll to abstain from rebuking and punishing this disrespect: the unwonted effort of dissembling quickened his purpose and stiffened it. He achieved a smile, but his facial muscles creaked under the strain of it and his voice, in spite of his intention, was harsh with effort.

"Well, Gilbert? What is it?"

Gilbert inspected the stiff-backed chairs, chose one, seated himself and stirred Plimsoll to unwilling envy by instantly achieving a posture of indisputable comfort. Lollie, Plimsoll thought, had been right in one respect, at least, about this boy: he had a talent for being comfortable that was almost genius.

"Business," said Gilbert. "I came to buy that piano factory."

He spoke so casually that it was difficult for Plimsoll to remember and believe that he was dealing with an artless innocent and not a man of affairs, affairs so vast that the purchase of a factory was hardly worth mentioning.

"That's interesting," he said. "What do you want with a factory, Gilbert? Thinking of going into business?"

Gilbert coughed. He appeared to consider with interest a suggestion wholly novel.

"I might. I kind of like business. But right now I just want to buy the piano works. Let's sign the papers. I've got a lot of things to do today." He paused. "And maybe you have too," he continued politely.

"You aren't interested in the price, then? Or terms?" Plimsoll tried to keep his voice from sounding too ironic. Gilbert moved his hand.

"THAT'S all up to you," he said, his tone implying that the explanation ought not to be required.

"I suppose that's so," said Plimsoll gravely. "The property's cheap at a hundred thousand, but I—I don't want to be hard on you, and I'd like to have you own it, so I'm going to give you a bargain. I'm going to sell you that plant for"—he paused to go through the facial movements of mental arithmetic—"for exactly forty-four thousand six hundred and thirty dollars."

Gilbert nodded. "All right. Let's sign the papers, then."

"And as to terms—"

"Credit," said Gilbert.

"You don't expect to make any cash payment at all?"

"Credit's better," said Gilbert.

"Yes, I suppose it is." Plimsoll reached into the drawer of his desk. During the interval between Noonan's departure and Gilbert's arrival two stenographers had been busy and McFetridge, at the bank, had been telephonically consulted. The documents were ready. Gilbert's glance gave a negligent approval to this businesslike preparedness. He rose and approached the desk.

"Where do I sign?"

Plimsoll put down a brief sedition on the part of conscience. He was doing this for Gilbert's own good as well as for Lollie's. The end wholly justified the means.

"Don't you want to read them before you sign?"

Conscience insisted on this concession. You might swindle a boy for his own good, but you hadn't any right to encourage him in bad business methods.

"Oh," said Gilbert kindlily, "I guess you know how to make them out right." He reached for the pen. Plimsoll's mouth hardened. He touched a button.

"Witnesses," he explained. Gilbert nodded approvingly. Gifford and an even more soundless comrade entered.

(*Continued on page 50*)

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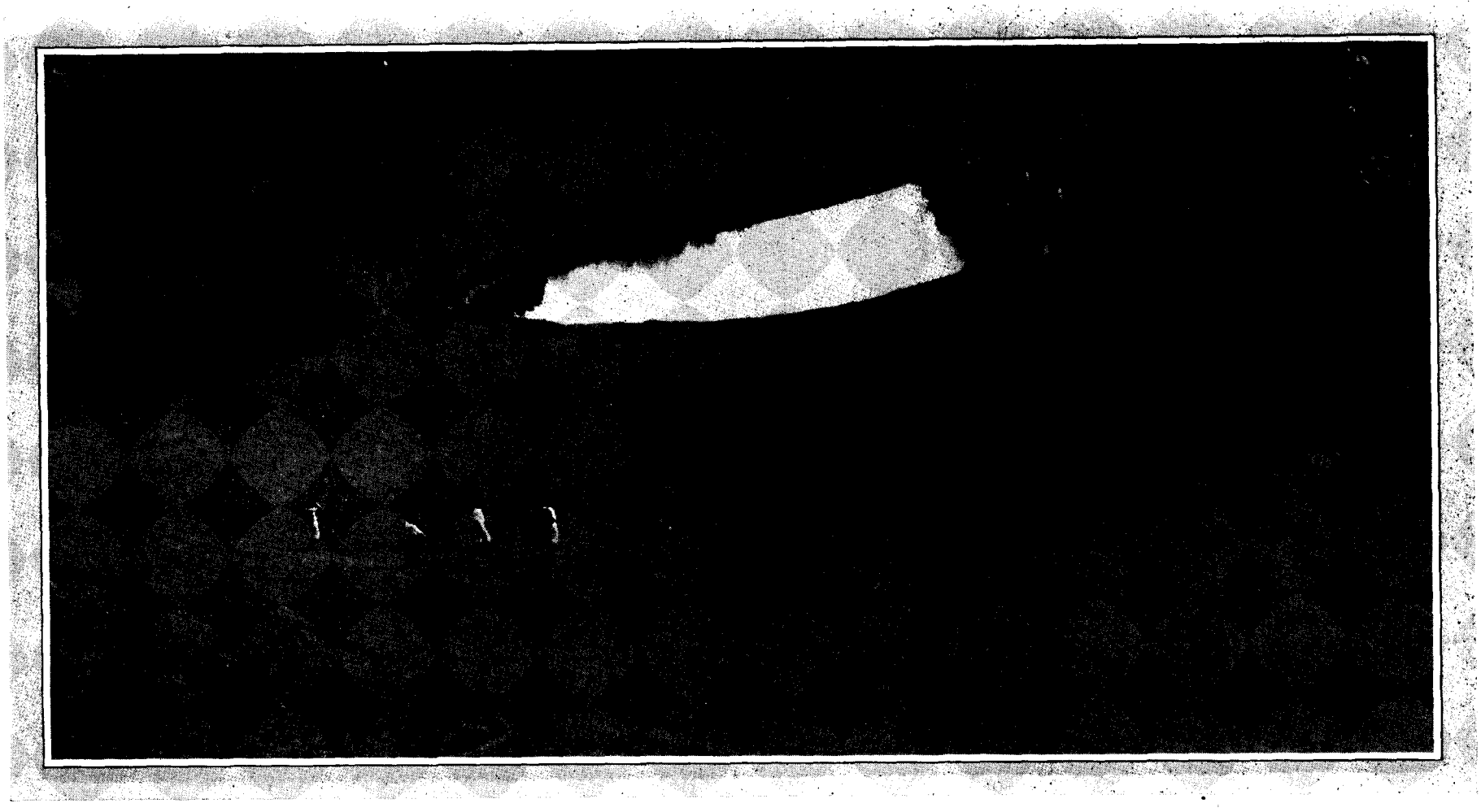

HOW TO GET MORE FUN OUT OF GOLF

You'll find them on every golf course. Sad-eyed golfers, parading along with heads bent, as if they were chief mourners at a funeral. Swearing by heaven, that they will abandon golf and take up some game like marbles. Murmuring the old complaint, "I'm off my game again."

And the worst of it is, that there's no real need for most of the trouble.

Spalding has been keeping an inquisitive eye on the grand old game for the last 38 years, and has a few friendly suggestions that may be of real help to golfers.

The trouble is that most golfers foolishly decide that the way to get the most fun out of golf is to make up a congenial foursome and get right into a red-hot match. There's a lot to be said for that. But if the round is spotted with sliced drives, flubbed iron shots, and atrociously missed putts, just where is the fun?

Of course, not every golfer can be a scratch man, or break course records—nor does every golfer expect to. But there isn't a golfer who can't improve his game to an extent that will amaze him if he will do two simple things.

And when we say improve his game, we don't refer merely to the making of a few low scores—lower than before. We mean something vastly more important than that; the ability to play his best game *most of the time*—to have a consistency of play that he can rely on—to go into a match confident that he will play the round in about the form his handicap indicates. That's fun!

And that is something that every golfer can do if he will take a page from the experience of the greatest stars in the game—that is, if he will devote a comparatively trifling amount of time to practice, both by himself and under the eagle eye of a professional.

This is such a simple remedy. Yet in the majority of cases, it is the main difference between the golfer who scores under ninety, and the one who plays over a hundred. It's the medicine that has surprised many a duffer by turning him into a tournament threat. It's the rule that the great golfers follow. And it's the answer that every golfer knows, down in his heart, is the right one.

There isn't a champion in the game—amateur or professional—who doesn't practice religiously to keep his game at top form. If something does go wrong, every one of them has his favorite professional to whom he turns, knowing that the trained eye of another can quickly ferret out troubles which the player himself is often unable to diagnose.

These are two things that every golfer can do as consistently as the stars themselves. Practice. And never give a fault a chance to become a habit. As soon as trouble develops—before you play another round—go to your professional. Maybe you're not keeping that left arm straight. He'll spot it. Maybe you're using too much right hand. He'll find it out. Maybe you've changed your grip, are shifting your weight too soon, or aren't pivoting. He'll know.

And just a few minutes of practice under his supervision—say half an hour in all—and your troubles are discovered, and ironed out for days, perhaps for weeks.

When trouble shows up again, consult your professional again. Faults will develop, you know. Nobody has ever succeeded in learning the game for all time. But if you'll give your game just a little attention *regularly*, you'll never go far off. You'll keep getting a little better all the time. And most of the time you'll be enjoying the thrill of playing at the peak of your game—and that's a thrill whether your best score is 75, 85, or 100. And, we repeat, *that's* fun!

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And here's another bit of sound advice

Unless, in your game, topped shots are rarer than roses in Death Valley, try a Kro-Flite Golf Ball. If, by chance, you raise your head as you swing lustily at the ball, you'll get the surprise of your life. You'll probably expect to find an ugly gash that will make further play with that ball impossible. Actually, you'll have a difficult time finding even a mark on the Kro-Flite.

For Kro-Flite is the toughest golf ball ever made. It cannot be cut. It is the one ball that can come from under the blade of the guillotine—the most brutal golf ball test in the world—unharmed and perfectly playable.

And it is the only ball ever made that combines maximum durability with first-grade distance. Lay into a Kro-Flite and you can look for a drive that will wring admiration, even from the caddy. This is no idle claim. Kro-Flite's distance has been proved time and again, in driving machine tests at Chicopee, Mass., Pinehurst, N. C., and Putney, England.

These driving machines have tested every well-known make of ball—in both the present size and the new 1931 size. The results are invariably the same. Kro-Flite falls only a trifling distance behind its brother, the Spalding ball—which is not so durable as Kro-Flite but which is recognized internationally as the longest ball the game has ever known.

For every golfer who tops his shots occasionally, Kro-Flite is the ideal ball. The low-handicap golfer, however, may prefer to play the Spalding. Both come in present size and in the new 1931 size . . . dimple or mesh . . . plain white or Spalding Multidot Marking, 75c each.

A. G. Spalding & Bros.

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DRESSING SENSIBLY

For the dog-days of summer there are just three things men want in their underwear — COMFORT, COOLNESS and CLEANLINESS. With these they can even forget they are *wearing underwear.*

The B. V. D. Union Suit is designed and tailored to fit a human body that sits, stands, swings a golf club or a bat — and perspires! There is no binding at any point — waist, crotch or shoulders — just a single thin (but extremely tough) layer of material covering (but not hugging) the body. There is room for the complete circulation of air between the cloth and the skin permitting free body ventilation — fresh air accelerates evaporation of perspiration and keeps the body cool.

Treat your body — and your disposition — to a B.V.D. Union Suit.

Other B. V. D. Products — Coat Shirts and Drawers of B. V. D. nainsook, Pullover Shirts and attractive Shorts, Knit Union Suits, Swimming Suits and Sweaters. The three letters B. V. D. on the label of a garment identify it as a product of The B. V. D. Co., Inc. — it will pay you to look for them.

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THE B. V. D. COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.
UNION SUIT

Both Were Young

Continued from page 48

The documents were signed and Gifford, with a curious implement like a pair of misshapen pliers, embossed a seal. The underlings, released by their master's nod, gratefully withdrew. Gilbert reached for the sealed document.

"Wait," said Plimsoll. "You don't get that quite yet. It's in escrow at the bank till the payment's completed, under this agreement of sale here."

"Oh." Gilbert looked doubtful.

"It's the way these things are handled," Plimsoll explained.

"But I've bought the factory."

"Oh, yes—you've bought it all right." Plimsoll was glad to speak emphatically.

"Then that's all right." Gilbert turned to go, stopped, came back. "I need something to show Mr. Fenstermacher. Something in writing or he won't let me in, he says."

Plimsoll scribbled briefly on a letterhead.

"This will fix that."

"Thanks." Gilbert pocketed the paper, coughed twice by way of farewell, and departed. Twelve minutes later Belden Plimsoll was in earnest conference with Mr. Archibald McFetridge at the bank.

Mr. McFetridge was displeased and shocked.

"I never thought you'd come down to petty larceny, B. V."

"You're right. This is just a way of tying up the young fool's money so that he can't feed it to the birds."

"Under this agreement," said McFetridge dryly, tapping the paper, "he feeds it to you instead. And all he gets for it is your white elephant out there at Egandale. It's legal, but—"

"You certainly don't think I'm going to keep the boy's pennies, do you?"

"I'm listening," said McFetridge, still more dryly. The tone and look stung Plimsoll.

"I'll show you, if you feel that way about it. Draw up a trust agreement, right now, putting every cent that comes to me under this agreement back into a life trust for the boy. Make it as irrevocable as you like and I'll sign it before I go. That'll show you whether I'm trying to swindle a half-witted youngster out of—"

"But he'll have your factory for nothing if you do that," said McFetridge, more scandalized than before. Plimsoll laughed.

"Don't you believe it. He'll be glad to hand that plant back to me before next week and he'll thank me for taking it off his hands. You draw up that trust agreement, Mac, and leave the rest of it to me."

McFETRIDGE drew a printed form from a drawer, filled it out thoughtfully, slid it to Plimsoll across the slide of the desk.

Plimsoll's eye raced down the lines. He signed.

"There! And now how about an apology or two, Mac? Petty larceny, is it?"

McFetridge shook his head.

"You can have the apology if you want it, but it's not coming to you. Larceny's bad enough, but this is worse."

"How's that?"

"This might cost you money," said McFetridge. "There's always a chance for a profit in larceny."

"It can't cost me money," said Plimsoll. "The worst that could happen would be that I lost my plant, and you just called it a white elephant. But as long as you say it's foolish—"

He reached for the document. McFetridge, however, removed it deftly.

"It's irrevocable," he said, more aridly than ever. Plimsoll laughed.

"You're businesslike, anyway."

"Yes," said McFetridge. "Even when I'm dealing with people that aren't. Especially, in fact. It's a sound rule, B. V. I recommend it to you."

"Thanks. I'll try it some time." Plimsoll went out, chuckling. He was in high good humor with himself and he spent the rest of the morning in excellent spirits. At one o'clock, when the factory whistle announced the end of the Saturday half-day, he drove home, still grinning.

ALBERTINE seemed to have recovered her peace of mind. The serenity of her welcome deepened her husband's self-satisfaction. She was, he saw, beginning at last to realize that she might safely count on him to take care of Lollie. He was tempted to reassure her against remaining or reviving doubts by acquainting her with this morning's master stroke.

"That settles things," he concluded. "I don't mind telling you now, Teenie, that I was a little worried whenever I thought of the boy's getting hold of that much money, in a sudden lump. I know it's absurd, of course, but just the same I feel better to know that he—well, that he won't have money enough for—well, you know what I mean. No matter how clever and intelligent a woman is about everything else there's always a chance that she'll lose her head when it comes to—judging men."

"Yes, that's so," Albertine admitted, rather to her husband's surprise. "We do. But I don't believe the money would matter to Lollie if—if she liked a boy enough to—"

"Oh, she'd never lose her head so completely as all that! She'd know that you can't live on nothing."

"I mean that she'd naturally take it for granted that we'd take care of her," said Albertine. "She's always had everything she wanted, except that trolley car you just couldn't get for her birthday, when she was six. She'd be perfectly sure we'd support her."

Plimsoll thought it over. It was an unusually logical supposition, for Albertine. He'd better have a talk with Lollie about this, he decided, make it clear that there were uncrossable limits to his generosity.

"I almost wish you hadn't done this," said Albertine. "It doesn't seem fair, somehow, and if Lollie finds out, it might—"

Plimsoll caught at the second objection.

"Might what?"

"Well, when she finds out that you've taken advantage of him this way, it might make her like him all the better. She'll be sorry for him and—"

"But I haven't taken advantage of him. It's the other way round. Don't you see that yet, Teenie? Listen. Let me make it clear, this time."

He explained patiently and at length, but Albertine's face did not altogether repent. Upon it, as he talked, there dawned the least tolerable of Albertine's expressions, that heretic look which said, more plainly and less bearably than words, that Albertine might have known, all along, that her husband would get the worst of the bargain.

It was less warranted and less endurable, just now, than ever, and Plimsoll resented it. He said so.

"Maybe I don't know anything about business," said Albertine, her tone implying that she reserved a private opin-

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ion on the point, "but you keep telling me that the factory's worth a hundred thousand dollars and you seem to think there's something very clever about selling it for forty-four thousand—and not getting that!"

Her husband sighed. "Don't try to understand it, Teenie. You'll only make your head ache. Just leave it to me."

Luncheon was announced before Albertine could answer. Lollie's place was vacant and Plimsoll inquired about this.

"She went off somewhere with Gilbert," said Albertine, carelessly. She lifted her head, as if struck by a sudden thought. "Why, that's what he must have been telling her!"

"What is?"

"He was excited about something. I couldn't hear what he said but his voice sounded excited. He must have been telling her about getting that factory from you for nothing."

Plimsoll shrugged his shoulders. Nothing would be gained by reopening debate on this point. His finesse had been too subtle for poor Teenie ever to get it through her head.

"Lollie told him he was perfectly marvelous," said Albertine.

Even this Plimsoll accepted in silence. It didn't mean anything, except that his strategy had been too subtle for Lollie as it had been for her mother. So much the better, he decided.

Later, inspecting the bright prospect of harvest from his dwarf apple trees, he discovered that the robins' nest was empty except for one of the fledglings, perched on its rim, and, watching and listening to the excited elder birds, he came presently to the conclusion that they were urging this last remaining child to try its wings.

He shook his head. The poor things didn't know that they were only teaching their progeny to desert them. They had worked themselves to death to rear their brood, and now, pathetically, they labored quite as desperately to bring about their own abandonment!

Plimsoll had no patience with the parent birds, although he reminded himself that they were nothing, after all, but creatures of blind instinct, and couldn't be expected to know any better.

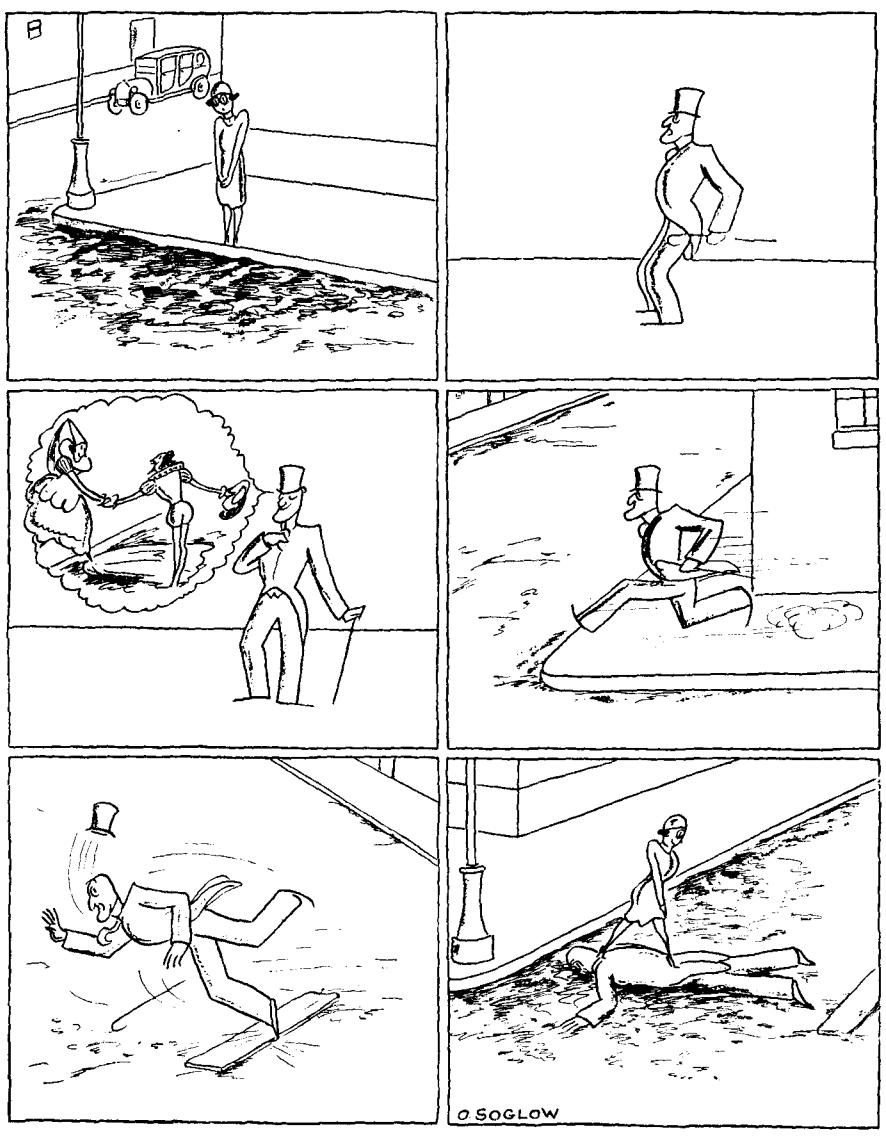
OVER Egandale lay the flat, brassy heat of a midland summer morning, heat that had weight and substance and intention, a heat malevolent and cunning, designed to try men's souls. Within the shuttered dimness of the closed piano factory, however, the mellow profundity of a bassoon gave the thermometer the lie.

How-*fresh*-and-*cool*—this—*cellar*—is;
My-*throne*-a-dusty—
cask—is!

Seated on an overturned piano case, Lollie Plimsoll regarded the performer with admiring reverence. Youth, slimness, and the sleeveless, throatless, backless tennis dress in which these were technically clad, provided her with a beautiful immunity to heat. The heels of her absurd shoes tapped in time to the stately boomings of the bassoon. Her creamy little soprano, like a silver bubble floating on the breast of mighty, murmurous waters, sang the cheerful words of the fortunate basso, whose only task was to sit in subterranean coolness and drink away his cares.

Presently, however, the entertainment seemed to pall upon her. She slid down from the piano box and went upon a random exploration of the vast, resounding spaces at the back of the office. From this excursion she returned on dancing feet, her face illumined from within by the effulgence of inspiration. Its radiance, as she stood before him, constrained Gilbert to pause in the midst of a particularly satisfying boom, and arch one eyebrow interrogatively.

(To be continued next week)



Mary, Mary, quite contrary how does your bobbed hair grow?

NOW that the dreadful growing out stage is here for so many of us, what is Mistress Mary to do? When her hair is healthy, the long locks are very, very nice, and when it's not healthy, they are horrid! Flying strands not yet long enough to pin in . . . bunchy ends that come out under her hat in the back and simply won't stay curled . . . split ends . . . frizzy remains of permanents. All of these are problems peculiar to the growing out stage.

Let "Vaseline" Hair Tonic help you solve these difficulties. Do get a bottle and begin using it at once. Before your weekly shampoo—apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic directly to the scalp. Then with both hands massage the head beginning at the temples and back of neck and working up to the crown of the head. Don't be afraid to be vigorous—make the scalp actually move under your fingers. The Tonic cleanses the hair follicles thoroughly—gives the new hairs room to grow out. And the massage stimulates growth-promoting circulation.

Follow this simple treatment faithfully once a week before your shampoo. Surely you are willing to spend this small amount of labor and money to have thick, strong, "live," lustrous hair.

Your druggist sells "Vaseline" Hair Tonic in shaker-type bottles—two sizes. It is made by the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, Cons'd, 17 State St., New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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Don't buy until you're sold

This remarkable shaving cream is its own salesman. 86% of those who try it, adopt it.

Just mail the coupon, please, for your free test.

GENTLEMEN: A remarkable sales policy—and a remarkable product—have made new records in the shaving cream field in the past few years.

A comparative newcomer has become the world's fastest selling shaving cream. A simple, man-to-man introductory plan has been largely responsible.

When we perfected our new product—Palmolive Shaving Cream—we offered it to men fearlessly, resting on their judgment. Instead of asking for sales, we asked for the opportunity to prove, at our expense, the things we claim.

Out of every hundred men who try Palmolive Shaving Cream, 86 find what they have sought, and never desert it. Thus it has supplanted old methods and brought new shaving comfort and ease to millions.

What men wanted

1000 men were consulted before we started work. Their requirements were our guide. Our great 68-year-old laboratories strove to fulfill their exacting order. After 129 formulas were discarded, success came. A shaving cream made on the olive oil principle, that embodied 5 exclusive features, was perfected.

Now, the test, please

Whether your present method suits you or not, won't you try our new way? After all, *we* take the risk of pleasing *you*. So won't you mail the coupon now, please?

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. M-892, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

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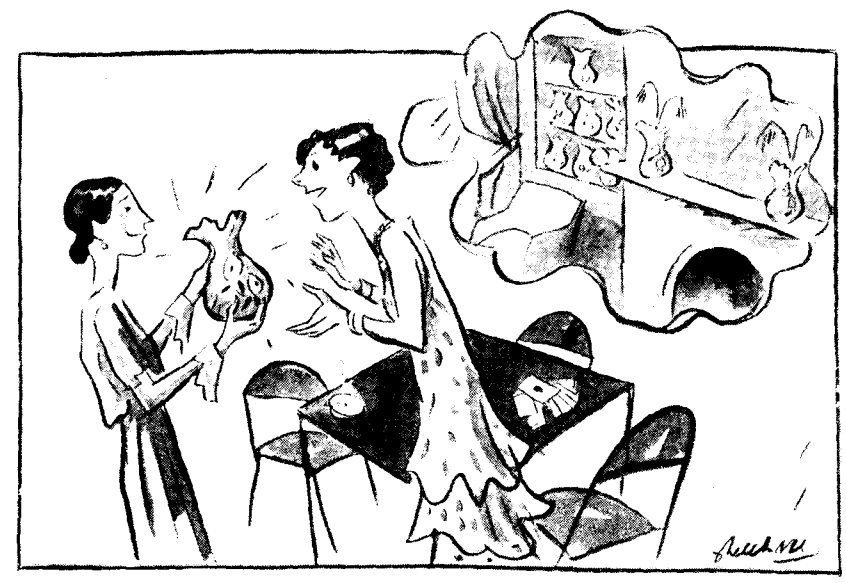
(Please print your name and address)

5 Great Advantages

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.



"Olivia, you always give such unusual prizes!"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

	North	
	S. 10-8-5	
	H. Q-7-6-2	
	D. K-9-4	
	C. 8-4-3	
West		*East*
S. 6-4-3		S. J-9-7-2
H. 10-8		H. J-3-5-4
D. 7-6-3-2		D. J-10-8
C. Q-J-7-6		C. 10-5
	South	
	S. A-K-Q	
	H. A-K-3	
	D. A-Q-5	
	C. A-K-9-2	

THE above hand, which was given in last week's Collier's, afforded an opportunity for some interesting bidding in a recent game of Contract Bridge.

South (the dealer), with the extraordinary count of 29, bid four No Trumps. A count of 27 with four suits stopped twice justifies the slam-inviting four No Trump opening bid, so South's holding was two points above the minimun. for a bid that even the luckiest player rarely is strong enough to make.

North, with a King and a Queen—ample strength to jump a partner who has started with a bid of four—went to five; and South, having more than his first bid announced, risked the small slam declaration.

Had the hand been played in Auction, South's one No Trump would have ended the bidding.

The Play

In the play West led his fourth best Club. Dummy played the Trey of Clubs, East the Ten and South won with his Ace. Declarer could see three Spade, three Heart, three Diamond and two Club tricks—one short of his commitment.

There would be an easy road to the small slam by cashing dummy's thirteenth Heart, supposing that the adverse Hearts were divided 3-3; but Declarer knew that the chances were approximately two to one against the even division. It also was probable that West was not the adversary who held four Hearts, because with four Hearts—especially if headed by Jack-Ten—West probably would have selected that suit (a major) for his lead instead of opening the Clubs, unless (as might be the case from Declarer's viewpoint because he could not place the Five of Clubs) West's lead had been from a five-card Club suit. However, if West had held five Clubs originally, the chance that he also had four Hearts was quite small. The patterns of the dummy and closed hand did not suggest the probability of an unusual distribution in either of the adverse hands.

Declarer knew that West held Queen, Jack and Seven of Clubs—the only three Clubs higher than West's fourth-best Six not disclosed to Declarer's view at the end of the first trick; so Declarer deemed it advantageous to test the Heart situation and ascertain whether he would have the good fortune to establish a Heart in dummy with the odds against him. But first he led his Aces of Spades and Diamonds from closed hand to tricks 2 and 3 partly for camouflage and partly to enable him to count more accurately the remaining cards held by West. After that he tackled the Heart suit, leading Ace and King from closed hand; and then his small Heart, which was won by dummy's Queen. West, being unable to follow to the third Heart, discarded a small Spade.

When the chance of making the slam with the aid of dummy's thirteenth Heart vanished, hope did not disappear for the skilled Declarer. To trick 7 a second Spade was led, West following; and to trick 8 a second Diamond (won in the dummy), West again following. To trick 9, a third lead of Spades obliged West to discard either a Diamond or Club; he selected the Diamond as involving less danger; and closed hand led its third Diamond to trick 10, drawing West's last card of that suit.

West now was marked with three Clubs, and the lead of South's Club Deuce ensured the slam. If West played his Seven, dummy would win with the Eight and South's King would produce the twelfth trick; if West played his Queen or Jack, he would hold that trick but then must lead from his honor and Seven up to South's King and Nine. So whichever card West elected to play must allow Declarer to fulfill his contract.

Had West kept an extra Diamond and discarded a Club, Declarer would have picked up his extra trick by establishing one of South's small Clubs.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North	*East*
S. Q-J-10	S. 8-7-5-3-2
H. A-8-4	H. 7-6-5
D. 10-9-6-4-2	D. K-8
C. J-5	C. Q-9-8
West	*South*
S. 9-6-4	S. A-K
H. K-Q-10	H. J-9-3-2
D. 7-5-3	D. A-Q-J
C. A-10-7-3	C. K-6-4-2

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Happy Half-Pint

Continued from page 17

have to climb on hands and knees to get to many places where you big folks merely stride. Street car and taxicab seats make me scramble, plenty, particularly if the vehicle is in motion.

I'm used to being discussed. So was Elbert Hubbard. Sometimes I'm cussed.

Streetcars! H-m-m-m! That's a sore memory. One of 'em caused me to make myself as popular as a civet cat at a picnic when I tried to leave a Broadway car at Seventy-fifth Street.

I already have explained I have to climb on hands and knees to get into the seat. To ring the stop bell, I have to stand up on the seat, then slip back to a sitting posture and thence to the floor.

I had done my stuff with the bell and was balancing to sit down when the motorman slammed on his brakes to prevent a collision with an automobile.

Zowie! I was falling! Naturally I fumbled blindly for something solid.

It proved to be the new hat of a nice, tidy old grandpa in the seat ahead. I snared that hat in a death-grip, front and rear. The next second the old-timer was wearing the tattered wreck down around his Adam's apple!

What words some of those benign, pink-and-white old daddies know! He didn't stop to salvage the wreckage. No sir! He burst right into recital—just like turning on the radio in the middle of a number.

He said he didn't like me—nor my family. I think he was mistaken; so many of the names were wrong. He took us up, generation by generation. You'd wonder why such people could be let to live. I still think he had us mixed up with two other fellows.

But when he got loose from the hat—*I was gone.*

Little folks learn quickly what to avoid. For instance, you couldn't get me into a cafeteria with a firing squad and three mules. I've had me some cafeterias. Even a dumbhead will learn in time that a man only thirty inches tall can't take a bowl of soup from a short girl on the other side of a wide serving table. Anyway, I'm unhappy with both sleeves full of hot noodles. I figure that if the good Lord wanted me all cluttered up with noodles and things, He'd have found some happier way of bringing us together.

Street-corner soft drink stands are on the "No" list too. Every time I get near one of them is the moment the attendant selects to wash off the top of the counter. I like the orange flavor but not the soap.

Twin Troubles

You big folks generally are so nice to us that sometimes you get us into embarrassing fixes. My former vaudeville partner, Fred Marco, will say "Amen" to this. Fred, six feet tall, was a clever ventriloquist. We were billed as "The Marco Twins" and Fred used me, in makeup, as his dummy. The act went well everywhere, for with me actually making the responses he could do incredible things while seeming to answer himself.

Our exit was a surprise. Fred would pretend to get angry with me and he'd pitch me at the trap drummer. There was a net for me to land in. The drummer would pitch me back, which was my cue to run offstage, giving Fred that fine Masonic salute known as the Engine-and-Tender. This is done with one nose, one thumb and four fingers.

On the day in question our train was late pulling into Portland, Oregon. Fred suggested that he'd go to the theater and run over the music cues with the orchestra while I arranged for the hotel. The clerk, a most obliging chap, booked in "The Marco Twins" and sent our baggage up. I had dinner and just got to the theater in time for our act. Afterward we played around a while and it was 3 A. M. when we were ready to turn in.

When we got to the room I sat down on the floor and shrieked. Fred did an eloquent cuss-word obbligato. That nice clerk, taking it for granted my "twin" was a half-pint too, had put two cribs in the room to make us more comfortable!

There wasn't another vacant room, nor anyone to bring in a larger bed at that time of night. Poor Fred slept on the floor, and after that he always attended to the hotel accommodations himself.

A Turkish Bath

One of my ideas of heaven is an immense Turkish bath. Gosh, but I love 'em! Show me a Turkish bath sign and I'll show you a runt with an idea of how to spend the shank of an evening. But I'll never forget one I had in Seattle, Washington.

It was in the early morning hours and the Swedish attendant, I grieve to relate, had been charging his battery with red likker. In fact he was at the stage where he had to shut one eye, like a man aiming a gun, to see little me at all.

He fumbled me pretty badly for a while until he solved the puzzle by holding me with one hand and rubbing and patting with the other.

We were at the cold-water stage when the bell rang and he left to admit the newcomer. I slid down to the other end of the slab where a warm-water spray was running. When the rubber returned I slipped over the end of the slab and hung there by my hands so he couldn't see me.

"Yumping Yeehosephat!" he bellowed. "Yust vun minute I'm gone an' das leetle faller fall in an' got drowned!"

Great idea! He dashed from drain to drain, searching frantically for me. Weak from laughing I climbed back on the slab and was lying there when he returned.

"Ay found him; har he is!" he yelled. Then guess what he did? He dragged up a chair, plucked me from the slab as a hen picks up a bug, took me in his lap and gave me an old-fashioned mother-and-child scrubbing! I fought him, but a lot of good that did. He was there to give me his kind of bath and that was what I got. He dried me with all the gentle grace of a concrete mixer and then, may I never fall off the Chrysler building if he didn't hunt up some talcum powder and dust me all over with it!

I thought he was through. I was wrong. He carried me tenderly to bed and laid a pillow on each side of me so I couldn't fall out! What a mother that Svenska elephant would make!

We little folks have a certain sense of dignity, and I was pretty fussy over having my bath spoiled that way, but after a while the ludicrous side hit me and I laughed myself to sleep. Dignity? Yes. Any time I clown, it is because someone's paying me for it.

But there was one time in Fargo, North Dakota, when I clowned and it was involuntary. A carnival company was playing there, so I went to see the other freaks. You've no idea how much fun we have watching each other do our routines.

There was a company of fat women,

(*Continued on page 54*)

SHE'S ONLY A SUNSHINE BATHER
...YET SHE HAS

"ATHLETE'S FOOT!"

SHE paddles around only in the sand. She makes a "splash" in the social swim, but could hardly be called the mermaid of her beach club.

Yet, for all her lack of swimming prowess, this popular member of the younger set has an unmistakable case of the ringworm infection now commonly known as "Athlete's Foot."

Dainty, petite and always correct, she nevertheless is bothered and vaguely puzzled by the red, rash-like eruption between the toes of her shapely little feet.

**Many Symptoms for the Same Disease —So Easily Tracked into the Home*

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton,* is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere.* The United States Public Health Service finds *"It is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time."* And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton,* has made itself a nuisance in America.

It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." *Don't be fooled by mild symptoms.* Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is *persistent.* The person who is seriously afflicted with it today, may have had these same mild symptoms like yours only a very short time ago.

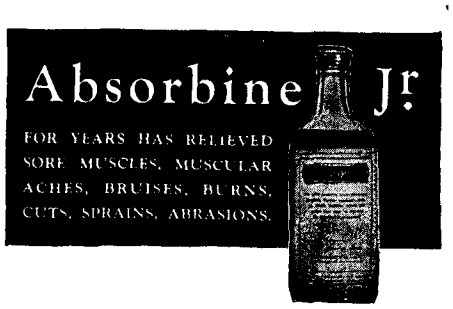
Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with itching —or a moist, thick skin condition— or, again, a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors even in your own bathroom.*

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write today to W. F. YOUNG, INC., 357 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

***WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.



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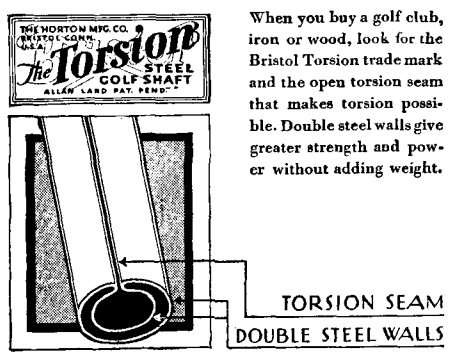

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BRISTOL Torsion STEEL SHAFTS
ALLAN LARD - PATENT PENDING

(*Continued from page 53*)

count 'em, five! The lightest of the little dears weighed 380 pounds; the heaviest more than 400. And what a coy little rascal *she* was!

"No, Howard," I told myself. "You like 'em big, but there's a limit. Be reasonable, M'son, and look further." (Note: I did, and married a girl five feet seven inches tall, who weighs 135 pounds.)

I saw the mule-faced woman, but without any matrimonial urge; looked over the elephantiasis victims and the Siamese twins and then drifted over to the monkey cages. I used to adore monkeys. I said "used to."

Smother Love

I'm used by now to being pushed about by crowds, so I wasn't paying much attention to where I was until something grasped me by the collar. There was a neck-cracking yank and then I felt myself being pulled between bars. The next second I found myself being cradled tenderly at the breast of a big lady chimpanzee!

Struggle? Of course I struggled—and got a darned fine sock on the jaw for my trouble. Naturally everyone came ankling over to see what was happening. This didn't please La Belle Chimp. To get far from the maddening crowd she took me by one leg, informally, and shinned up the bars.

My watch fell to the bottom of the cage, ditto my cigarette case, my money and my hat. Just as I was about to strangle, my new Sweetie found a roosting place. Righting me, she started a job of necking bigger and better than anything I ever saw on the screen. Oh, my sacred aunt! What a hugger she was! Her idea of a squeeze was the expanding brake principle of six hundred pounds to the square inch.

Already I had made several discoveries concerning her. First, she didn't use perfumed salts with her baths—if any. Also I wanted to get the halitosis thought over to her, but there didn't seem to be any way.

By this time her trainer and a lot more employees were in the cage trying to coax the girl friend down. She merely chattered back at them the chimp equivalent for "Don't be silly!" We stayed right there.

Finally the keeper started prodding the big girl with a sharp iron. When it hit a tender spot she howled. I gather that chimps cannot howl and keep other ideas at the same time. Anyway she turned me loose with both abandon and enthusiasm. I crashed to the floor ten feet below. Thence to the outside was made by H. Knowles, runt, in one jump.

That was another night I treated myself to a Turkish bath. The attendant gave me a funny look when I went in. He seemed pained. I didn't try to explain. Pride keeps one from trying to pander to a snooty bath rubber.

Another animal encounter caused me to move once. Near where I lived in the East Thirties was a neighbor who had a big police dog. The dog had been taught to hold anyone near him when the owner said "Take." He said it one day when I was passing and the dog's jaws clamped on my coat tail.

Picture! Camera! I am to a police dog what you are to a hippopotamus. Dignity? Huh! I stood there. The dog stood there!

The human carp who owned him called for all of his in-laws to come out and see the funny sight. I was pretty well steamed up by that time and I shouted:

"Call off your thus-and-so dog or I'll have him killed."

The owner howled with laughter; Mother and the girls cackling right along with him. Nice people. I was so shaken with anger that all I could say was "Gah-gah."

One of the dear girls chirped, "Oh, he looks just like a woodchuck, making those funny faces!" The entire family laughed some more—lots more. And not more than forty neighbors ran out to enjoy the nit-wit holiday.

Finally a cop came around the corner.

"Help me, officer," I said, getting in the first word.

"Do yez want thim arristed?" he asked hopefully.

"The man—yes," I snapped.

"Let's look ut over," he said judicially, taking a firm grip on the dog's collar. "'Tis a bad thing ye've done, mister. Ye've sicked yer dog on this man who prob'ly wasn't doin' nawthin'. That's an assault."

He held up one finger.

"Ye've let a pol-is dog out onto the street widout a muzzle awn him. 'Tis a misdemeanor. I see no license tag on him. Belike yez haven't wan av thim, nayther. Come awn down to th' station house wit' me an' th' little felly—an' bring plenty av dough wit' yez for bail."

It cost the neighbor twenty-seven dollars and a public apology to me in court. But I don't think he meant it. After that incident he and his feminine crew used to hang out the windows and give me the Bronx cheer every time I passed.

Doubling in Diapers

I own and drive my own car just like Colonel Lindbergh or any other notable. It's a small, popular-priced boat, with control handles and foot levers built out long enough for me to get at 'em. Handholds inside the door help me in getting in and out.

I never have had an accident nor touched another car with my fenders. Using a hose and stepladder I even wash my own car and I have a pair of felt-soled rubber boots so I can roam around on the hood and top without leaving marks.

"Aha," you say, "but who changes your tires?"

"Tee-hee!" replies the runt quickly. "I do."

Fact. You big folks have to do a tummy-crawl to get the jack in place. I just meander in, plant it where I want it, and up goes the old bus into the air. I average eight minutes to a change.

Some years ago when I was playing "baby" parts in Hollywood they had me all dolled up in fluffy dresses and with a befrilled cap which almost concealed my face. They'd left me in a chair on one of the sets and I was wishing for a big black cigar, when I saw Mrs. Blank, wife of one of the assistant directors, coming toward me. She was a fine woman, of the fussy motherly type, but terribly near-sighted.

I don't know, to this day, what made me do it, but I started up a thin wail of baby sorrow and began beating the air with my fists. Did I get me some sympathy? Yubetcha! Here she came on a trot, snatched me out of the chair and dumped me in her capable lap.

Then I realized I'd made a social error, for she began looking for the pin that was sticking me. What to do? The Good Samaritan's eyes were beaming back of her thick glasses. The rest of the company was nearing the hysterical stage. Bless her kindly heart—I had to do something to save the situation.

I twisted around, nestled close to her and said, in my best deep bass:

"Listen, baby, let's go somewhere so we can neck without having an audience."

Ever see a nervous woman divorce herself from a spider? I got the same and she didn't even say "Allez oop!" She was a mad mamma for a day, but we made up. After that I'd squeak "Ma-ma-ma!" whenever I'd see her, and she'd reply, "Baby got a bad pin 'ticking him?"

There's a tailor in West Forty-fourth Street, Manhattan, who gets a lot of the little folks' business. Reason? He keeps his telephone on a low table where we can get at it. Figure for yourself just how few telephones are within our reach without a lot of undignified climbing.

It's the same with door handles and window displays. I have to stand out at the curb to see what's being shown. Take the festive bathtub—particularly one of the high ones on four legs.

To get into one of them, I climb onto a chair, switch to the rim of the tub and then slide in. Now figure yourself my size and then plan on getting out after the bath! First and foremost you're bound to be wet and slippery. There's a high glazed wall to be climbed. When you've muscled yourself up, you throw a leg over and try to perch on the wet, narrow edge. *Try* it.

Four times out of five you slip and stand on your ear on the floor and, bath-mat or not, the floor always gives you one gosh-awful swat.

Another great American institution is the big bureau in hotel rooms. Some of them seem to me like Mount Whitney. But I must have a place for collars and ties, my shirts and other spares. Also, still possessing some hair, I want to see it when I comb it. How to do it? Easy. Everything's a ladder to the little folks. I pull the bottom drawer out about a foot and climb aboard. The middle one comes out six or seven inches. Another step. And there I am, peering into the glass and fixing myself up like any other dude.

Theaters, baseball games, prizefights and the like are a terrible temptation to little folks when they're short of funds. They're so easy to crash. Just pick out a couple of fat women and get in step. That's the secret. Outdoor turnstiles were made for us. We slide under when the crowd's the thickest. And somebody'll always move over to give a runt a seat.

You big folks are pretty decent about not stepping on us—except at aviation fields. There, with your eyes on the clouds, we haven't a bug's chance. So I carry a cane and when I see a number ten about to come down on me, I rap the joint of the little toe politely but firmly. Nine out of ten of you wear a corn there, you know.

I always say, "Oh, I'm sorry!" but down inside the wishbone I'm having a little chuckle.

Short Road to Happiness

I've mentioned my wife. She's the best fellow in the world—and she didn't have eye trouble either when she married me. She doesn't mind in the least being stared at when she's with me, and she's diplomatic enough to close her ears to some of the things other folks would hear.

That's the sort of person I'm married to—and that's why a little movable platform on wheels stands in a corner of the kitchen. Then, when she isn't well, I push the stand over to the gas range and cook her some of the doggonedest feeds anyone ever ate. I'm a good cook—and the world's champ dishwasher.

I'm short in stature but long on appreciation. Think of it! Five years married and never a cross word. I'm too wise to start something I can't finish, and she wouldn't pick on a little guy. We live pretty well, and are happy in our home with our pets (chimpanzees out). Between the happiness in my home, and the niceness of you big folks—

I don't give a hoot whether I'm one or six feet tall.

That's that.

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Allez Oop!

Continued from page 9

better part of the loose cement, was still not entirely smooth, especially between the big blocks of granite.

When Lourella looked out as he was strapping his skates on, he called Dot's attention to it.

Dot, with her eyes sparkling, was buckling her belt on around her waist—careful to get the mouthpiece of leather and rubber in the right position for Lou to swing her straight out from him as he whirled her through the air.

AS SHE fastened the belt on, her eyes glanced down to the beautiful silken tights which encased her shapely limbs—how proud she felt—she hardly glanced at the surface of the ledge which Lou had called to her attention.

"Don't be fussy, Lou," she said. "I'm so happy."

"I wouldn't mind it if I wuz doin' a single," said Lou, "but it's takin' a chance with you on my neck."

"Don't be silly," said Dot. "It's no different than if you wuz workin' alone. Where do you swing me around?"

"On the other side—where we finish," said Lourella. "There's a five-foot ledge there and plenty room."

"Oh," said Dot. "Ready?—let's go." A tremendous roar came up from the crowd as they stepped forth on the coping in view of the spectators.

They both bowed and Dot threw a kiss.

Lou tested his skates carefully—breathed deeply—held out his hands—and said:

"Allez!"

"Oop—" responded Dot.

They could both hear the murmur of the crowd as Lou's powerful arms swung her into position. Her knee first resting on his shoulder—then up came the other foot and she was standing on his shoulders—her little body rigid. Two-high, in circus parlance.

Through the soft soles of her ballet shoes she could feel Lou's neck muscles grow taut and harden like knots of steel.

"Ready?" said Lou.

"Right," said Dot.

Slowly he started skating around the perilous edge with his precious burden standing rigid on his shoulders.

The murmur of the crowd welled to a roar as Lou gathered speed. Around the corner he turned—he had completed one side—and Dot was looking straight ahead, her arms outstretched.

Faster he went and faster—around the next corner—half of the job was done—then along the third side and around the next corner—almost over now. The upturned face of each spectator held a mouth hanging open in awe at the spectacle—and a moaning sound came from each throat.

The crowd was spellbound.

Closer and closer to the wider part of the ledge they came, Lou's skates making a clicking sound as he passed like a flash over the cracks in the blocks.

At last they reached the last corner—and Lou came to a slow stop.

"Allez," he said.

"Oop!" said Dot.

Her body relaxed a little.

"Ready?" said she.

"Right," said Lou.

She slid down and as her body passed, Lou's teeth gripped the mouthpiece of leather and rubber at her belt. She felt the belt tighten.

"Go!" cried Dot.

Around he spun—slowly at first—then faster and faster—and as he whirled, her graceful body described an arc. She was smiling and kept her eyes ahead as she flew out over the edge—and back—out again and back again and again—click—click—click from the skates.

The moaning of the mass below grew louder and suddenly broke into a horrified roar as one of Lou's skates flew off and shot out into the void—and went hurtling to the street.

Lou lifted the skateless foot in the air and continued the pirouette on one foot. The sweat broke out on his forehead and his leg muscles bulged with the strain.

The roar welled into a scream—around and around they spun.

Then it was over.

"Right," cried Dot.

Slowly they came to a stop. Lou let her down and there they stood—Dot throwing kisses and Lou posing and smiling to the multitude.

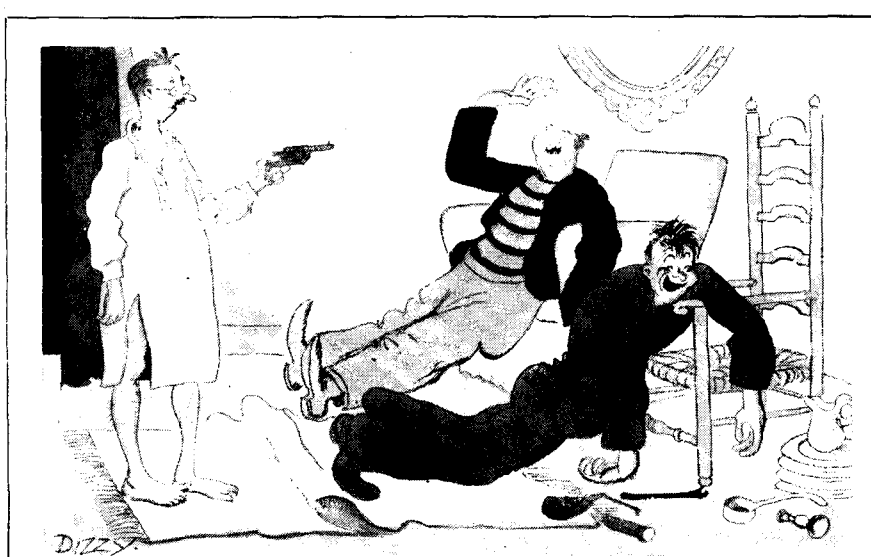
THAT night in bed Lou said: "Dot, wuz you scared?"

"Scared?" said Dot, drowsily. "What for—my man was the understander—I know your work. You wouldn't 'a' let me fall."

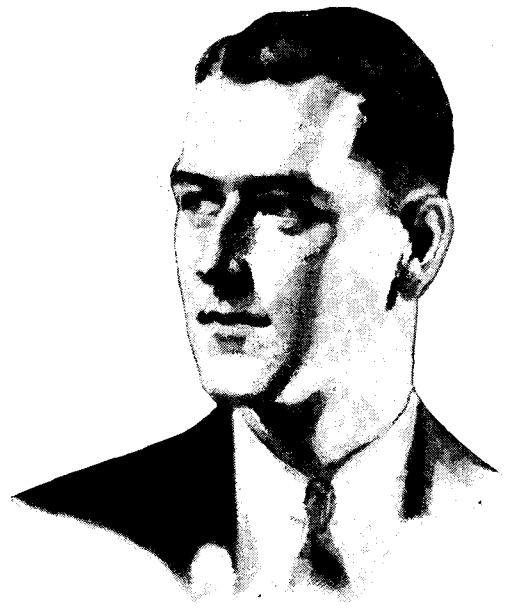
"Say, Dot," said Lou, "Bud says he's goin' to get us plenty work. Just think—a hundred bucks in the old grouch bag for ten minutes' work. Pretty soft—eh? I like that act, don't you?"

Just the sound of a deep, even breath.

Dot was asleep in her strong man's arms.



"Honest, Bill, in this day and age—a guy wearin' a nightshirt!"



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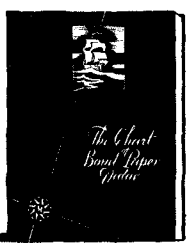

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Ludendorff's Last Card

Continued from page 25

chief and ignoring the arguments he had himself advanced, Wetzell by a strange inconsistency finally proposed the double offensive against the British, first the St. Quentin attack in the third week in March (known in the secret patter of confraternity as "Michael and Mars"), and the second, a fortnight later, toward Hazebrouck (its token "St. George"). Ludendorff, who had meanwhile visited the whole front with the two Chiefs of Staff, and had discussed the offensive with the five Army Commanders likely to be involved, decided definitely on the 21st of January against the attack on Verdun, or the attack on Hazebrouck, and chose the St. Quentin sector in spite of all that might be said against it. The choice was his and his alone.

The following was the artillery appointed to torture the British: 385 field, 297 heavy and 28 super-heavy batteries; or, expressed in numbers of guns, Eighteenth Army, 2,500 guns; Second Army, 1,800 guns; Seventeenth Army, 1,900 guns; Total, 6,200 guns.

Punishment

And this was the method of the torture:

Beginning at 4:40 A. M. Two hours: fifty minutes of gas against our batteries, trench mortars, headquarters, telephone exchanges and dumps; then ten minutes' surprise fire against the infantry position. These fifty and ten minutes' fire were then repeated.

Three periods of ten minutes' fire to verify ranges.

Seventy minutes' shooting for effect against the infantry position.

Seventy-five minutes more, but with special sub-periods of fifteen and ten minutes of intense fire.

Finally five minutes to prepare for the infantry assault.

Covered by this monstrous battery, 66 German divisions were to be launched in the dawn of March 21st against a front held by 19 British divisions.

The reader will observe how low the art of war has sunk. In its supreme expression at this melancholy and degraded epoch it represents little but the massing of gigantic agencies for the slaughter of men by machinery. It is reduced to a vast business, like the stockyards of Chicago. On the whole this attack—a super-attack of the Haig-Passchendaele type, but far larger—represents the most terrific and most unhuman (in the sense of being wholly impersonal) of all the battles in the annals of war.

But the scale and mechanism of the enterprise were the very features which captivated Ludendorff. These were the calculations on which he had spent his life. This was the quintessence of all he had learned and wrought. Here were intense, precise, tangible propositions. The larger arguments about making peace with the Allies while time remained, and of compromising on both sides in the west at the expense of caitiff Russia, seemed quite unimportant. The practical warnings addressed to him in the winter by the ablest German industrialists upon the danger of continuing the war were brushed aside. All this was to him merely a vague, pale, tenuous mist, in the center of which lay his own gigantic, red-hot cannonball. To fire that shot, to pull that string, and press that button, to let loose those mighty pent-up energies, must have seemed an end in itself.

Now this mood was very becoming in a military man. It is right in professional circles to isolate the subject, and you cannot blame a general for thinking as a general ought to think about his own job. This was the Ludendorff problem. It was certainly not the German problem. Germany, who from the very declaration of the war had been horrified to find how many enemies she had, who had been continuously astounded by their unquenchable wrath, their will power, the awe-inspiring crescendo of their anger, all combined with a shortage of cereals, meat and groceries, had been longing to find a way out. The moment the firing ceased at Passchendaele, and winter silenced the cannonade, all sorts of shrill, plaintive, bargaining voices became audible in Allied countries. Was there not a way out? The German house is on fire, thought the German people. The whole mighty mansion is aflame; the firemen are fighting the flames with dauntless vigor and the very best fire-engines; but the fire is gaining, there seems to be no end to the fire. At any moment the building may collapse and all in it perish with their belongings. Now here suddenly above the eastern doorway are written clearly and illuminated the words "Emergency exit." But they were not allowed to use it.

It was the fatal weakness of the German Empire that there was no one to stand against the General Staff and to bring their will power and special point of view into harmony with the general salvation of the state. We may imagine a great ship of war steaming forward into battle. On the bridge there are only lay figures in splendid uniforms making gestures by clockwork and uttering speeches. The engineer has taken charge of the vessel and, through the vessel, of the fleet. He does not see a tithe of what is going on. How can he, locked in his engine-room far beneath the water line and the armored deck? He has stoked up all his furnaces; he has screwed down all the safety valves; he has jammed the rudder amidships. He utters nothing but the wild command, "Full speed ahead."

Will America Come in Time?

Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Marlborough, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, all understood the whole story. But Ludendorff had only learned one chapter, and he had it at his fingers' ends. One must not disparage the dire noble quality of risking all for the sake of victory. But other qualities besides this were required to carry nations through Armageddon. These other qualities were either non-existent or rigorously repressed in the German nation.

This is not the theme for an account of the stupendous battle of March 21st. Everyone knows how the line of the British Fifth Army was bent backward with a loss of 150,000 men and 1,000 guns, and how the Germans pressed into the ever-distending bulge in their march upon Amiens; how General Pétain resolved to break contact with the British Army and reserve the whole French forces for the defense of Paris; how, nevertheless, the thin line was never broken; how the British right hand and the French left joined as they had been during four shattering years, were destined not to be unclasped till victory was won. It is rather with the wider reactions that I am concerned.

The crisis and peril opened by Ludendorff's offensive galvanized the Allies and the United States into a superb activity. The long period of heartbreaking attacks upon the German forti-

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fied lines was over. In its place had come a stern fight for life. Ever since the Marne the Allies had taken their victory for granted. It might be long delayed, it might be horribly costly, but that it was certain they did not doubt.

The slaughter of vain offensives, not for the purpose of winning the war (for that seemed won already) but for the purpose of imposing the most rigorous terms upon an enemy who was anxious for peace, offered a broadening field for differences of opinion even among those who had entered resolutely into the struggle. In the autumn of 1917 we had had Lord Lansdowne's letter, we had had the Stockholm Conference of the Socialists. There had been the negotiations of Prince Sixte de Bourbon and the conversations between General Smuts and Count Mensdorff in Switzerland. Now all doubts were cast away. No longer was it a question of fighting to impose hard terms upon the enemy. Actual defeat seemed to stare the Allies in the face; and defeat before the weight of the United States could be brought to bear.

"St. George" Explodes

The disaster, heavy though it was, revived the morale, and reinvigorated the military strength of Britain and France. It evoked from the United States the most strenuous efforts. No one thought of peace and peace negotiations. Never was the war resolve of the mighty confederacy against Germany more fierce and strong. A desperate "comb-out" of munition factories, mines and workshops throughout England, the raising of the age of compulsion to fifty-five, the sending forward of the boys of nineteen, enabled nearly a quarter of a million men to be rapidly ferried across the Channel. The thousand guns were replaced within a month and the British Army continued to sustain assault after assault from the German masses. After the fury of "Michael and Mars" was spent, "St. George" descended upon us before Hazebrouck. Nevertheless the defense did not fail.

Up till the 21st of March the United States was preparing its armies in an elaborate, methodical and necessarily lengthy manner. Although the great Republic had been in the war for more than a year, only six American divisions were in France and only two in the line. The very natural object of the American Command was to place their forces in the field if possible by corps and armies, at least by divisions, and ultimately to gather all the American units into one great United States army. Training and preparation was ceaselessly proceeding on both sides of the Atlantic, but meanwhile the Allies were in grievous danger of collapsing under the German flail. The most vehement appeals were made by Lloyd George and Clemenceau for the acceleration of the movement of American troops to Europe, and that the infantry masses should be sent in advance, without waiting to be formed in divisions, and should be incorporated in the line with British and French brigades and even battalions.

On the morrow of the defeat General Pershing, with his military and civil colleagues, informed the French Government that the American troops in France would enter the fighting line, trained or untrained, wherever they could render service. President Wilson, receiving the British demand for the dispatch of hundreds of thousands of American infantry and the immense shipment of still only partially-trained American divisions across the Atlantic, replied to Lord Reading in words which the British nation will always link with his memory, "Ambassador, I'll do my damnedest!"

How this was made good can be seen from the recorded movements of United States divisions across the Atlantic. During February, March and April only four divisions had arrived. But from May onward the President's resolve, supported as it was by the whole nation, began to take effect. Eight divisions, each of nearly 30,000 men, crossed in May, eight in June, four in July, six in August and five in September. In all nearly a million men sailed, shielded by the British Navy from the submarines, during these months, from the New World to the aid of the Old. Although only a few American railway engineers fought on the British front and only four American divisions entered the line before Ludendorff's offensive against the British was decisively broken, nevertheless the constant landing in Europe of these enormous forces of vigorous manhood gave assurance to the Allies in their struggles that final victory was sure.

But the climax and turning-point of the Anglo-French recovery was reached at Doullens on March 26th. Clemenceau, Poincaré, Foch, and Pétain for France, met Milner, Haig and Wilson for England. Stark was the mood and bleak the air. These men, soldiers or statesmen, already marked and hardened by the war, were in the presence of the gravest realities. The French brooded with somber eyes upon the immense defeat their ally had sustained, upon soil of France, so newly repurchased at prodigal sacrifices, once again fallen into the invader's grip. Their military men judged severely the apparent failure of their ally. Utterly exhausted, sleepless, haggard, the troops of the Fifth Army, recoiling before the overwhelming German tide, may well have seemed to be of little military value. Clemenceau told me three years ago what he has since recorded in his memoirs, that a French general of the highest rank said to him—indicating Haig—"There stands a commander who within a fortnight will be forced to capitulate or see his army broken up in the open field."

The British for their part remembered the exertions and slaughters of their unaided offensives of 1917; how their riddled and crippled divisions had been forced by French pressure to extend their line across this very front of disaster; how tardy and stinted had been the help which Pétain had sent to their aid. They were aghast at his cold resolve, announced two days before, to break contact and leave them, if need be, to be "thrown into the sea."

Foch Takes Command

It was no time for reproaches; there were long silences between the few words that were spoken. Haig was ready to sacrifice the independent command he had held so long, if by so doing he could procure a greater effort from the French. Clemenceau was determined that no effort should be wanting. "It is not a question," he said, "of what divisions can be spared from the French front, but of how soon they can reach the present battlefield." Pétain, the cool, calm, perfectly trained commander, had already readjusted his ideas under the eye of The Tiger. Amiens, he now declared, must be defended to the utmost. But it was Foch whose inexhaustible fighting spirit met the need of the hour. Resolves were taken to hold together at all hazards and to establish unity of command upon the whole of the front in France and Flanders. In the crisis of this stricken battle, whose advancing cannonade rumbled and thudded ceaselessly in all ears, Foch received the august mission which he was to relinquish only when it had been gloriously fulfilled.

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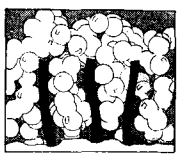

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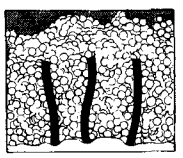
This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.



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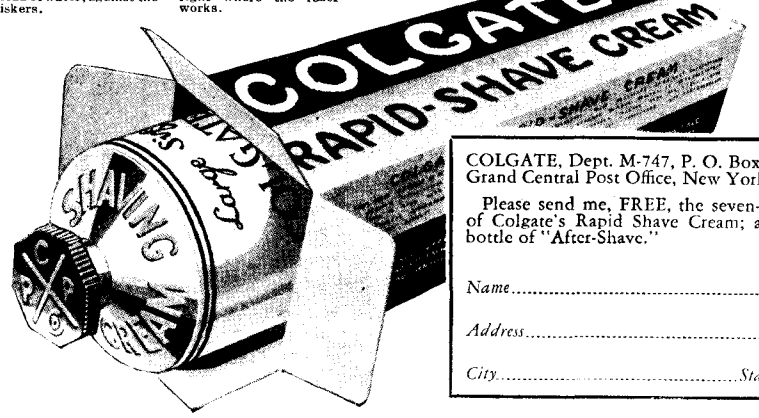

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After you've once tried the sodas at your Rexall Store, you'll make it your soda headquarters! Rich, smooth ice cream—fresh, pure fruit flavors—instant, courteous service—clean, bright surroundings!

The Dance of Aphrodite

Continued from page 18

this performance, wondered if Lord Percy was consuming some particular kind of heaven-sent manna that was invisible to the eyes of a democratic American. On the fourth effort Kylneven's tongue took the spark. Slowly, of course, but hitting.

"My niece," he drawled, "has heard of you—er—er—Captain Pride, and she has formed the extraordinary idea that you—er—could help in a matter that I might say is of a very intimate and personal character. She—"

"Uncle, dear," interrupted the girl, "please talk faster."

Richard Clefeld Pride turned and looked at Lady Elf with a new interest. She had said "faster," not "farster." Her pronunciation of the word was American!

"My dear Elf," protested Lord Kylneven, "this matter must be explained properly and—"

"But there isn't enough time!" cried the girl. "Let me tell Captain Pride! Let me!"

Symptoms of apoplexy showed on the face of the peer, but the girl fought the lead. The Hoosier Hawk was delighted with her. She flung his thoughts homeward. She brought visions of the girls he knew in Indianapolis. Bright, merry girls who had charm and confidence. Some day, some day he would marry one of those Hoosier lassies and settle down to breed blooded horses on a farm by the White River. For an instant he had a vision of a girl like Lady Elf handing a lump of sugar to the winner of the Kentucky Derby at Louisville. Just for an instant.

"Mr. Hoosier Hawk," began Lady Elf, making a funny little pout of derision at her sputtering uncle, "we have sent for you because Tommy Muirbank told me that you were just wonderful at doing things that other people gave up as hopeless. Let me explain. I'm to be married next Saturday to the Hon orable Lionel Slane-Lyall-Slane. Know him?"

Richard Clefeld Pride shook his head.

"You're missing nothing," said the young lady, the comment bringing a protesting snort from Kylneven.

"But let that wait," remarked Lady Elf, airily. "Just at this moment there's an obstacle in the way. Listen! Last year, while I was engaged to dear, dear Lionel, I slipped down to the Lido to get a rest from his love-making. He's the dumbest lover in London. Sort of like a wet collie making friends with—"

"ELF, please!" cried the aristocratic jelly bean at her elbow. "Try to be semi-decent!"

"I want Captain Pride to understand the full facts of the matter," said Lady Elfrida. "He must know the reasons for my godless escapade. Those are your very words, Uncle! Godless escapade!"

"And it was!" shouted Lord Kylneven. "I say again that it was! It was—er—abominable! Against all the traditions of your blood!"

Pride thought that the old turkey-cock would have a seizure, but the girl showed no fear.

"Very well," she murmured, her big blue eyes upon the face of The Hoosier Hawk, "it was abominable. Listen, Captain Pride. At the Excelsior I got chummy with a Russian. Lean, suntanned fellow who could dance better than any man I have ever met. We danced together and he made me forget dear, dear Lionel. If you knew Lionel you would understand how that Russian could dance. His name was Major Boris Iskorka. The word Iskorka in Russian means the little spark. He was the big spark. To me, I mean. You see, I was all wet and cold and clammy after Lionel and London."

Pride glanced at old Kylneven. The peer was clutching the sides of his chair to prevent himself from slipping onto the floor.

"Boris was a bit of an impresario," continued Lady Elf. "Crazy on dancing. He invented a dance, and—and one morning we tried it out on the beach way out toward Malamocco. Just at dawn. Did it in our bathing suits. This—this is the godless escapade. There were Boris and I and one other. But I didn't know about the other. My dear Russian had hidden a friend in a clump of sea pines on the beach."

She paused and glanced at Lord Percy Kylneven. The old chap's face was brick red. He was breathing heavily.

"THIS hidden Peeping Tom filmed the dance," said Lady Elfrida quietly. "Turned his little machine round and round while Boris and I hopped about on the sand. That's about all. I came back home to dear, dear Lionel, and the Russ went to Paris. My impending marriage was announced the other day and immediately I got a letter from Iskorka telling me of the film. He's in Brussels."

She paused. The Hoosier Hawk put a question. "He wants to sell it?" he asked.

"No, no," cried Lady Elfrida. "He's worth a million. He wants to give it to me! Wants to place it in my hands and—and receive—receive kisses in return! Uncle Percy thought that he surely wanted money and—and he sent Mr. Blount, his secretary, over to Brussels. Mr. Blount saw the film. The—bathing dress I wore that morning on the beach was a white, close-fitting affair, and Mr. Blount says that it looks as if I had nothing on. Nothing at all! The dawn light or something—I don't know. Mr. Blount was brave. He—"

She paused and looked at Lord Kylneven. The peer nodded his head. "Mr. Blount thought to snatch the film and destroy it," said Lady Elfrida. "He tried, but—but Iskorka beat him up. Horribly! He's still suffering. I'll ask him to come here."

She pressed a bell button and asked the stuffed butler to call Mr. Blount. In silence the three awaited the appearance of the secretary. The Hoosier Hawk inwardly congratulated himself on the intelligence he displayed in putting the small personal advertisement in The Morning Post. The affair appealed to him tremendously.

Blount came. A thin, sandy-complexioned man, short-sighted and timid. Pride wondered at the fellow's nerve in making an effort to get possession of the film. He told his story in a high, squeaky voice.

Blount had gone to the residence of Iskorka. He had asked the Russian to name any sum. The fellow had laughed. Out of deviltry he ran the film before the secretary. Poor Blount, seized with a sudden madness that was bred from zeal and horror, tried to snatch the roll of celluloid and the Russian went crazy with temper. He seized the unfortunate servant by the back of the neck and caned him unmercifully.

LADY ELFRIDA walked to the side of Richard Clefeld Pride. "This is Thursday," she said slowly, "and I have told Uncle Percy that unless I get the film there will be no wedding on Saturday. That's all. I—I told Tommy Muirbank everything and he mentioned you. He thought—"

The Hoosier Hawk looked at Lord Percy Kylneven. The old chap had wilted under the hot breath of scandal. He looked like a marionette whose strings had been suddenly severed. The fine old strings of British pride and caste that had been clipped by the act of his niece. He pulled at his walrus mustache and looked at Pride with weak, bleary eyes.

"Could you—could you suggest anything, sir?" he bleated.

"Certainly," answered The Hawk.

"Ah—er—what?" gurgled Kylneven.

"I'll fly over to Brussels this afternoon and take the film from the bounder," said Pride quietly. "I'll be back tomorrow morning. Perhaps tonight."

Lord Kylneven gasped. Lady Elfrida Fenwick took a quick step forward. "Have you a plane?" she breathed.

"I'm testing a three-seated Mammoth for a soap millionaire at Dover," said The Hawk, smiling down at her.

"I'll drive you down to Dover!" cried Lady Elf. "My car is at the door."

Richard Clefeld Pride's smile expressed his pleasure at the offer. "We must pick up Murphy at the Mayfair," he said. "Let's go!"

Down through dreamy Chiselhurst, where Napoleon III passed his weary days of exile, swept the car of Lady Elf. By Sevenoaks and Tonbridge, Hever Castle, where fat Henry VIII visited Anne Boleyn, showing through the trees. Richard Clefeld Pride sitting close to the girl whose face bred visions. Visions of home. Curious, her pronunciation of the word "faster." It puzzled him.

AS THEY paused for a few moments at the Saracen's Head in Ashford curiosity overcame The Hoosier Hawk. "You said faster like an American," he murmured.

"Ah, you have discovered the blot on my escutcheon!" laughed Lady Elf. "A short 'a' rampant! Drives Uncle Percy crazy. He thinks I should be kicked out of Debrett, barred from Rotten Row and otherwise ostracized. You see, Mother was an American. She found it hard to live down." She looked appealingly at the Indiana flyer. "They're awfully formal," she whispered. "You should see Slane-Lyall-Slane—then you'd understand why I did the Dance of Aphrodite at Malamocca with that crazy Russian."

They roared through Smeeth and Folkstone, swung inward and passed through a mile-long avenue to a Tudor manor house that had been bought with soap. "Ginkey's Toilet Soap, the Soap Your Skin Loves to Touch."

Henry Ginkey, the soap millionaire, was not at home, but The Hoosier Hawk had the key to the hangar. The big Mammoth was trundled out onto a fine stretch of greensward running toward the chalk cliffs. Penguin Murphy, who had the sensitive hands of a specialist, busied himself with the ship while his master and Lady Elf talked. The girl had given Pride the address of Boris Iskorka. The Russian lived in a little house in the Rue des Cendres, quite close to the building where the Duchess of Richmond gave her ball on the eve of Waterloo.

The purr of the slow-turning motor came to the ears of the two. Murphy called to his chief. Everything was ready.

The Hoosier Hawk walked toward the machine. The girl stood for a moment irresolute, then, with a cry of "Please,

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wait!" she ran toward the automobile that had brought them from London.

Pride watched her. Hurriedly she pulled her leather coat from the car, turned and thrust a five-pound note into the hands of a servant of the soap millionaire. Her little feet brought her back swiftly to the side of the Indiana flyer.

"I'm going with you!" she gasped. "No, don't make a fuss! It's my business and—and I should help! It's all right! I'm sending word to Uncle Percy!

Richard Clefeld Pride didn't protest. He experienced little thrills of pleasure as she climbed into the machine. He told himself that he liked Lady Elf.

The big plane rushed toward the cliffs. It lifted itself as the shimmering waters of the Channel flashed before the eyes of the three. It soared up and up, into the bright sunshine that filled the Strait of Dover.

FOR the first time The Hoosier Hawk considered the task that he had undertaken. A crazed Russian wanted the embraces of the girl. The Russian held a nasty bludgeon which he, Pride, had to take from the fellow. Possibly a difficult matter.

Questions sprang into the mind of the Indiana flyer. Questions that demanded answers. Why shouldn't Lady Elf dance on the Lido beach at dawn? No reason at all why she shouldn't. It was no crime. She was not ashamed. But the Honorable Lionel Slane-Lyall-Slane wouldn't like it if, after marriage, the film was brought to his notice. So, actually, Richard Clefeld Pride was working for the comfort of the Honorable Lionel.

The Hoosier Hawk lifted his left hand and pointed ahead. A huge dragon fly, burnished by the rays of the setting sun, was rushing toward them out of Belgium. The lips of The Hawk made words that were drowned by the roar of the motor. "Imperial Airways! Brussels to Croydon!" he shouted, and Lady Elf nodded although she did not hear.

The big machine soared by. . . . The old towers of Dunkirk danced for a moment beneath the three in the Mammoth. . . . The flat lands of West Flanders ran like brown cloth below them, then the spires of Brussels pricked the evening sky. . . . The Hoosier Hawk circled the airdrome and made a perfect landing. Two hours and twenty minutes from Dover. Working for the peace of mind of the Honorable Lionel Slane-Lyall-Slane. He snapped at the little Belgian customs inspector who asked about tobacco and cigars. Richard Clefeld Pride was beginning to hate the Honorable Lionel.

The Mammoth was trundled into an out-of-the-way corner of the airdrome. Pride left Murphy in charge and led Lady Elfrida to a waiting taxi. "I'll take you to the Palace Hotel and then look up our friend," he said.

"But I came—" began the girl. "I came—"

"To keep me company on the way over and back," interrupted Pride. "Don't you worry."

Into the blue eyes of the slim girl came a look of great fear. "But—but he is bigger and stronger than you!" she cried. "He's—he's awfully strong and fierce!"

"I like 'em that way," laughed The Hoosier Hawk. "The little quiet fellows I hand over to Murphy."

A SLEEPY doorkeeper squatting in a glass cage blinked inquiringly at the distinguished-looking adventurer.

"Which is the apartment of Monsieur Boris Iskorka?" said Pride.

"Second floor right," murmured the sleepy one.

The Hoosier Hawk mounted. To himself he whispered the words of Lady Elfrida Fenwick: "He's awfully strong and fierce." He smiled. Poor Lady Elf was out of luck. Troubled by a madman on one side of the Channel and by a fool on the other. Pride wondered which he disliked the most. A pair of idiots. Damn! The world was full of idiots!

A brass plate screwed to the door carried the words "Major Boris Iskorka." Pride repeated the name to the round-faced Flemish maid who answered the bell. She turned and motioned him to follow her. She led him into a cold, morgue-like salon and left him.

Upon the walls of the room were sidearms of every variety. The Hoosier Hawk smiled as his eyes passed over the collection. Persian *talwars*, German *flambergs* and *"schlagers," kurkis* from the borders of Afghanistan, Spanish broadswords, Italian rapiers of every type. The Russian wished to inform his visitors that he was a man of war.

Richard Clefeld Pride was still smiling when Major Boris Iskorka appeared in the doorway. A tall, lean, sun-tanned man in the early thirties. Powerful, surely. Handsome in a way. Cold eyes in which danced a little devil of insanity. The Hawk was certain that it was insanity.

Pride introduced himself. Quickly, not a word wasted. He was the emissary of Lady Elfrida Fenwick.

The Russian grinned evilly. The little devil in his gray-green eyes danced a rigadoon. Pride was certain that the fellow was a little deranged.

"I expected you," he said. "Time was running short. Today is Thursday. Where is she?"

"Lady Elfrida Fenwick is in Brussels," answered Pride.

"But where?" shouted the Russian. "At what hotel?"

Richard Clefeld Pride measured the fellow. Yes, he was taller and stronger. A devil of a reach too. A betting man would say the odds were all on the Slav in a combat. Yet the flyer from Indiana longed for a clash. He held himself in with difficulty.

Pride lied quietly. Lady Elfrida Fenwick was waiting at the airdrome. Waiting in the plane. For what? The Hawk thought it probable that she was waiting for Major Boris Iskorka to bring the film. Certainly, that was it! She was waiting for the film to be brought to her.

THE Russian laughed. Loudly, blatantly, insanely. The dancing devil in his eyes turned handsprings.

"I have caned one of Lady Elfrida's messengers!" he cried. "He was impudent. Listen to me! The film is hidden in a very secure place. I thought that the fool uncle of Lady Elfrida might hire some adventurous burglar to rob my house, so I hid the film in another quarter. Understand? Lots of cheap adventurers are out of work these days of peace. If I caught one of Kylneven's hirelings in the house I would snap his spine, but I am not always at home. When Lady Elfrida agrees to my proposition I will present the film to her. Have you anything to say, Monsieur—Monsieur—"

"Pride!" snapped The Hawk, and the word had the cutting quality of a lash. "Captain Richard Clefeld Pride of Indiana!"

The Russian grinned. "Well, Captain Pride of Indiana," he snarled, "have you anything to suggest?"

The muscles of The Hoosier Hawk were tense, but, at that moment, there flashed before his mental eyes the secluded corner of the Brussels airdrome into which the Mammoth had been trundled. Faithful Penguin Murphy

(*Continued on page 60*)

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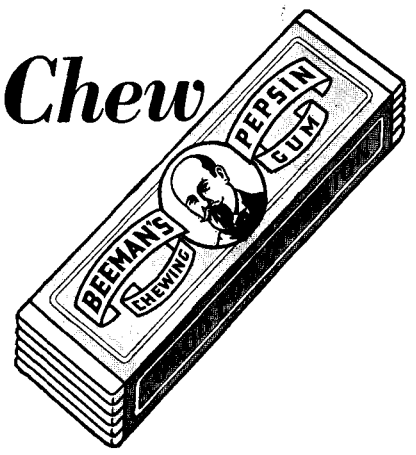
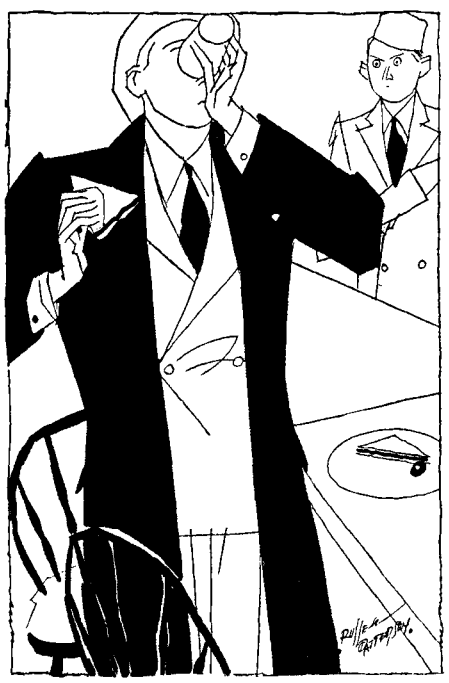


for digestion



IF you rush through meals, as most of us do, you ought to do something for your digestion!

It's so easy—chew this delicious pepsin gum that Dr. Beeman perfected to aid digestion!

For over 30 years, millions have enjoyed the healthful effects of it...and the pleasant flavor of it...and the smooth-as-velvet texture of it...for Beeman's is every inch as delicious as it is healthful.

BEEMAN'S

PEPSIN GUM

aids digestion

(*Continued from page 59*)

would be squatting there awaiting the return of his beloved chief. A fine umpire in a fight was Murphy. Cool, efficient, and fair. Fair even when Pride was one of the combatants. "I suggest," said The Hawk, "that you come with me to the airdrome and speak with Lady Elfrida. I have a taxi at the door."

The Russian considered the invitation. He stared into the steady brown eyes of The Hoosier Hawk. Eyes that told nothing.

"I'll go to the airdrome!" snapped Iskorka. "But, listen, my dear American. I want no tricks! Remember! I caned a little man for impudence. Today my temper is worse. If you tried tricks I might kill you!"

ON THE grass where the Mammoth rested Penguin Murphy had made himself a bed and dropped into a pleasant sleep. Sweet dreams came to him.

In his sleep he heard a voice. A voice that was evidently directing him or some other person toward a female prize. "She is asleep," said the voice. "See, there beneath the machine."

Penguin was thrilled. Suddenly the voice lifted itself into a harsh command. "Go and wake her!" came the shouted order, and, as the words rang out, someone was pushed violently forward on top of the sleeping mechanician.

Murphy, awake in an instant, wrapped his muscular arms around the person who had fallen over him. He clung to him, ignoring the stream of Slav curses that came from his lips.

"Hold him, Penguin!" cried Pride. "Hold him while I frisk him!"

The Hoosier Hawk dragged a big automatic from a pocket of Major Boris Iskorka. He jerked it into a near-by cockpit, slipped his leather flying coat from his shoulders and spoke.

"Let him go now, Murphy!" he cried. "And umpire this fight, will you? Fair field. No interference from you. I'm just curious!"

The Russian sprang to his feet as Murphy released him. His right hand swung to his pocket, found it empty, and dropped to his side. He crouched, his gray-green eyes upon the American. Quiet it was in that corner of the big airdrome. Big arc lights lit up the field, but there, in the shadow of the hangar, the soft dusk remained.

With appalling suddenness the Russian sprang. His leap was tremendous.

The arms whistled through the air, the murderous fingers outspread, certain that they would meet around the neck of the American.

The head of Richard Pride went down with lightning speed. The thug fingers clashed above him, the wolf-like body cannoned into him. Then the muscular right hand of the flyer drove upward. Upward in a nine-inch rip that found the lean jaw of the Russian.

Iskorka grunted. His long arms slithered down the shoulders of Pride and took a waist hold. A python grip. The American tried to fight himself free of the body strangle. He drove punches into the ribs of the fellow, but the long arms wouldn't relax. Devilish were the arms. They settled like steel bands around the body of the aviator.

Hanging in the grip of the Russian the Indiana flyer lifted both feet from the ground. He brought his legs smartly behind the legs of the Russian, the heels of the American's shoes striking with tremendous force the popliteal space behind the knees! Iskorka, his muscles paralyzed for an instant, fell backward, and Pride crashed on top of him. The bear-like grip was broken. The Hoosier Hawk sprang to his feet.

The Russian rose slowly. In the dusk he looked huge, primordial. The Slav curses that dropped from his lips had a primitive quality.

Insane was the Russian. The American wouldn't fight his style. He tried again and again for a clinch, but The Hawk had painful memories of the first embrace.

The right fist went into action. A little jealous of the work that the left was doing. Picking out the features of the Russian while the active legs of The Hawk carried him out of the way of the Slav's rushes. Stabbing rights. Stinging lefts. Visiting nose, eyes, mouth, and ears. Biff, bang, biff. In and out. Hit and get away. Blinding the fellow. Halting him as he rushed. Throwing his head back. Choking his curses. Weakening his knees. Tireless fists. Hitting with the regularity of a piston-rod. One, two, three! One, two, three!

The Russian dropped. The delighted Murphy started to count. The crazed Iskorka struck at the mechanic and clawed himself to his feet. Half blinded he flung his long arms wide and rushed forward. Richard Clefeld Pride ducked beneath the groping right arm, rose as it swept over him, and sent a pivotal punch to the exposed jaw. Major Boris Iskorka beheld the stars in their courses as he struck the earth.

Murphy rushed his master. "Gosh, you're a scrapper!" he cried, his voice husky with emotion. "You'd beat the world, Captain! You're a dandy!"

"Shut up!" snapped Pride. "Truss him up good and throw him in the cockpit! Quick! There's a bunch of mechanics running across the field. Hurry, man! That's it! Now lay hold of that prop and swing it! We're going to take him for a ride!"

As Murphy swung the propeller the eyes of the trussed-up Russian opened. Captain Richard Pride leaned over and spoke. "Going to take you for a night view of Brussels," he whispered. "When you get ready to tell me where the film is just lean over and butt me with your head. Lovingly, you know."

The Mammoth moved across the field and shot upward. It circled the airdrome. Climbing, climbing! Up and up and up. Into the overworld. Into the royal heights! Into the lanes of terror!

The Willibroeck Canal was a silver wire drawn taut between the city and the Scheldt. Westward, seventy miles away, a lighthouse flashed a beam at the plane. Fifteen thousand, read the meter.

The Hoosier Hawk reached down and took Major Boris Iskorka by the back of the neck. He dragged the trussed Russian upward. Pride shut off the engine, and a silence that was like a million claws of terror fell upon them.

The Hawk forced the Russian to look. Thrust his head forward to glimpse the depths. The fellow screamed. Three miles of hollow emptiness lay between him and his apartment in the Rue des Cendres! Three miles of vacuity!

THE Slav struggled in the grip of the American. He gasped and yelled. Pride released him. He slipped down on the floor of the cockpit and butted his head against the legs of the flyer from Indiana. Lovingly, as The Hawk had instructed him, but unceasingly. Never pausing for an instant.

The big moon whitewashed the countryside. The Hoosier Hawk swung out on the line running to Namur. Over Ottignies and Gembloux, flying low. He would find a nice quiet field for a landing, then after getting full information regarding the hiding place of the film, he would find a taxi to carry him into Brussels.

The moon showed a flat stretch near Lonzee. He throttled down and dived. Lumpier than he thought. The Mammoth jolted along the pasture, jerking Boris Iskorka from side to side.

"Now," said The Hawk, as he cut off, "cough up all you know. Tell me where the film is and no hanky-panky business. If I don't find everything right I'll come back here, take you five miles over the ocean and drop you out! Now cough!"

Major Boris Iskorka coughed. The horror of the heights was still with him. His teeth chattered as he talked. The film, with the negative from which it had been struck, was in a room on the third story of a house in the Rue de la Fourche. The house was empty. The key was in his pocket. He interlarded the scraps of information with Slav curses. Curses hurled at all Americans, airplanes and flyers.

"Keep an eye on him, Penguin," ordered Pride. "I'll pick up a ride on the road. Be back with Lady Elfrida in a couple of hours."

THE Hoosier Hawk was in the room on the third floor of the old house in the Rue de la Fourche. A fitted-up projection-room. . . . Before the eyes of The Hawk ran the Dance of Aphrodite. . . .

He had to make sure that it was the film he sought! He couldn't grab the reel and rush away. Cunning was the Russian. Devilishly cunning. He might attempt a last-minute trick. Try to double-cross his conqueror. Therefore . . .

The Lido stands in the soft light of dawn. . . . White; magical; glamorous. . . . Suggesting the birth of a world. . . . Little waves lolloping in from the *Mare Adriatic*, the sweet sea that the Doges of Venice married. *Desponsamus te, mare!* We wed thee, sea!

The figure of a nymph slipped across the milky sands. A nymph who moved as if a hidden Pan piped. . . . The figure might be nude! The white bathing costume was hardly visible! . . . Damn Blount! What right had he to view the dance? . . . And the filthy Russian! He turned to tear the film from the reel, changed his mind and stared again at the screen. Gosh! she was wonderful! But he had to make sure . . . of course. . . .

The Hawk packed the reel of film and the negative from which it had been made and descended the stairs. A pig was the Russian. But the world sought beauty. Sought it at the ends of the earth. He stepped into the waiting taxi and ordered the chauffeur to take him to the Palace Hotel.

Lady Elf was in the lounge. He surmised that she had not gone to her room. She had sat in the lounge, her eyes upon the swinging doors.

She saw him coming and sprang to her feet. She rushed across the room, her big eyes upon his face. And horror sprang into the big eyes. Pride damned his stupidity. He should have kept out of the light. Of course the Russian had marked him. He remembered that Iskorka's swinging arms had bruised his face.

"Oh!" she gasped, and there was a world of feeling in the exclamation. "Oh! You—you have fought for me! You—you are hurt!"

Tears were flowing from her eyes. Pride tried to stop her. He couldn't. He felt glad that the lounge was deserted. What a woman she was! She put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"I—I got it," he cried, thrusting the reel into her hands. "We'll toss it into the sea on our way home. The machine is out on the Namur road. He's there. I—I thought if we didn't get the film we'd have dumped him! I'll—I'll dump him now if—if you say so! I'd—I'd like to!"

A messenger from Carlton House Terrace brought to the Mayfair a note for Richard Clefeld Pride and a small packet for Penguin Murphy. It was the morning after the Brussels flight.

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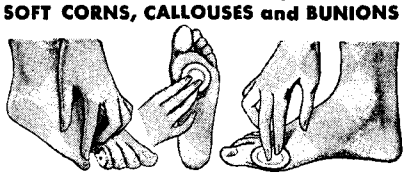

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Pride tore open the envelope while Murphy, delighted at the prospect of a present, dallied with the gay fastenings of his package.

The note ran:

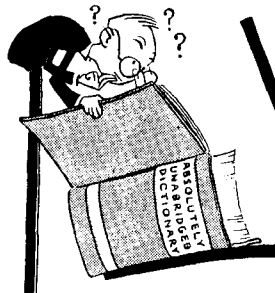
Dear Mr. Hoosier Hawk:

I wanted to tell you that I am not going to marry dear Lionel after all. I had to ask you to do something that I couldn't ask Lionel to do. Do you understand? . . . Could I buy you a Mammoth? I'm awfully rich! Please let me! You might call it the Lady Elf! How great is my debt to you!

Elfrida Fenwick.

Murphy had uncovered a gold cigarette case. He opened it and found that it was stuffed with bank notes. Richard Clefeld Pride smiled as he watched his mechanician count the big Bank of England tenners. "Thirty, forty, fifty!" cried Penguin. "Sixty, seventy, eighty! Gosh, what a wad! Well, I always did make a hit with the ladies, didn't I, Captain?"

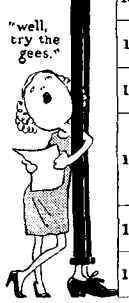
Another Hoosier Hawk story will appear in an early issue of Collier's



WORD HUNT

TRADE MARK

In the English language there are fifteen words (each having just five letters) that begin with the letters L-E-A. One of them is LEAVE. You supply the others.



1	L	E	A	V	E	To allow or cause to remain. To depart from; abandon; forsake; desert. Also, permission granted. A formal parting; farewell.
2	L	E	A			(One of two forms) Inclined or bent. Rested against; relied on for support. Also, inclined in opinion or desire.
3	L	E	A			To acquire knowledge or skill. To receive instruction. To ascertain; to hear.
4	L	E	A			To wet; moisten. To percolate (a liquid) through something, as ashes.
5	L	E	A			Smallest, either in size or degree; slightest; most unimportant.
6	L	E	A			Abounding in leaves. Broad-leaved. Of the nature of a leaf.
7	L	E	A			To let; to rent. Also, a contract by which one lets or rents.
8	L	E	A			A thong of leather, or a long cord, as for holding a dog.
9	L	E	A			Permitting water or other fluid to enter or escape.
10	L	E	A			(One of two forms) Jumped; vaulted.
11	L	E	A			Containing, or resembling, lead.
12	L	E	A			Leafy.
13	L	E	A			(Dial. Eng.) Variant of LOATH. Also, stoppage; rest. (Mining) A soft part in a vein. Also, to give, or to have, rest or relaxing.
14	L	E	A			(Variant of LIANG) The Chinese TAEL, equivalent to about 73 cents.
15	L	E	A			(Slang) Variant of LEERY, knowing; suspicious.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in last week's Collier's

1. Winkle	6. Window	11. Winced	16. Winked	21. Winnel
2. Winded	7. Windup	12. Wintry	17. Winful	22. Winnot
3. Winter	8. Wining	13. Winder	18. Windle	23. Winrow
4. Winnow	9. Winker	14. Winner	19. Winkel	24. Winsey
5. Wincey	10. Winged	15. Winery	20. Winnle	25. Wintle

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today—Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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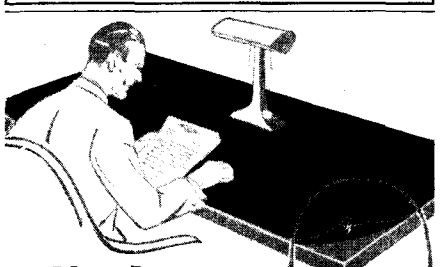

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Who's Afraid of the Chair?

Continued from page 11

appeared as if Sing Sing was to be the center of some mass celebration like the Olympic games instead of the final curtain in a sordid melodrama.

The few and very small hotels in Ossining were jammed with newspaper men and other prospective witnesses of the execution. Large rooms were turned into dormitories. The affair came to have the aspect of a Roman holiday.

Nobody seemed to think of the demoralizing effect all this distorted interest in an execution might have on prison morale. That was my worry. In a New York court the last-hour legal battle was being waged to save the woman from the chair. She was a romantic figure, if cold-blooded and a killer: in every mail she received proposals of marriage from weak-minded men in all parts of the world.

Clamorous Curiosity

Since it was the first time in two generations that capital punishment was to be inflicted by New York State on a woman, added importance was attached to the execution. Very carefully we guarded our prisoner. Her companion in crime was calm and apparently uncomplaining. He prepared himself quietly for the end. Mrs. Snyder became religious, although she could not help being conscious of the tremendous interest regarding her last hours. Newspapers printed a diary of her death-house days, and the surging waves of clamorous curiosity must have penetrated to her.

There were plans to obtain a last-minute reprieve. There were other plans to demand her body the moment after electrocution, rush it to a laboratory and revive her.

On the afternoon of the day of execution morbid curiosity seekers began to line up on the hill below the prison. They were attracted by the fable that at the instant of electrocution the lights in the prison would dim. As a matter of fact, they don't, the current used for the death chair coming from a source different from that which supplies the lighting current.

In the death house, on my final inspection, Mrs. Snyder was writing a note to a stranger who had sent her a Bible, while Gray was composing a note to me, asking that certain money of his be used to buy creature comforts for fellow-prisoners.

Tipped by one newspaper man that another planned to take a picture of the execution of Ruth Snyder, we increased precautions. A watch camera would, we were informed, be the means of making the picture. Assembling the reporters in my office I pledged their honor that no attempt would be made to make a photograph. All agreed. On that agreement we abstained from searching them. A matron had been assigned to stand before Ruth Snyder when she was seated in the chair and thus prevent a picture. At the crucial moment the matron was overcome and was led away. The executioner pulled a switch. Ruth Snyder writhed to death—and a picture was made.

The young man who strapped that watch camera to his leg may congratulate himself on a journalistic scoop. His only real satisfaction is that he gave his word, it was accepted—and at the moment of giving it he had not the slightest intention of keeping it. No scoop of that kind will ever be repeated, for, in the future, nobody's word will be accepted.

This plethora of publicity that attends the ending of a sensational murder trial adds difficulty to a warden's task. Knowledge that his last hours were "news" led to the strangest request, I think, ever made by a condemned man. He was a gangster, one of the few who get "the works" for giving "the works." All that worried him was what the gang outside would think of his conduct inside. Vanity can be just as stimulating as more tangible drugs. When his hour came, he pleaded with me to be permitted to walk to the chair on his hands!

"The papers'll print that," he begged, "and the boys outside will know that I went to the hot squat a game guy."

There are few touches of such sardonic humor as a gangster proposing to go to his death in reverse. More often, with the hardest of the killers—and there are not as many hard killers as people imagine, most of the murderers being first offenders—pathos marks the end. As tough a man as ever entered the death house told me when I went to warn him that he had only twenty-four hours to go:

"I don't give a damn about your burning me, Warden. What riles me is your rules. They're tough."

Coming from a young man as tough as ten-ply hammered leather, this was a tribute.

"You can kill me and I'll bear no grudge," he went on. "I've bumped off many a guy myself. But—it's the girl," he added. "Why can't she come and spend a few hours with me?"

I explained that the girl was not legally a relative, and that she could not be admitted for a visit unless she were.

"Well," he said, "can I marry her in the death house?"

This stumped me. I took time out to think it over. When the killer argued that, for all he knew, he might be father of a prospective child—the girl would never complain—we agreed that he could marry the girl as a last favor before going to the chair.

"There's one condition," I said. "You may shake your bride's hand, but you cannot kiss her."

His face clouded.

"Why not?"

"Women have been known before this," I explained, "to pass pills or poison to a man when they kiss him. Now, you understand?"

The tough boy understood, but he remained sullen. The girl came to the prison late that night—for only last-minute stress could justify me in permitting the marriage. Legally they were made man and wife. Then the tough guy turned to me.

"Warden," he said, his gray eyes straight and hard, "just let me kiss her once. Just once."

I nodded and they kissed. The girl was led away, hysterical. The kid had one more thing on his mind:

"I'm grateful to you, Warden," he said. "I'm glad you gave me that one kiss with the girl." He dropped his voice. "I'm glad for two reasons: one that I got the kiss and the other because if you'd said no I had a nasty trick up my sleeve."

He went away without enlightening us regarding the trick; but if that lad said it was a nasty trick you may be quite sure it was just that, and probably more.

Women's Loyalty

I do not know of one instance where a convicted murderer did not have the loyalty of a mother, wife or sweetheart to sustain him—and also to make his going the more bitter. In some cases I have had to stand silently and take the abuse of an outraged woman for what the State exacted of the man she loved; but as a rule the women are even more philosophical than the men: they seem to realize the practical impossibility of escape from the chair once the lawyers have decided that nothing more can be done. But deep in the breast of every woman whose man-child or husband or brother or lover has gone to the chair is resentment: not resentment at his punishment so much as at the unevenness of justice that permits a slayer like Harry K. Thaw to remain alive and free while men of perhaps no more guilt, and certainly in many instances of no more sanity, go to their doom.

The most trying part of the hapless task of ridding the world of the condemned is the contact with their womenfolk. When you have steeled yourself, as I have, to supervise the death of a

"Ah, out-of-towner, I presume?"

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young and healthy man; when you try, as I try, to let routine rule while doing everything within the law to make the end as merciful as possible, it's heartbreaking to rub against the raw of human suffering. A mother called me—the mother of this young man—on the telephone, after we had waited until the eleventh hour for her to come to the prison and make her last farewell:

"I can't bear to come, Warden," she said. "But will you do what I should like to do? When my boy is dead please put a white rose in his hand."

Of course it was done.

It would serve no purpose to explore the heartaches and miseries inflicted on women when the chair exacts its toll. Always back of every executed man, and, indeed, back of every imprisoned man, is a chain of suffering women and children who feel, not only the disgrace of the man's punishment, but the actual economic hardship this entails

Grandstand Play

In weighing the pros and cons in the matter of capital punishment, it is wise not to let sentiment affect judgment. A famous sob-sister once came to Sing Sing and asked me for a record of last words uttered by men about to die. The first word she received was flat refusal. This morbid romanticizing of felons is a hindrance to sane solution of prison problems. The public is either led to weep over them or to grit its teeth at them; led, indeed, to do everything but view the problem in its right perspective.

Prisoners, especially death-house prisoners, are too often prone to romanticize their plight. One of the most callous gangsters Sing Sing has known, following to the chair another member of his gang, actually made a grandstand play in the death chamber. When his turn came he asked for a rag, carefully wiped off the chair and said:

"I've got to rub it off after that rat sat in it."

And something of the same flair for showmanship was in the hymn-singing Negro who almost ran to the chair, kissed it reverently and sang a sermon on how, to him, it was a chariot swinging low to life everlasting and a harp among the angel choirs.

I don't suppose I spend a more restful night on the eve of an execution than the victim of the execution. Perhaps I'm imaginative and unduly sympathetic. When it was rumored that the executioner at Sing Sing was going to quit his $150-a-time job, we were flooded with requests to succeed him. So there are souls who view the death house with lighter hearts than most.

Certainly there seems to me to be more hope than faith inspired by capital punishment. Reviewing the scores of persons whose death it has been my duty to supervise—and there is not one case that I cannot vividly recall, so deeply bitten into my mind is this operation of legally killing men—I'm convinced that, in a religious sense, their souls would have had a much better chance of eternal salvation in the steady discipline of natural life imprisonment than in the living sepulchre at the end of the last mile.

The last mile, by the way, is what, for years, we have called the death house, for it comes after the rounds of the prison have been made and is literally the last mile in the survey of Sing Sing.

Interest in a place of premature death, of death imposed by law, is primal in man, one with animal interest in food, in fight, in sex. The lurid drama of the machinery of death always excites and fascinates. From all practical viewpoints it may be drama, sometimes high tragedy, but it is profitless.

During the ten years I have been warden at Sing Sing we have dispatched 130 murderers. During that same period in the state of New York alone there have been eleven thousand murders. Other states which have no capital punishment have proportionately far less murder.

Point to countries like England and Canada and France, which retain the death penalty and have few murders and the reason is obvious: the murderer has little hope of escape in those countries. The entire power of the nation is against the murderer—to apprehend, to try and to punish. Even in Italy, where crimes of passion are frequent, there is no capital punishment, and a highly volatile people accustomed to blood feuds and violent revenge have fewer malicious homicides in a year than New York has in a month.

We know by every means of reckoning that the death penalty does not deter any more than the penalty of life imprisonment. Indeed, the latter is probably more effective when rigidly enforced. Since penology begins where the police leave off it is not my part to discuss the vital importance of quick visitation of the law on criminals as the most wholesome preventive of crime. But when penology begins I know the death penalty induces more often remorse than repentance; and the institution of the death house in a prison has a sickly, unwholesome effect on the entire prison morale. Society may not care a rap about that. And if it doesn't, that, with uncivilized prison conditions, is another symptom of what is wrong with our social order.

I, for one, believe the popular conscience and the popular sentiment is against the death penalty.

Early this year a company of witnesses were gathered in Sing Sing to view an execution. They were not from the four or five thousand who had vainly requested this gruesome privilege. They were representative men and women accorded the distinction, if you call it that.

Lawyers were locked in the customary last-minute headline struggle for a reprieve. But no word had come. The visitors were in my office and the usual crowds clustered about the prison gates. Time flew. The prisoner—who had been convicted of the murder of an actress on elaborate circumstantial evidence, and convicted quite as much, I think, on his past record as a forger—was summoned to go the last mile. Trousers slit, head shaved, he puffed at what he doubtless thought his last cigar.

The Climax

At precisely ten minutes to eleven the telephone rang. It was the governor. He spoke briefly, for the prisoner was about to be led to the chair. The witnesses were restless—eager, I thought, to see the grim show.

With an ironic idea I hung up the receiver and looked into their faces—watching to see any signs of disappointment when I broke the news.

"The governor," I said, "orders a reprieve. There will be no execution tonight."

A happy shout arose. One large man shook my hand vigorously.

"I came all the way from Denver to see this," he shouted. "I'm damned glad I came for nothing."

In that cheerful crowd there was one discordant voice. It was that of an aggressive young reporter who had filed two thousand words on the wire regarding an execution that had not yet taken place.

"This ruins my yarn," he said. "Just my luck."

You, dear readers, are invited to write your own moral.

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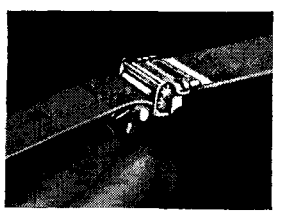

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The Girl We Left Behind Us

Continued from page 26

recently ordered five hundred dozen petticoats to retail at a dollar, and let me tell you they were beauties. Though these particular offerings had dispensed with lace in the interest of economy, practically everything else that goes under a dress today means lace and yet more lace. Questions of tariff may disturb the manufacturer, but no such thought besets his delighted customer. If she were sure that Mrs. Murphy or the Elite Hand Laundry would go gently with the iron, she'd walk in bliss. You needn't tell me that any woman living liked those tailored underthings.

Pokes and Sailors

But nothing, perhaps, is more revolutionary than the come-back of cottons, coaxed along for several years past under tremendous difficulties, but now pyramiding in a way to make the Solid South go back to juleps for celebrating purposes. Not only are all the obvious cottons getting their innings; materials we haven't thought of in years are crawling down from the top shelves and getting into the limelight—muslin, mull, batiste, net, point d'esprit, calico, cross-barred lawn, quilted materials for coats, little jacquard designs that now wear the dressed-up name of façonné. Organdie has been used even by Chanel for evening wraps as well as dresses. Velvet ribbons have already appeared to join the faithful grosgrain that never took a day off in its life; big wide taffeta ribbons are logical with organdie—perhaps, oh, dear departed past, even with Dresden patterns!

Climbing to the top of the mode, we see great jubilation in the millinery business. Time was when women wore nothing but felt, and last year's hat was this year's model without a single blush. Today, no well-dressed woman will be able to keep her millinery wardrobe on a single shelf no matter how generous. Felts she has, but for her spring suits only. Then she goes wild about straw—panamalacque and allied fancies, horsehair and lacy straws that fashion poke bonnets, even good old milan and those newly smart rough straw braids made into—*sailors!* Do we need to tell you that there are rumors about the return of the hatpin? Hatpins have been seen already—not jeweled accessories, but real ones that work for their livings.

As for flowers—everybody knows they've arrived, and every ship from Paris brings hats and still more hats that plant their own gardens. Can't you just see the poor old flower-makers creeping out into the sun of France—people who thought their fingers would never get another chance to fashion bits of petal-tinted loveliness until heaven gave them clouds to cut up and a comet or two to trim? Speaking of hats brings us to the last bit of almost-unbelievableness. Did you know that boudoir caps are once more on the market? Whether women will wear them or not remains to be seen.

There are a few things in this swiftly changing scene that don't seem to have caught up, and one of them is jewelry. Earrings, to be sure, have once again appeared—button earrings for day wear and long ones for the evening. But taking it by and large, jewelry is still a bit anachronistic. It's too big, too barbaric, too emphatic for an era of trimmed bodices that need subtler accent. The paste jewelry that came in a season or two ago is quite in the picture. Some of the costume things, like those that Norman Hartnell did for his junior débutante dresses last year, have a happy note of quaintness. The charm bracelets are reminiscent of the nineties, many of the little clips that appear on hats are small in scale and right in feeling, and the chatelaine watch is worn by a few smart women whose influence counts. But, in the main, the offerings we see in the shops were designed for the large plain surfaces of the boyish mode. . . . How about it, you clever minds who think in such delicate trifles—can't you burn the midnight bulb tonight and give us tomorrow's jewelry?

Having adjured such artists as these to sit up and coördinate, it seems a bit of a come-down to speak about dress bags. But, having tramped the town in search of one to hold a long evening dress without crushing, and having been turned away at every shop with scorn, we humbly beg a little of the manufacturer's attention. It can't be that he hasn't yet begun to realize that dresses at night have no limit but the floor. Which reminds us—have you heard it whispered that Callot has revived the narrow frock with "fishtail" trains and slits in front, the veritable hobble skirt that we thought was as dead as fainting? And have you realized that the smartest evening wrap of the moment, the so-called ermine "coatee," is only our long-lost friend the "jacquette," come back from the great beyond? One quite expects to see collarettes on the street next winter.

One wonders what effect all these revivals will have on things less tangible than cleaners' bills and the wire that goes into hairpins. That they've already affected our manner of sitting and walking goes without question. We can't recline on the tips of our spines in dresses that came from Greece via the *Directoire*, and not smash history as well as digging ourselves with corsets. We can't bolt down a stairway in acres of organdie and not arrive as though someone had forgotten the tissue paper when they packed us for a week-end. We can't prance about on a dance floor—and, strange to say, we don't want to.

Good Manners Are Back

Not so long ago, practically everyone sat out the occasional waltz that persisted in wedging itself into a lively evening. Today, every third dance is a waltz—and we all take the floor. The popularity of the tango is unquestioned. The business of "walking along," as practiced by the younger set, has almost the stylized grace of a minuet. Whether the new clothes produced the new dances or, as is more likely, both were born under the same influence—something deep below conscious design—the fact remains that they suit each other.

There are signs of new manners, too. There was the twenty-year-old college girl on the boat going to Bermuda who said that her set had decided to "drink conservatively." There was the smart young thing just back from London who told us that her English contemporaries were forsaking cocktails at lunch in favor of the glass of sherry that was *de rigueur* in their grandmothers' time. There was the boy of about the same vintage who thought it made a girl "seem old" if she swore. There was the other youth who remarked disgustedly that he wished his sister would give those barroom words a rest. . . . The fact is that an oat-sowing generation is generally succeeded by one that prefers to grow something more decorative. Nothing is so horrible as a horrible example grown a bit passé.

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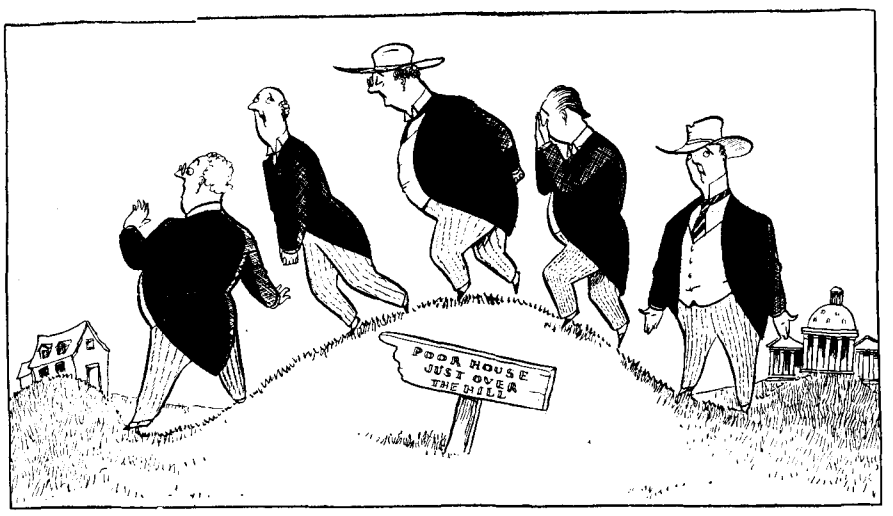


Over the Hill

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

ALL members of the House and Senate who are not rich face the practical certainty of defeat and often of poverty in their declining years. A lot of them will go out this fall in the political overturn that is sure tc come.

Some of them will join the numberless crowd of ex-members who occupy obscure law offices in Washington, making a bare subsistence at the bar, hoping in vain for a change in the political tide.

You don't quit the practice of law at thirty-five to return to it at fifty-five and find clients waiting for you in large numbers eager to give you their retainers. No wonder there is trepidation on the hill and fanatical dry senators are offering to vote wet if their states desire them to be wet!

I heard recently the story of the later years of John G. Carlisle. If you are old enough you will recall John G. Carlisle, a famous man in his day, as famous as any man in public life in Washington today. Those who know the bar of Kentucky tell me that he was the greatest lawyer Kentucky ever produced, not even excepting Henry Clay. Carlisle was Speaker of the House of Representatives back in the eighties. He was Secretary of the Treasury under Grover Cleveland. All of that does not necessarily mean much. But in his case it did mean much. He was one of the outstanding figures of his time.

When the Democratic party went out of power (as the Republican party may in 1930 and 1932) with the unpopularity of President Cleveland, due to the panic of 1893, Carlisle ceased to be Secretary of the Treasury. Someone else had his place in Congress.

There was nothing else for him to do but to return to the practice of law, at which, if he had not interrupted it many years before to enter politics, he might have been earning, let us say, $25,000 a year, a large income for those days. One does not step out of public life into a lucrative law practice. A law practice is a slow growth. And to an extent public life unfits one for it. One loves the publicity and the little triumphs on the hill.

By-Paths of Glory

Carlisle was more fortunate than the average ex-senator or ex-representative. He had been Secretary of the Treasury. He was a famous man, noted for his ability.

He went from Washington to New York and opened a law office. For a while he was successful. But age and certain personal habits undid him. His practice, not rooted firmly in the past, but being more or less accidental, fell away from him. He became poor.

Persons who were members of the Manhattan Club in New York, to which important Democrats belonged, recall his later days. Shortly before dinner time he would come into the club, a solitary and somewhat shabby figure. He had long since been suspended for non-payment of dues.

No one who saw him come in spoke to him, out of delicacy. He would enter and walk directly to the bar. The bartender would recognize him and set out in front of him his favorite drink. He would help himself liberally to it and walk out. No pretense was made of charging him for it. The club, because of his distinction, offered no objection to his coming in and taking his daily drink, although he was no longer a member.

Once a Statesman

Ultimately he died in New York, about twenty years ago. His body was shipped back to his old home town in Kentucky. No one was there to receive it or claim it. For a day or two it lay in the railroad station, until some men got together enough money to provide a funeral.

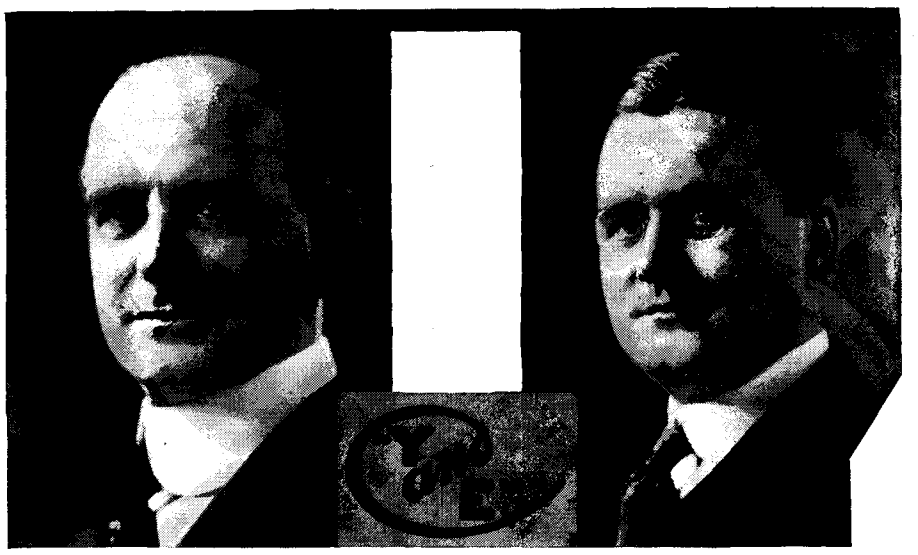
There is the story of the ex-member of Congress, a little more tragic, of course, than the average story, but then he was much more distinguished than the average ex-member is, and more able.

One hears stories like this frequently in Washington. A very brilliant ex-member died a year or two ago. For several years friends had been raising money to support him in a rather long illness. He had been a millionaire for a day when an oil well came in on some land that belonged to him. But the oil well went dry before the special train he had hired to celebrate his riches had made an overnight journey.

So sad prospects face a lot of men at a time like this when the party in power seems crumbling, and when an issue like this wet issue seems to shake the ground under many political feet. Most men in public life face the practical certainty of defeat in the end and, if they have not a private fortune, of an old age in poverty. Yet few ever quit office for the sake of economic security.

They love the excitement of office, its titles and its honors. They hang on in the hope that some day they may be President, perhaps. They are enamored of power, or of the little reputation that is theirs.

The best of them have no regrets. They have lived, so they feel, and would not exchange the life that has been theirs for a financial competence won more obscurely. Though they often think, as age comes upon them, of the John G. Carlisles.



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The Price of Office

THE United States Senate used to be considered the most select social club in the country. At present election prices membership in the Senate might be more accurately compared with a seat on the New York Stock Exchange. It costs about half a million dollars to get into the Exchange. A few aspirants for the Senate have spent quite as much in the mere hope of joining the Senate.

The Exchange member seems to have the advantage. He can sell his seat if he doesn't find it comfortable, while the candidate who expends a few hundred thousand dollars to "sell himself" to the voters is just out that much money if his colleagues in Washington don't like the cut of his jib or approve his brand of politics.

The record is long, interesting and confusing if you look for logic or reason in our tangled democratic processes. Take the case of Truman H. Newberry as a starting point. In behalf of his candidacy in 1918 about $195,000 was spent. Newberry was well known, having been Secretary of the Navy under President Roosevelt.

The disbursement of so much money to put him in the Senate seemed thoroughly scandalous twelve years ago. He was tried and convicted in the United States Court at Grand Rapids and sentenced to two years imprisonment and to a fine of $10,000.

Charles Evans Hughes, now Chief Justice, appealed Newberry's case, and the Supreme Court freed him, deciding that the Corrupt Practices law did not apply to senatorial primaries.

By a strict party vote Mr. Newberry was seated but the Senate majority announced its disapproval of his campaign method, saying in part:

"The expenditure of such excessive sums in behalf of a candidate, either with or without his knowledge and consent, being contrary to sound public policy, harmful to the honor and dignity of the Senate and dangerous to the perpetuity of a free government, such excessive expenditures are hereby severely condemned and disapproved."

With such disapproval ringing in his ears Mr. Newberry resigned from the Senate in 1922.

Then came other cases.

Colonel Frank L. Smith of Illinois spent $452,782 and was denied a seat.

William S. Vare spent $604,905 and was denied a seat.

George Wharton Pepper spent $1,086,429 and was defeated in the Pennsylvania primary by Mr. Vare.

Mrs. Medill McCormick spent $252,572 and defeated Senator Charles Deneen in the recent Illinois primary.

Secretary of Labor James J. Davis' managers spent $358,287, according to Senator Gerald P. Nye, to win the Republican nomination for him in Pennsylvania.

Joseph R. Grundy spent $382,250 to lose his fight against Mr. Davis.

Obviously what the Senate said in 1922 about the Newberry expenditures has not deterred candidates in 1930. When this year's crop is elected, the Senate will have plenty to worry about.

Meanwhile, a few things are perfectly plain.

First, the honor or the privilege of being in the Senate is worth more to many candidates than the salary of the office. In six years a senator is paid only $60,000—$10,000 a year.

Second, it is possible to spend vast sums in the populous states in ways intrinsically innocent. In Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania or New York a million dollars might easily be spent on advertising, printing, mailing and other electioneering devices, each proper in itself.

Third, no standards of propriety now exist. In the primaries, at any rate, candidates may spend as much as they think advisable.

It is also true that a candidate not supported by a political organization may have to spend large sums before he can run on equal terms with the machine nominee.

Yet manifestly this rising tide of election money can't be allowed to continue unchallenged. Politicians have evidently borrowed a device of business without understanding its usefulness or its limitations.

In business an advertising appropriation is governed by the sales expected. In their desire for victory politicians have been reckless advertisers. They bankrupt their candidacies by their excessive expenditures.

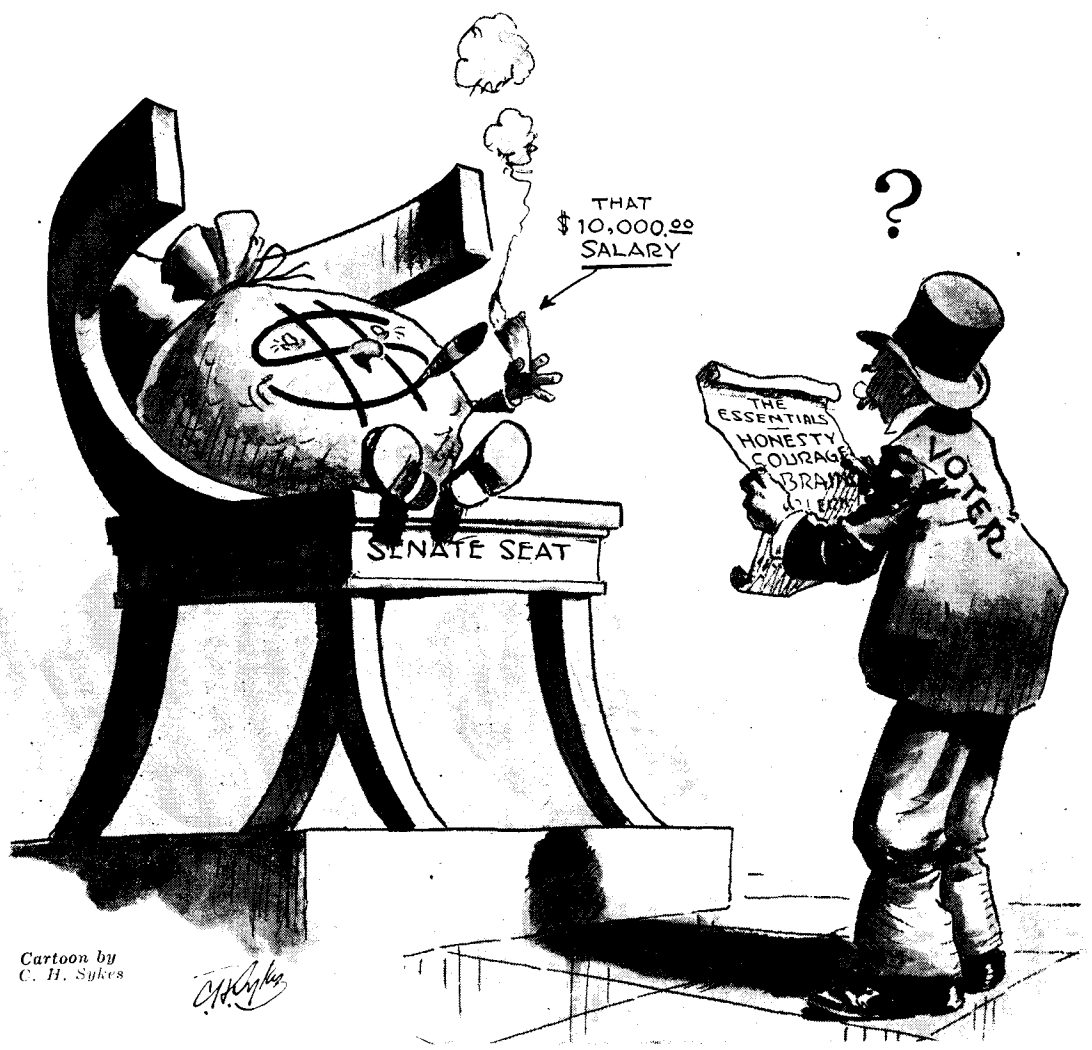
Finally, we ought not to permit any man or woman to attain public office by lavish expenditure.

If a man is so little known that his claims need to be advertised by the spending of vast sums, he has not qualified himself for high office.

It is his misfortune and the public may thereby be deprived of the services of a potentially useful servant. Nevertheless it is a loss which must be endured.

Better far that good men escape attention because wholesale expenditures are outlawed than that bad men ride into office on a flood of gold.

Congress should at the first opportunity redraft the Corrupt Practices statute to meet the specifications of the Supreme Court so that all may have due notice that office may not be won by money.



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